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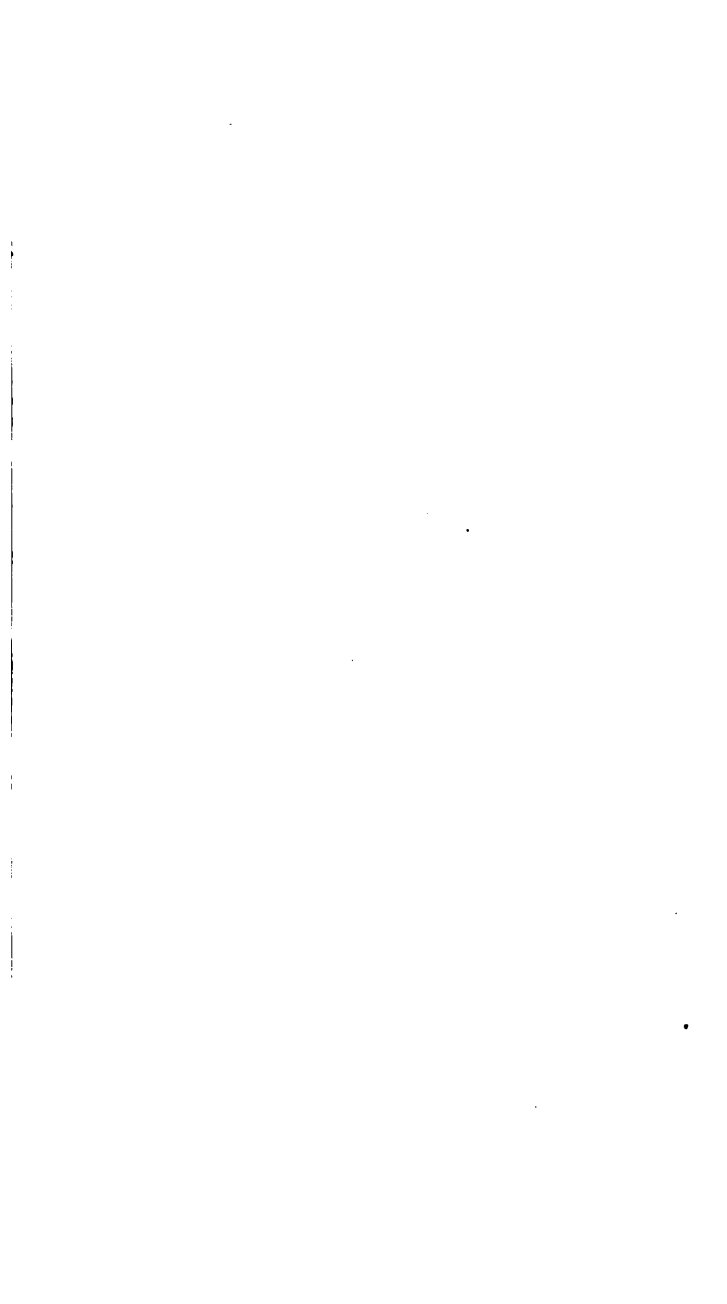
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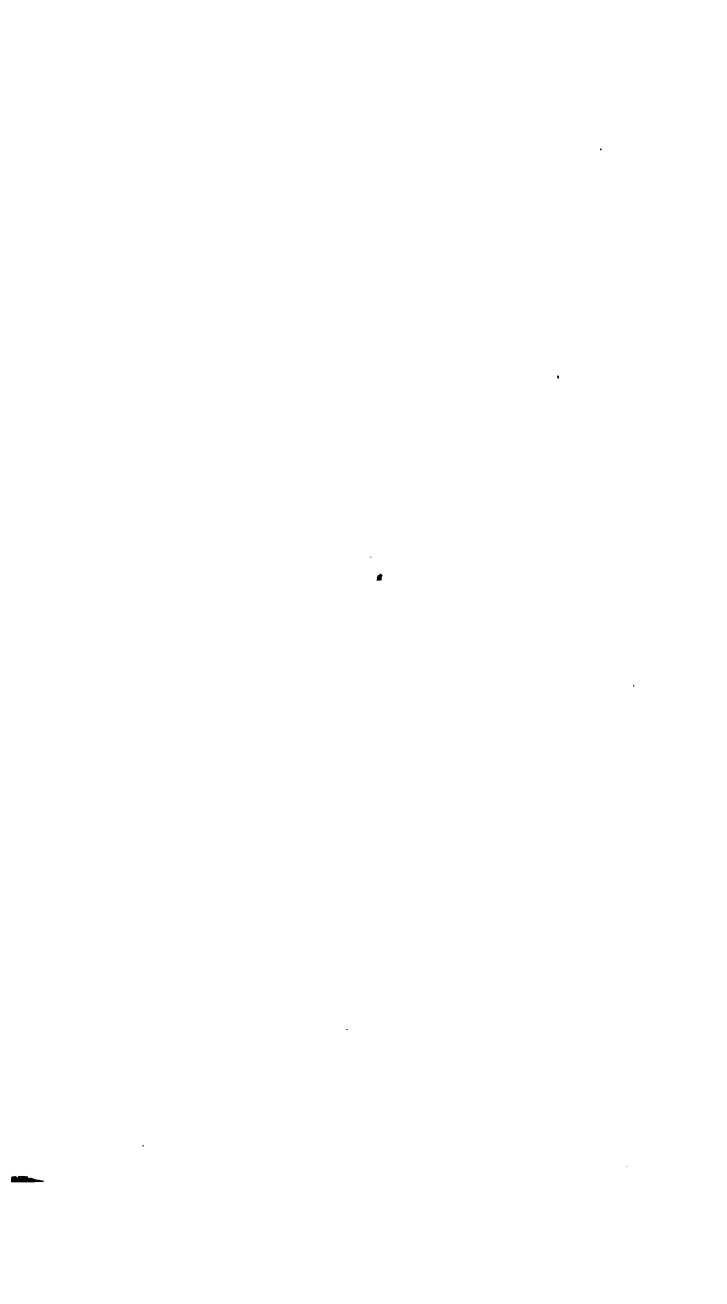
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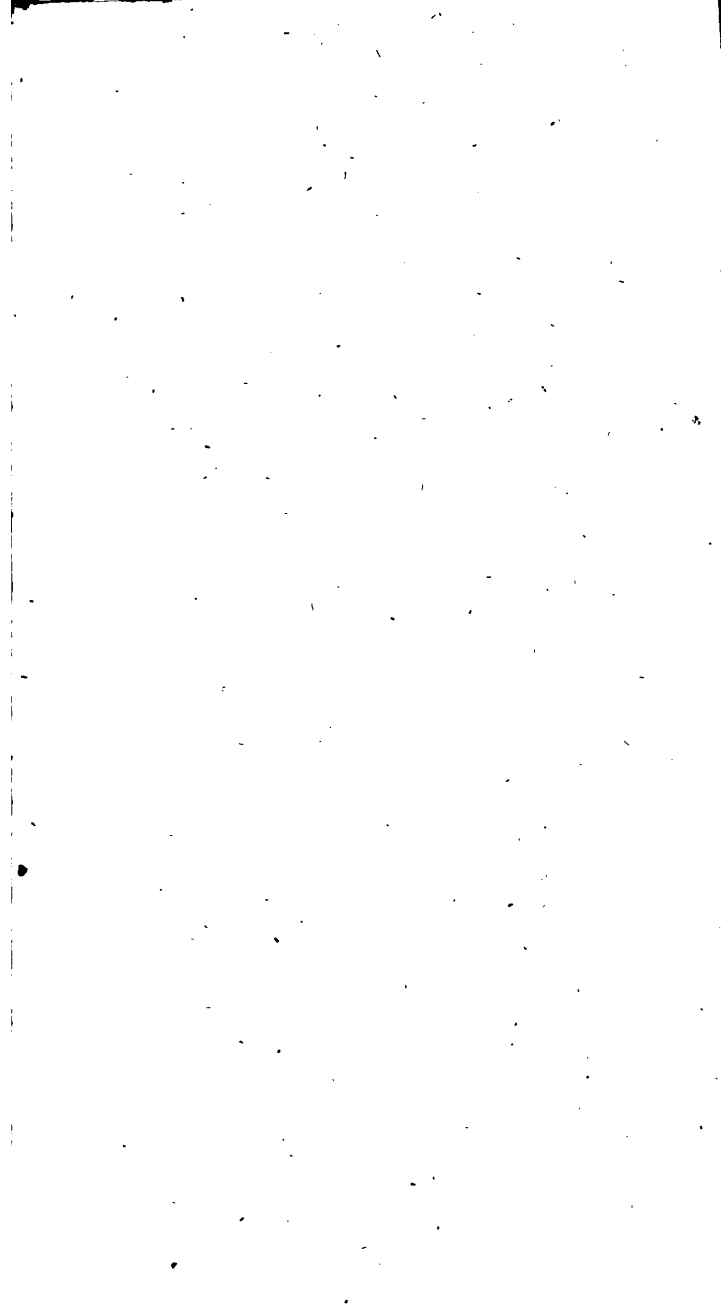


B E L L's

BRITISH THEATRE.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.





Bell's
BRITISH THEATRE;
OPERA S.



Artiste Del.

Well Sc.

L O N D O N

*Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange in the
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B E L L ' s

BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIRST.

Being the Second Volume of OPERAS.

CONTAINING

MAID of the MILL, by Mr. BICKERSTAFF.

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ACCOMPLISHED MAID, from the Italian of
GOLDONI.

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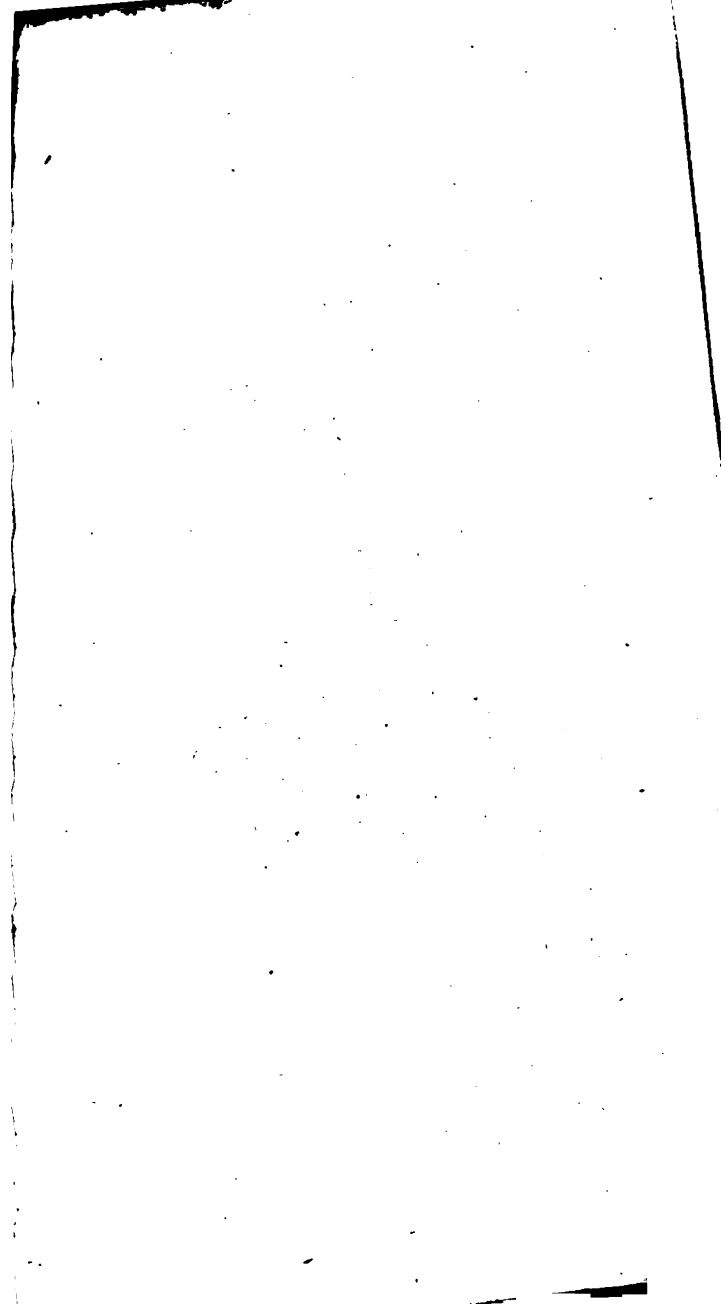
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Published for Bell's British Theatre March 29th 1781.

Thornthwaite Sc.

*MISS HARPUR in the Character of PATTY.
O! may each accomplish'd fair one*

BELL'S EDITION.



THE
MAID OF THE MILL.

A COMIC OPERA.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE.

AS PERFORMED
IN THREE ACTS,
AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book

By *PERMISSION* of the *MANAGERS*,

By Mr. WILD, Prompter.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXXI.

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T O

His Royal Highness
W I L L I A M,
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

May it please your Royal Highness,

WHEN I presumed to solicit the honour of laying the subsequent trifle at your Royal Highness's feet, it was not without a thorough consciousness of the little value of the offering I was going to make; but I considered, mean as it was, it would serve as a testimony of my devotion; and to a Prince happy in love of the arts, nothing could be unacceptable, which bore the remotest analogy to them.

How far the Comic Opera, under proper regulations, has a right to be acknowledged for a junior offspring of the Drama, and as such become candidate for a share of public encouragement, I shall not pretend to determine; but if it can be rendered an agreeable amusement, the English Theatre has never scrupled to adopt what was capable of pleasing there; and though as a work of genius, it is by no means to be set in competition

tion with good Tragedies and Comedies, it may, I apprehend, be permitted as an occasional relief to them, without bringing either our taste or understanding into question.

I need not inform your Royal Highness, that in France, where the stage has been cultivated with more care, and success, than in any other country, this species of entertainment is received with very great applause; nor is it thought an injury to Corneille, and Moliere, that the pieces of Anseaume and Favart, meet with success.

It is true, among the French, Comic Operas have very often the advantage of being extremely well written; of which, *On ne S'avise jamais de tout*, *Le Roy, et le Fermier*, and some others, are an instance; nor would the best composition of the greatest master, make a very contemptible poem pass on an audience: I wish I could assert with truth, that in this respect we fall nothing behind our neighbours, and that what I here present to your Royal Highness, might lay claim to some degree of merit, even in the writing: but though I cannot do this, permit me to say, I have attempted to render it a little interesting, and not wholly undiverting, as far as the music, my principal care, would give me leave.

But I humbly beg your Royal Highness's pardon; in applying to the connoisseur, I forget that I am at the same time addressing a Great Prince: indeed, there is a subject on which I could dwell with the truest pleasure; but I am too well instructed in your Royal Highness's character, to dare to offend you with a language which forms and customs too often impose upon princes,
a ne-

DEDICATION.

a necessity of hearing; I mean their own praise; to those who are most deserving, ever least welcome.

I therefore, subscribe myself,

With the profoundest respect,

May it please your Royal Highness,

Your Royal Highness's,

Most obedient,

Most devoted, and

Most humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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on account of the music, which could not be perfect without such a mixture, necessarily consist of serious and buffoon. He knows grossness and insipidity lay in his way: whether he has had art enough to avoid stumbling upon them, the candid public are left to determine.

P R E F A C E.

THERE is scarce a language in Europe, in which there is not a play taken from our romance of Pamela: in Italian and French particularly, several writers of the first eminence have chosen it for the subject of different dramas.

The little piece now ventured into the world, owes its origin to the same source: not only the general subject is drawn from Pamela, but almost every circumstance in it. The reader will almost immediately recollect the courtship of Parson Williams—the squire's jealousy and behaviour in consequence of it; and the difficulty he had to prevail with himself to marry the girl, notwithstanding his passion for her—the miller is a close copy of Goodman Andrews—Ralph is imagined, from the wild son which he is mentioned to have had—Theodosia, from the young lady of quality, with whom Mr. B. through his sister's persuasion, is said to have been in treaty before his marriage with Pamela—even the gipsies are borrowed from a trifling incident in the latter part of the work.

In prosecuting this plan, which he has varied from the original, as far as he thought convenient, the author has made simplicity his principal aim. His scenes,

on

on account of the music, which could not be perfect without such a mixture, necessarily consist of serious and buffoon. He knows grossness and insipidity lay in his way : whether he has had art enough to avoid stumbling upon them, the candid public are left to determine.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Aimworth	- - -	Mr. <i>Mattocks.</i>
Sir Harry Sycamore	- -	Mr. <i>Wilson.</i>
Mervin	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Robson.</i>
Fairfield	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Hull.</i>
Giles	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Reinbold.</i>
Ralph	- - - - -	Mr. <i>Quick.</i>

W O M E N.

Lady Sycamore	- - -	Mrs. <i>Pitt.</i>
Theodofia	- - - - -	Mrs. <i>Morton.</i>
Patty	- - - - -	Miss <i>Satchell.</i>
Fanny	- - - - -	Miss <i>Catley.</i>

A TABLE of SONGS.

A C T I.

A I R.	Page
I. <i>Free from sorrow, free from strife,</i>	1
II. <i>If that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry,</i>	3
III. <i>In love to pine and languish,</i>	4
IV. <i>What are outward forms, and shows,</i>	6
V. <i>Hark! 'tis I your own true lover.</i>	8
VI. <i>Ab! why should fate, pursuing</i>	10
VII. <i>With the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,</i>	11
VIII. <i>Why how now misgert,</i>	13
IX. <i>Odd's my life, search England over,</i>	15
X. <i>The mad-man thus, at times, we see,</i>	17
XI. <i>I am young, and I am friendless,</i>	18
XII. <i>Why quits the merchant, blest with ease,</i>	20
XIII. <i>Lye still my heart; oh! fatal stroke,</i>	ibid.

A C T II.

XIV. <i>Ab! how vainly mortals treasure</i>	22
XV. <i>My passion in vain I attempt to dissemble;</i>	24
XVI. <i>Was I sure a life to lead,</i>	26
XVII. <i>When a maid, in way of marriage,</i>	27
XVIII. <i>Trust me, would you taste true pleasure,</i>	28
XIX. <i>You vile pack of vagabonds, what do you mean?</i>	31
XX. <i>Hist, hist! I hear my mother call</i>	33
XXI. <i>Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine!</i>	35
XXII. <i>Lord sir, you seem mighty uneasy;</i>	37
XXIII. <i>As they count me such a ninny,</i>	38
XXIV. <i>Zooks! why should I sit down and grieve?</i>	39
XXV. <i>Cease, oh cease, to overwhelm me,</i>	43
XXVI. <i>The quarrels of lovers, adds me! they're a jest;</i>	45

A I R

Page

A C T III.

XXVII.	<i>To speak my mind of woman kind,</i>	48
XXVIII.	<i>Let me fly——hence tyrant fashion,</i>	50
XXIX.	<i>When you meet a tender creature,</i>	51
XXX.	<i>O! what a simpleton was I,</i>	52
XXXI.	<i>Women's tongues are like mill-clappers,</i>	ibid.
XXXII.	<i>Oh leave me, in pity! The falsehood I scorn;</i>	54
XXXIII.	<i>Who'll buy good luck, who'll buy, who'll buy</i>	55
XXXIV.	<i>“ Who upon the oozy beach,</i>	58
XXXV.	<i>Then hey for a frolicksome life!</i>	59
XXXVI.	<i>My life, my joy, my blessing,</i>	61
XXXVII.	<i>Yield who will to forms a martyr,</i>	63

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The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

ARE respectfully informed by the Publisher, that the SEVENTY-SECOND Volume of that undertaking will be published on the 8th of May, 1781, being

HAMMOND's LOVE ELEGIES,

And his Poetical Works compleat, including also several Originals which have not appeared in any other edition, embellished with a graceful Print, engraved by BARTALLOZZI, from an interesting subject, designed by SIGNORA ANGELICA KAUFFMAN. The Life of the Author is also written by a Gentleman of Eminence, in a manner that will be highly acceptable to the Lovers of English Biography.

J. BELL's ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The Publisher feeling himself under a weight of obligations to some of the first characters in the kingdom, and to the candid public in general, for their liberal patronage of this particular work, he has held it a duty incumbent on him to combat a conflux of severities rather than relax nice qualities of his work, which have given it so decided a pre-eminence over every competitor. Undaunted by difficulties, undismayed by opposition and oppression, conscious of integrity, and assisted by friends, he is happy once more to announce the progress of his works. The consequences of perseverance he well knows will deaden, if not totally silence all envious detractions; and make the world his friend:—disdaining despair, he will not abandon a pursuit which leads to fame and adequate advantage—no consideration has yet prevailed, or shall any object induce him to proceed in any manner unworthy of his great design. The public will now therefore have to expect a regular weekly succession of most beautiful volumes till the POETS of GREAT BRITAIN are completed, in one hundred, as originally proposed.—The whole will contain the Poetical Works of each author complete, arranged in a classical style, corresponding with those, which are already published, and may be had in sets, or separate volumes, in plain, neat, or splendid binding, at the *British Library*, in the *Strand*, where the original drawings by *Cipriani*, *Signora Angelica Kauffman*, and the late Mr. *Mortimer*, are regularly disposed for the inspection of the public gratis.

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Keep two fond hearts afunder ;
 But soon each envious bar re nov'd,
 His passion cools, and why he lov'd,
 Is now his cause of wonder.

My heart is your's, you know my mind,
 In vain to answer nay ;
 But will you be for ever kind,
 For ever and a day ?

Your faith, if proof to female wiles,
 And beauty's sweet alluring smiles,
 You'll never play the rover ;
 Nor I of cold neglect accuse,
 Or in the lordly husband lose
 The fond the tender lover.
 My heart is your's, &c.

VERSE for RALPH, in the *Vaudville*, after PATTY.

Captain Ralph, my Lord will dub me.
 Soon I'll mount a huge cockade ;
 Mounseer shall powder, queue, and club me,
 'Gad, I'll be a roaring blade.

If Fan shall offer once to snub me,
 When in scarlet all array'd ;
 Or my feather dare to drub me,
 Frown your worst—but who's afraid ?

T H E

MAID OF THE MILL.

* * * *The lines distinguished by inverted comas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.*

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A rural prospect, with a mill at work. Several people employed about it ; on one side a house, PATTY reading in the window ; on the other a barn, where FANNY sits mending a net ; GILES appears at a distance in the mill ; FAIRFIELD and RALPH taking sacks from a cart.

C H O R U S.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
O how blest the miller's life !
Chearful working through the day,
Still he laughs and sings away.
Nought can vex him,
Nought perplex him,
While there's grist to make him gay.

D U E T.

Let the great enjoy the blessings
By indulgent fortune sent :
What can wealth, can grandeur offer
More than plenty and content.

Fairf. Well done, well done ; 'tis a sure sign work goes on merrily when folks sing at it. Stop the mill there ; and dost hear, son Ralph, hoist yon sacks of
B flour

flour upon this cart, lad, and drive it up to lord Aimworth's; coming from London last night with strange company, no doubt there are calls enough for it by this time.

Ralph. Ay feyther, whether or not, there's no doubt but you'll find enow for a body to do.

Fairf. Whot dost mutter? Is't not a strange plague that thou can'st never go about any thing with a good will; murrain take it, what's come o'er the boy? So then thou wilt not set a hand to what I have desired thee!

Ralph. Why don't you speak to, suster Pat to do something then? I thought when she came home to us after my old lady's death, she was to have been of some use in the house; but instead of that, she sits there all day, reading outlandish books, dressed like a fine madam, and the never a word you says to she.

Fairf. Sirrah, don't speak so disrespectfully of thy sister; thou wilt never have the tyth of her deserts.

Ralph. Why I'll read and write with her for what she dares; and as for playing on the hapscolls, I thinks her rich good mother might have learn'd her something more properer, seeing she did not remember to leave her a legacy at last.

Fairf. That's none of thy business, firrah.

Ralph. A farmer's wife painting pictures, and playing on the hapscolls; why I'll be hang'd now, for all as old as she is, if she knows any more about milking a cow, than I do of sewing a petticoat.

Fairf. Ralph, thou hast been drinking this morning.

Ralph. Well, if so be as I have, it's nothing out of your pocket, nor mines neither.

Fairf. Who has been giving thee liquor, firrah?

Ralph. Why it was wind—a gentleman guve me.

Fairf. A gentleman!

Ralph. Yes, a gentleman that's come piping hot from London: he is below at the Cat and Bagpipes; I cod he rides a choice bit of a nag; I dare to say she'd fetch as good as forty pound at ever a fair in all England.

Fairf. A fig's end for what she'd fetch; mind thy business, or by the lord Harry——

Ralph.

A C O M I C O P E R A,

Ralph. Why I won't do another hand's turn to-day now, so that's flat.

Fairy. Thou wilt not——

Ralph. Why no I won't; so what argues your putting yourself in a passion, feyther! I've promised to go back to the gentleman; and I don't know but what he's a lord too, and mayhap he may do more for me than you thinks of.

Fairy. Well, son Ralph, run thy gait; but remember I tell thee, thou wilt repent this untowardness.

Ralph. Why, how shall I repent it? Mayhap you'll turn me out of your service; a match; with all hearts—I cod I don't care three brass pins.

A I R.

If that's all you want, who the plague will be sorry,

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;

For my share I'm weary of what is got by't:

S'tesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,

And drudging like horses from morning 'till night.

You think I'm afraid, but the difference to shew you;

First, yonder's your shovel; your sacks too I throw you;

Henceforward take care of your matters who will;

They're welcome to slave for your wages who need 'em,

Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,

And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S C E N E II.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY

Fairy. Dear heart, dear heart! I protest this ungracious boy puts me quite beside myself. Patty, my dear, come down into the yard a little, and keep me company—and you, thieves, vagabonds, gypsies, out here, 'tis you debauch my son.

A I R.

*Patty. In love to pine and languish,
Yet know your passion vain;
To harbour heart-felt anguish,
Yet fear to tell your pain.*

*What pow'rs unrelenting,
Sewerer ills inventing,
Can sharpen pangs like these;
Where days and nights, tormenting,
Yield not a moment's ease!*

Fairf. Well, Patty, Master Goodman, my lord's steward, has been with me just now, and I find we are like to have great doings; his lordship has brought down Sir Harry Sycamore and his family, and there is more company expected in a few days.

Patty. I know Sir Harry very well; he is by marriage a distant relation of my lord's

Fairf. Pray what sort of a young body is the daughter there? I think she used to be with you at the castle, three or four summers ago, when my young lord was out upon his travels,

Patty. Oh! very often; she was a great favourite of my lady's: pray father is she come down?

Fairf. Why you know the report last night, about my lord's going to be married; by what I can learn she is, and there is likely to be a nearer relationship between the families, ere long. It seems, his lordship was not over willing for the match, but the friends on both sides in London pressed it so hard: then there's a swinging fortune: master Goodman tells me a matter of twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

Patty. If it was a million, father, it would not be more than my lord Aimworth deserves; I suppose the wedding will be celebrated here at the mansion-house.

Fairf. So it is thought, as soon as things can be properly prepared——And now, Patty, if I could but see thee a little merry——Come, bless thee, pluck up thy spirits——To be sure thou hast sustained, in the death of thy

thy lady, a heavy loss ; she was a parent to thee ; nay, and better, inasmuch as she took thee when thou wert but a babe, and gave thee an education which thy natural parents could not afford to do.

Patty. Ah ! dear father, don't mention what, perhaps, has been my greatest misfortune.

Fairf. Nay then, Patty, what's become of all thy sense, that people talk so much about ?——But I have something to say to thee which I would have thee consider seriously.——I believe I need not tell thee, my child, that a young maiden, after she is marriageable, especially if she has any thing about her to draw people's notice, is liable to ill tongues, and a many cross accidents ; so that the sooner she's out of harm's way the better.

Patty. Undoubtedly, father, there are people enough who watch every opportunity to gratify their own malice ; but when a young woman's conduct is unblameable——

Fairf. Why, Patty, there may be something in that ; but you know slander will leave spots, where malice finds none : I say, then, a young woman's best safeguard is a good husband. Now there is our neighbour, Farmer Giles ; he is a sober, honest, industrious young fellow, and one of the wealthiest in these parts ; he is greatly taken with thee ; and it is not the first time I have told thee I should be glad to have him for a son-in-law.

Patty. And I have told you as often, father, I would submit myself entirely to your direction ; whatever you think proper for me, is so.

Fairf. Why that's spoken like a dutiful, sensible girl ; get thee in, then, and leave me to manage it——Perhaps our neighbour Giles is not a gentleman ; but what are the greatest part of our country gentlemen good for ?

Patty. Very true, father. The sentiments, indeed, have frequently little correspondence with the condition ; and it is according to them alone we ought to regulate our esteem.

A I R.

*What are outward forms, and shews,
To an honest heart compar'd?
Oft the rustic, wanting those,
Has the nobler portion shar'd.*

*Oft we see the homely flower,
Bearing at the hedge's side,
Virtues of more sov'reign pow'r,
Than the garden's gayest pride.*

S C E N E III.

FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Giles. Well, master Fairfield, you and Miss Pat have had a long discourse together; did you tell her that I was come down?

Fairf. No, in truth, friend Giles; but I mentioned our affair at a distance; and I think there is no fear.

Giles. That's right—and when shall us—You do know I have told you my mind often and often.

Fairf. Farmer, give us thy hand; nobody doubts thy good will to me and my girl; and you may take my word, I would rather give her to thee than another; for I am main certain thou wilt make her a good husband.

Giles. Thanks to your kind opinion, master Fairfield; if such be my hap, I hope there will be no cause of complaint.

Fairf. And I promise thee my daughter will make thee a choice wife. But thou know'st, friend Giles, that I, and all belongs to me, have great obligations to lord Aimworth's family; Patty, in particular, would be one of the most ungrateful wretches this day breathing if she was to do the smallest thing contrary to their consent and approbation.

Giles. Nay, nay, 'tis well enough known to all the country, she was the old lady's darling.

Fairf.

Fairf. Well, master Giles, I'll assure thee she is not one whit less obliged to my lord himself. When his mother was taken off so suddenly, and his affairs called him up to London, if Patty would have remained at the castle, she might have had the command of all; or if she would have gone any where else, he would have paid for her fixing, let the cost be what it would.

Giles. Why, for that matter, folks did not spare to say, that my lord had a sort of a sneaking kindness for her himself: and I remember, at one time, it was rife all about the neighbourhood, that she was actually to be our lady.

Fairf. Pho, pho! a pack of woman's tales.

Giles. Nay, to be sure they'll say any thing.

Fairf. My lord's a man of a better way of thinking, friend Giles—But this is neither here nor there to our business—Have you been at the castle yet?

Giles. Who I! Bless your heart I did not hear a syllable of his lordship's being come down, 'till your lad told me.

Fairf. No! why then go up to my lord, let him know you have a mind to make a match with my daughter; hear what he has to say to it; and afterwards we will try if we can't settle matters.

Giles. Go up to my lord! I cod if that be all, I'll do it with the biggest pleasure in life.—But where's Miss Pat? Might one not ax her how she do?

Fairf. Never spare it; she's within there.

Giles. I sees her—odd rabbit it, this hatch is locked now——Miss Pat——Miss Patty—She makes believe not to hear me

Fairf. Well, well, never mind; thoult come and eat a morsel of dinner with us.

Giles. Nay, but just to have a bit of a joke with her at present—Miss Pat, I say—won't you open the door?

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

A I R.

*Hark ! 'tis I your own true lover.
 After walking three long miles,
 One kind look at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on :
 Ah, you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.
 Addlids ! my mind is so possess'd,
 Till we're sped, I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I'm her's, she's mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.*

S C E N E IV.

FAIRFIELD, PATTY.

Fairf. Patty, child, why would'st not thou open the door for our neighbour Giles ?

Patty. Really, father, I did not know what was the matter.

Fairf. Well, another time ; he'll be here again presently. He's gone up to the castle, Patty ; thou know'st it would not be right for us to do any thing without giving his lordship intelligence, so I have sent the farmer to let him know that he is willing, and we are willing ; and, with his lordship's approbation—

Patty. Oh dear father—what are you going to say ?

Fairf. Nay child, I would not have stirr'd a step for fifty pounds, without advertising his lordship beforehand.

Patty. But surely, surely, you have not done this rash, this precipitate thing.

Fairf. How rash, how is it rash, Patty ? I don't understand thee.

Patty. Oh, you have distress'd me beyond imagination—but why would you not give me notice, speak to me first ?

Fairf.

Fairf. Why han't I spoken to thee an hundred-times?
No, Patty, 'tis thou that would'st distress me, and thou'lt
break my heart.

Patty. Dear father!

Fairf. All I desire is to see thee well settled; and now
that I am likely to do so, thou art not contented; I am
sure the farmer is as slightly a clever lad as any in the
country; and is he not as good as we?

Patty. 'Tis very true, father; I am to blame; pray
forgive me.

Fairf. Forgive thee! Lord help thee, my child, I am
not angry with thee; but quiet thyself, Patty, and
thou'lt see all this will turn out for the best.

S C E N E V.

PATTY.

What will become of me?—my lord will certainly
imagine this is done with my consent—Well, is he
not himself going to be married to a lady, suitable to
him in rank, suitable to him in fortune, as this farmer
is to me; and under what pretence can I refuse the hus-
band my father has found for me! Shall I say that I have
dared to raise my inclinations above my condition, and
presumed to love, where my duty taught me only gra-
titude and respect? Alas! who could live in the house
with lord Aimworth, see him, converse with him, and
not love him! I have this consolation, however, my
folly is yet undiscover'd to any; else, how should I be
ridiculed and despised; nay, would not my lord himself
despise me, especially, if he knew that I have more than
once construed his natural affability and politeness into
sentiments as unworthy of him, as mine are bold and ex-
travagant. Unexampled vanity! did I possess any thing
capable of attracting such a notice, to what purpose
could a man of his distinction cast his eyes on a girl, poor,
meanly born, and indebted for every thing to the ill-
placed bounty of his family?

A I R.

A I R.

*Al! why should fate, pursuing
 A wretched thing like me,
 Heap ruin, thus on ruin,
 And add to misery?
 The griefs I languish'd under,
 In secret let me share;
 But this new stroke, of thunder,
 Is more than I can bear.*

S C E N E VI.

Changes to a Chamber in Lord AIMWORTH's House.

SIR HARRY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA.

Sir Har. Well, but Theodosia, child, you are quite unreasonable.

Theo. Pardon me, papa, it is not I am unreasonable; when I gave way to my inclinations for Mr. Mervin, he did not seem less agreeable to you and my mama, than he was acceptable to me. It is therefore you have been unreasonable, in first encouraging his addresses, and afterwards forbidding him your house; in order to bring me down here, to force me on a gentleman——

Sir Har. Force you, Dossy, what do you mean? By the la, I would not force you on the Czar of Muscovy.

Theo. And yet, papa, what else can I call it? for tho' lord Aimworth is extremely attentive and obliging, I assure you he is by no means one of the most ardent of lovers.

Sir Har. Ardent, ah! there it is; you girls never think there is any love, without kissing and hugging; but you shou'd consider child, my lord Aimworth is a polite man, and has been abroad in France and Italy, where these things are not the fashion; I remember when I was on my travels, among the madames and signoras, we never saluted more than the tip of the ear.

Theo. Really, papa, you have a very strange opinion of my delicacy; I had no such stuff in my thoughts.

Sir Har. Well come, my poor Dossy, I see you are chagrin'd, but you know it is not my fault; on the contrary,

trary, I assure you, I had always a great regard for young Mervin, and should have been very glad——

Theo. How then, papa, could you join in forcing me to write him that strange letter, never to see me more; or how indeed could I comply with your commands? what must he think of me?

Sir Har. Ay, but hold Dossy, your mama convinced me that he was not so proper a son-in-law for us as Lord Aimworth.

Theo. Convinced you! Ah, my dear papa, you were not convinced,

Sir Har. What don't I know when I am convinced?

Theo. Why no, papa; because your good-nature and easiness of temper is such, that you pay more respect to the judgment of mama, and less to your own, than you ought to do.

Sir Har. Well, but Dossy, don't you see how your mama loves me; if my finger does but ach, she's like a betwitched woman; and if I was to die, I don't believe she would outlive the burying of me: nay she has told me as much herself.

Theo. Her fondness indeed is very extraordinary.

Sir Har. Besides, could you give up the prospect of being a countess, and mistress of this fine place?

Theo. Yes, truly could I.

A I R.

*With the man that I love, was I destin'd to dwell,
On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell,
Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.*

*Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are placed,
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.*

S C E N E VII.

SIR HARRY, THEODOSIA, LADY SYCAMORE.

La. Syc. Sir Harry, where are you?

Sir Har. Here my lamb.

La. Syc.

La. Syc. I am just come from looking over his lordship's family trinkets.—Well, Miss Sycamore, you are a happy creature, to have diamonds, equipage, title, all the blessings of life poured thus upon you at once.

Theo. Blessings, madam! Do you think then I am such a wretch as to place my felicity in the possession of any such trumpery?

La. Syc. Upon my word, Miss, you have a very disdainful manner of expressing yourself; I believe there are very few young women of fashion, who would think any sacrifice they could make, too much for them.—Did you ever hear the like of her, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Why, my dear, I have just been talking to her in the same strain, but whatever she has got in her head——

La. Syc. Oh, it is Mr. Mervin, her gentleman of Bucklersbury.—Fye Miss, marry a cit! Where is your pride, your vanity; have you nothing of the person of distinction about you?

Sir Har. Well, but my lady, you know I am a piece of a cit myself, as I may say, for my great-grandfather was a dry-salter.

Theo. And yet, madam, you condescended to marry my papa.

La. Syc. Well, if I did miss, I had but five thousand pounds to my portion, and Sir Harry knows I was past eight and thirty, before I would listen to him.

Sir Har. Nay, Dossy, that's true, your mama own'd eight and thirty, before we were married: but by the la, my dear, you were a lovely angel; and by candle-light nobody would have taken you for above five and twenty.

La. Syc. Sir Harry, you remember the last time I was at my lord duke's.

Sir Har. Yes, my love, it was the very day your little bitch Minxey pupt

La. Syc. And pray what did the whole family say; my lord John, and my lord Thomas, and my lady Duchefs in particular? Cousin, says her Grace to me——for she always called me cousin.

Theo. Well, but madam, to cut this matter short at once, my father has a great regard for Mr. Mervin, and would consent to our union with all his heart.

La. Syc. Do you say so, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Who I love!

La. Syc. Then all my care and prudence are come to nothing.

Sir Har. Well, but stay my lady—Dessy, you are always making mischief.

Theo. Ah! my dear sweet——

La. Syc. Do miss, that's right, coax——

Theo. No, madam, I am not capable of any such meannesses.

La. Syc. 'Tis very civil of you to contradict me however.

Sir Har. Eh! what's that—hands off Dessy, don't come near me.

A I R.

Why how now miss pert,

Do you think to divert

My anger by fawning and stroking,

Would you make me a fool?

Your play-thing, your tool,

What ever young thing so provoking?

Get out of my sight,

I would be serving you right,

To lay a sound dose of the lash on;

Contradict your mama,

I've a mind by the by!

But I won't put myself in a passion.

S C E N E VIII.

SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, LORD ALMORTH,
GILES,

L. Alm. Come farmer, you may come in, there are none here but friends.—*Sir Harry,* your servant.

Sir Har. My lord, I kiss your lordship's hands—I hope he did not overhear us squabbling——“I have been chattering here with my wife and daughter, my lord——We have been examining your lordship's pictures.”

L. Alm. “I flatter myself, then her ladyship found
C “ some-

14 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

" something to entertain her; there are a few of them
 " counted tolerable." — Well now, master Giles,
 what is it you have got to say to me? If I can do you
 any service, this company will give you leave to speak.

Giles. I thank your lordship, I has not got a great
 deal to say; I do come to your lordship about a little
 business, if you'll please to give me the hearing.

L. Aim. Certainly, only let me know what it is.

Giles. Why an please you my lord, being left alone,
 as I may say, seyther dead, and all the business upon
 my own hands, I do think of settling and taking a wife,
 and am come to ax your honour's consent.

L. Aim. My consent farmer! if that be necessary,
 you have it with all my heart—I hope you have taken
 care to make a prudent choice.

Giles. Why I do hope so, my lord.

L. Aim. Well, and who is the happy fair one? Does
 she live in my house?

Giles. No, my lord, she does not live in your house,
 but she's a parson of your acquaintance.

L. Aim. Of my acquaintance!

Giles. No offence, I hope, your honour.

L. Aim. None in the least: but how is she an ac-
 quaintance of mine?

Giles. Your lordship, do know Miller Fairfield?

L. Aim. Well——

Giles. And Patty Fairfield, his daughter, my lord?

L. Aim. Ay, is it her you think of marrying?

Giles. Why if so be as your lordship has no objection;
 to be sure we will do nothing without your consent and
 approbation.

L. Aim. Upon my word, farmer, you have made an
 excellent choice—it is a god-daughter of my mother's,
 madam, who was bred up under her care, and I pro-
 test I do not know a more amiable young woman.—
 But are you sure, farmer, that Patty herself is inclinable
 to this match?

Giles. O yes, my lord, I am sartain of that.

L. Aim. Perhaps then she desired you to come and
 ask my consent?

Giles. Why as far as this here, my lord; to be sure,
 the miller did not care to publish the banns, without
 making

making your lordship acquainted—But I hope your honour's not angry with I.

L. Aim. Angry farmer! why should you think so?—what interest have I in it to be angry?

Sir Har. And so, honest farmer, you are going to be married to little Patty Fairfield? She's an old acquaintance of mine; how long have you and she been sweet-hearts?

Giles. Not a long while, an please your worship.

Sir Har. Well, her father's a good warm fellow; I suppose you take care that she brings something to make the pot boil?

La. Syc. What does that concern you, Sir Harry? how often must I tell you of meddling in other people's affairs?

Sir Har. My lord, a penny for your thoughts.

L. Aim. I beg your pardon, Sir Harry; upon my word, I did not think where I was.

Giles. Well then, your honour, I'll make bold to be taking my leave; I may say you gave consent for Miss Patty and I to go on.

L. Aim. Undoubtedly, farmer, if she approves of it: but are you not afraid, that her education has rendered her a little unsuitable for a wife for you?

La. Syc. Oh my lord, if the girl's handy —

Sir Har. Oh, ay—when a girl's handy —

Giles. Handy! Why, saving respect, there's nothing comes amiss to her; she's cute at every varsal kind of thing.

A I R.

*Odd's my life, search England over,
An you match her in her stution,
I'll be bound to fly the nation:
And be sure as well I love her.*

*Do but feel my heart a beating,
Still her pretty name repeating,
Here's the work 'tis always at.
Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat.*

16 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

*When she makes the music tinkle,
What on earth can sweeter be?
Then her little eyes so twinkle,
'Tis a feast to hear and see.*

SCENE IX.

LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE.

Sir Har. By dad this is a good merry fellow, is not he in love, with his pitty party—And so my lord you have given your consent that he shall marry your mother's old housekeeper. Ah, well, I can see—

L. Aim. Nobody doubts, Sir Harry, that you are very clear-sighted.

Sir Har. Yes, yes, let me alone, I know what's what: I was a young fellow once myself; and I should have been glad of a tenant, to take a pretty girl off my hands now and then, as well as another.

L. Aim. I protest my dear friend, I don't understand you.

La. Syc. Nor nobody else—Sir Harry you are going at some beastliness now.

Sir Har. Who I, my lady? Not I, as I hope to live and breathe; 'tis nothing to us you know, what my lord does before he's married; when I was a bachelor, I was a devil among the wenches, myself; and yet I vow to George, my lord, since I knew my lady Sycamore, and we shall be man and wife eighteen years, if we live till next Candlemas-day, I never had to do—

La. Syc. Sir Harry, come out of the room, I desire.

Sir Har. Why, what's the matter, my lady, I did not say any harm?

La. Syc. I see what you are driving at, you want to make me faint.

Sir Har. I want to make you faint, my lady!

La. Syc. Yes you do—and if you don't come out this instant I shall fall down in the chamber—I beg, my lord, you won't speak to him.—Will you come out, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Nay, but my lady!

La. Syc. No, I will have you out.

SCENE

SCENE X.

LORD AIMWORTH.

This worthy baronet, and his lady, are certainly a very whimsical couple; however, their daughter is perfectly amiable in every respect: and yet I am sorry I have brought her down here; for can I in honour marry her, while my affections are engaged to another? To what does the pride of condition and the censure of the world force me! Must I then renounce the only person that can make me happy; because, because what? because she's a miller's daughter? Vain pride, and unjust censure! has she not all the graces that education can give her sex; improved by a genius seldom found among the highest? Has she not modesty, sweetness of temper, and beauty of person, capable of adorning a rank the most exalted? But it is too late to think of these things now; my hand is promised, my honour engaged: and if it was not so, she has engaged herself; the farmer is a person to her mind, and I have authorized their union by my approbation.

A L R.

*The mad-man thus, at times, we see,
With seeming reason blest;
His looks, his words, his thoughts are free,
And speak a mind at rest.*

*But short the calms of ease and sense,
And ah! uncertain too;
While that idea lives from whence
At first his frenzy grew.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to the prospect of the mill.

Enter RALPH, with MERVIN, in a riding dress, followed by FANNY.

Fanny. Ah, pray your honour, try if you have not something to spare for poor Fanny the gipsy.

18 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Ralph. I tell you, Fan, the gentleman has no change about him; why the plague will you be so troublesome?

Fanny. Lord what is it to you, if his honour has a mind to give me a trifle? Do pray, gentleman, put your hand in your pocket.

Mer. I am almost distracted! Ungrateful Theodosia, to change so suddenly, and write me such a letter! However, I am resolved to have my dismissal face to face; this letter may be forced from her by her mother, who I know was never cordially my friend: I could not get a sight of her in London, but here they will be less on their guard; and see her I will, by one means or other.

Fanny. Then your honour will not extend your charity?

A I R.

*I am young, and I am friendless,
And poor, alas! withal;
Sure my sorrows will be endless;
In vain for help I call.
Move some pity in your nature,
To relieve a wretched creature,
Though the gift be ne'er so small.*

*May you, possessing every blessing,
Still inherit Sir, all you merit Sir,
And never know what it is to want;
Sweet Heaven, your worship all happiness grant.*

S C E N E XII.

R A L P H, M E R V I N.

Ralph. Now I'll go and take that money from her; and I have good mind to lick her, so I have.

Mer. Pho, pr'ythee stay where you are.

Ralph. Nay, but I hate to see a toad so devilish greedy.

Mer. Well come, she has not got a great deal, and I have thought how she may do me a favour in her turn.

Ralph. Ay, but you may put that out of your head, for I can tell you she won't.

Mer.

Mer. How so?

Ralph. How so, why she's as cunning as the Devil.

Mer. Oh she is—I fancy I understand you. Well, in that case, friend Ralph—Your name's Ralph, I think?

Ralph. Yes, sir, at your service, for want of a better.

Mer. I say then, friend Ralph, in that case, we will remit the favour you think of, till the lady is in a more complying humour, and try if she cannot serve me at present in some other capacity——There are a good many gipsies hereabout, are there not?

Ralph. Softly—I have a whole gang of them here in our barn; I have kept them about the place these three months, and all on account of the.

Mer. Really.

Ralph. Yea,——but for your life don't say a word of it to any Christian——I am in love with her.

Mer. Indeed!

Ralph. Feyther is as mad with me about it, as Old Scratch; and I gets the plague and all of anger; but I don't mind that.

Mer. Well, friend Ralph, if you are in love, no doubt you have some influence over your mistress; don't you think you could prevail upon her, and her companions, to supply me with one of their habits, and let me go up with them to-day to my lord Aimworth's.

Ralph. Why do you want to go a mumming? We never do that here but in the Christmas holidays.

Mer. No matter: manage this for me, and manage it with secrecy; and I promise you shall not go unrewarded.

Ralph. Oh! as for that sir, I don't look for any thing, I can easily get you a bundle of their rags; but I don't know whether you'll prevail on them to go up to my lord's, because they're afraid of a big dog that's in the yard: but I'll tell you what I can do; I can go up before you and have the dog fastened, for I know his kennel.

Mer. That will do very well——By means of this disguise I shall probably get a sight of her; and I leave the rest to love and fortune.

A I R.

*Why quits the merchant, blest with ease,
The pleasures of his native seat,
To tempt the dangers of the seas,
And crimes more perilous than these;
Midst freezing cold, or scorching heat.*

*He knows the hardships, knows the pain;
The length of way, but thinks it small;
The sweets of what he hopes to gain,
Undaunted, make him combat all.*

S C E N E XIII.

PATTY, RALPH, GILES, FANNY.

Giles. So his lordship was as willing as the flowers in May——and as I was coming along, who shou'd I meet but your father——and he bid me run in all haste and tell you——for we were sure you would be deadly glad.

Patty. I know not what business you had to go to my lord's at all, farmer.

Giles. Nay, I only did as I was desired——Master Fairfield bid me tell you moreover, as how he wou'd have you go up to my lord out of hand, and thank him.

Ralph. So she ought; and take off those cloaths, and put on what's more becoming her station; you know my father spoke to you of that this morning too.

Patty. Brother, I shall obey my father.

*Lye still my heart; oh! fatal stroke,
That kills at once my hopes and me.*

Giles. Miss Pat!

Patty. ~~What?~~ What?

Giles. ~~What?~~ Nay, I only spoke:

Ralph. Take courage, men, friends, but joke.

Come, suffer, somewhat kinder be.

Fanny. This is a thing the most oddest;

A I R Some folks are so plaguily modest;

Ral,

A COMIC OPERA. 21

Ral. Fan. { *Were we in the case,
To be in their place,
We'd carry it off with a different face.*

Giles. *Thus I take her by the lilly band,
So soft and white.*

Ralph. ——— *Why now that's right;
And kiss her too, mon, never stand.*

Pat. Giles. { *What words can explain
My pleasure—my pain?
It presses, it rises,
My heart it surprises,
I can't keep it down, tho' I'd never so faine*

Fanny. *So here the play ends,
The lovers are friends;*

Ralph. *Hush!*

Fanny. ——— *Tush!*

Giles. ——— *Nab!*

Patty. ——— *Psha!*

All. *What torment's exceeding, what joys are above,
The pains and the pleasures that wait upon love.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A marble portico, ornamented with statues, which opens
from Lord Aimworth's house; two chairs near the front.*

Enter Lord AIMWORTH reading.

IN how contemptible a light would the situation I am
now in shew me to most of the fine men of the pre-
sent age? In love with a country girl; rivalled by a
poor fellow, one of my meanest tenants, and uneasy at
it! If I had a mind to her, I know they would tell me,
I ought to have taken care to make myself easy long ago,
when I had her in my power. But I have the testimony
of

22 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

of my own heart in my favour ; and I think, was it to do again, I should act as I have done. Let's see, what we have here ? perhaps a book may compose my thoughts ; [*reads and throws the book away*] it's to no purpose, I can't read, I can't think, I can't do any thing.

A I R.

*Al ! how vainly mortals treasure
Hopes of happiness and pleasure,
Hard and doubtful to obtain ;
By what standards false we measure !
Still pursuing
Ways to ruin,
Seeking bliss, and finding pain.*

SCENE II.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY.

Patty. Now comes the trial : no, my sentence is already pronounc'd, and I will meet my fate with prudence and resolution.

L. Aim. Who's there ?

Patty. My lord !

L. Aim. Patty Fairfield !

Patty. I humbly beg pardon, my lord, for pressing so abruptly into your presence ; but I was told I might walk this way ; and I am come by my father's commands to thank your lordship for all your favours.

L. Aim. Favours, Patty ? what favours ? I have done you none : but why this metamorphosis ? I protest, if you had not spoke, I should not have known you ; I never saw you wear such cloaths as these in my mother's life-time.

Patty. No, my lord, it was her ladyship's pleasure I should wear better, and therefore I obeyed ; but it is now my duty to dress in a manner more suitable to my station, and future prospects in life.

L. Aim. I am afraid, Patty, you are too humble—come sit down—nay, I will have it so.—What is it I have been told to-day, Patty ? It seems you are going to be married.

Patty. Yes, my lord.

L. Aim.

L. Aim. Well, and don't you think you could have made a better choice than farmer Giles? I should imagine your person, your accomplishments, might have intitled you to look higher.

Patty. Your lordship is pleased to over-rate my little merit: the education I received in your family, does not intitle me to forget my origin; and the farmer is my equal.

L. Aim. In what respect? The degrees of rank and fortune, my dear Patty, are arbitrary distinctions, unworthy the regard of those who consider justly: the true standard of equality is seated in the mind: those who think nobly are noble.

Patty. The farmer, my lord, is a very honest man.

L. Aim. So he may: I don't suppose he would break into a house, or commit a robbery on the highway: what do you tell me of his honesty for?

Patty. I did not mean to offend your lordship.

L. Aim. Offend! I am not offended, Patty: not at all offended—But is there any great merit in a man's being honest?

Patty. I don't say there is, my lord.

L. Aim. The farmer is an ill-bred, illiterate booby; and what happiness can you propose to yourself in such a society?—Then, as to his person, I am sure—But perhaps, Patty, you like him; and if so, I am doing a wrong thing.

Patty. Upon my word, my lord—

L. Aim. Nay, I see you do: he has had the good fortune to please you; and in that case, you are certainly in the right to follow your inclinations.—I must tell you one thing Patty, however—I hope you won't think it unfriendly of me—But I am determined farmer Giles shall not stay a moment on my estate, after next quarter-day.

Patty. I hope, my lord, he has not incurred your displeasure—

L. Aim. That's of no signification.—Could I find as many good qualities in him as you do, perhaps—But 'tis enough, he's a fellow I don't like; and as you have a regard for him, I would have you advise him to provide himself.

Patty.

24 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Patty. My lord, I am very unfortunate.

E. Aim. She loves him, 'tis plain——Come, Patty, don't cry; I would not willingly do any thing to make you uneasy.—Have you seen Miss Sycamore yet?—I suppose you know she and I are going to be married.

Patty. So I hear, my lord,——Heaven make you both happy!

L. Aim. Thank you, Patty; I hope we shall be happy.

Patty. Upon my knees, upon my knees I pray it: may every earthly bliss attend you! may your days prove an uninterrupted course of delightful tranquillity; and your mutual friendship, confidence and love, end but with your lives!

E. Aim. Rise, Patty, rise; say no more—I suppose you'll wait upon Miss Sycamore before you go away—at present I have a little business——As I said Patty, don't afflict yourself: I have been somewhat hasty with regard to the farmer; but since I see how deeply you are interested in his affairs, I may possibly alter my designs with regard to him——You know—You know, Patty, your marriage with him is no concern of mine—I only speak——

A. F. R.

My passion in vain I attempt to dissemble;

To endeavour to bide it, but makes it appear:

Enraptur'd I gaze; when I touch her I tremble,

And speak to and hear her, with falt'ring and fear.

By how many cruel ideas tormented!

My blood's in a ferment; it fumes, it burns:

This moment I wish, what the next is repented;

While love, rage, and jealousy, rack me by turns.

SCENE III.

PATTY, GILES.

Giles. Miss Pat—Odd rabbit it, I thought his honour was here; and I wish I may die if my heart did not jump into my mouth—Come, come down in all haste; there's such rig below as you never knew in your born days.

Patty.

Patty. Rig!

Giles. Ay, and fun—"There's as good as forty of the tenants, men and maidens, have got upon the lawn before the castle, with pipers and garlands; just for all the world as tho' it was May-day; and the quality's looking at them out of the windows—"Tis as true as any thing; on account of my lord's coming home with his new lady—"Look here, I have brought a string of flowers along with me."

Patty. Well, and what then?

Giles. Why I was thinking, if so be as you would come down, as we might take a dance together: little Sal, farmer Harrow's daughter, of the Green, would fain have had me for a partner; but I said as how I'd go for one I liked better, one that I'd make a partner for life.

Patty. Did you say so?

Giles. Yes, and she was struck all of a heap—she had not a word to throw to a dog—for Sal and I kept company once for a little bit

Patty. Farmer, I am going to say something to you, and I desire you will listen to it attentively. It seems you think of our being married together.

Giles. Think, why I think of nothing else; it's all over the place mun, as how you are to be my spouse; and you would not believe what game folks make of me.

Patty. Shall I talk to you like a friend, farmer—You and I were never designed for one another; and I am morally certain we should not be happy.

Giles. Oh! as for that matter, I never has no words with nobody.

Patty. Shall I speak plainer to you then—I don't like you.

Giles. No!

Patty. On the contrary, you are disagreeable to me—

Giles. Am I!

Patty. Yes, of all things: I deal with you sincerely.

Giles. Why, I thought, Miss Pat, the affair between you and I was all fix'd and settled.

Patty. Well, let this undeceive you—Be assured we shall never be man and wife. No offer shall persuade,

no command force me.—You know my mind, make your advantage of it.

A I R.

*Was I sure a life to lead,
Wretched as the vilest slave,
Every hardship would I brave;
Rudest toil, severest need;
Ere yield my hand so coolly,
To the man who never truly,
Could my heart in keeping have.
Wealth with others success will insure you,
Where your wit and your person may please;
Take to them your love, I conjure you,
And in mercy set me at ease.*

S C E N E IV.

G I L E S.

Here's a turn ; I don't know what to make of it : she's gone mad, that's for fartin ; wit and learning have crack'd her brain—Poor soul, poor soul—It is often the case of those who have too much of them.—Lord, Lord, how sorry I be—But hold, she says I baint to her mind—mayn't all this be the effect of modish coyness, to do like the gentlewomen, because she was bred among them ? And I have heard say, they will be upon their vixen tricks, till they go into the very church with a man.—Icod there's nothing more likelier ; for it is the cry of one and all, that she's the moral of a lady in every thing : and our farmer's daughters, for the matter of that, tho'f they have nothing to boast of but a scrap of red ribbon about their hats, will have as many turnings and windings as a hare, before one can lay a fast hold of them.—There can no harm come of speaking with master Fairfield, however.—Odd rabbit it, how plaguy tart she was—I am half vext with myself now that I let her go off so.

A I R.

A. I. R.

*When a maid, in way of marriage,
First is courted by a man,
Let 'un do the best he can,
She's so shame-fac'd in her carriage,
'Tis with plain the suit's began.*

*Tho'f mayhap she likes him mainly,
Still she shams it coy and cold;
Fearing to confess it plainly,
Lest the folks should think her bold.*

*But the parson comes in sight,
Gives the word to bill and coo;
'Tis a different story quite,
And she quickly buckles too.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a view of Lord AIMWORTH's house, and improvements; a seat under a tree, and part of the garden wall, with a Chinese pavillion over it; several country people appear dancing, others looking on; among whom are, MERVIN, disguised, RALPH, FANNY, and a number of gipsies. After the dancers go off, THEODOSIA and PATTY enter through a gate supposed to have a connection with the principal building.

Theo. Well then, my dear Patty, you will run away from us: but why in such a hurry, I have a thousand things to say to you?

Patty. I shall do myself the honour to pay my duty to you some other time, madam; at present I really find myself a little indisposed.

Theo. Nay, I would by no means lay you under any restraint. But methinks the entertainment we have just been taking part of, should have put you into better spirits: I am not in an over-merry mood myself, yet, I swear, I could not look on the diversion of those honest folks, without feeling a certain *gaieté de cœur*.

Patty. Why, indeed, madam, it had one circumstance attending it, which is often wanting to more polite amusements; that of seeming to give undissembled satisfaction to those who were engaged in it.

28 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Theo. Oh, infinite, infinite! to see the chearful, healthy looking creatures, toil with such a good will! To me there were more genuine charms in their awkward stumping and jumping about, their rude measures, and homespun finery, than in all the dress, splendor, and studied graces, of a birth-night ball-room.

Patty. 'Tis a very uncommon declaration to be made by a fine lady, madam: but certainly, however the artful delicacies of high life may dazzle and surprize, nature has particular attractions, even in a cottage, her most unadorned state, which seldom fails to affect us, tho' we can scarce give a reason for it.

Thea. But you know, Patty, I was always a distracted admirer of the country; no damsel in romance was ever fonder of groves and purling streams: had I been born in the days of Arcadia, with my present propensity, instead of being a fine lady, as you call me, I should certainly have kept a flock of sheep.

Patty. Well, madam, you have the sages, poets and philosophers, of all ages, to countenance your way of thinking.

Theo. And you, my little philosophical friend, don't you think me in the right too?

Patty. Yes indeed, madam, perfectly.

A I R.

*Trust me, would you taste true pleasure,
Without mixture, without measure,
No where shall you find the treasure
Sure as in the sylvan scene:*

*Blest, who, no false glare requiring,
Nature's rural sweets admiring,
Can, from grosser joys retiring,
Seek the simple and serene.*

SCENE VI.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FANNY.

Mer. Yonder she is seated; and, to my wish, most fortunately alone. Accost her as I desired.

Thea. Heigh!

Fanny.

Fanny. Heaven blefs you, my sweet lady——blefs your honour's beautiful viſage, and ſend you a good huſband, and a great many of them.

Theo. A very comfortable wiſh upon my word : who are you, child ?

Fanny. A poor gipſey, an' pleaſe you, that goes about begging from charitable gentlemen and ladies—If you have ere a coal or bit of whiting in your pocket, I'll write you the firſt letter of your ſweetheart's name ; how many huſbands you will have ; and how many children, my lady : or, if you'll let me look at your line of life, I'll tell you whether it will be long or ſhort, happy or miſerable.

Theo. Oh ! as for that, I know it already—you cannot tell me any good fortune, and therefore I'll hear none. Go about your buſineſs.

Mer. Stay, madam, ſtay, [*Pretending to liſt a paper from the ground*] you have dropt ſomething—Fan, call the young gentlewoman back.

Fanny. Lady, you have loſt——

Theo. Pho, pho, I have loſt nothing.

Mer. Yes, that paper, lady ; you dropt it as you got up from the chair.—Fan, give it to her honour.

Theo. A letter with my addreſs !—[*Takes the paper and reads*] “ Dear Theodoſia ! Though the ſight of me was “ ſo diſagreeable to you, that you charged me never to “ approach you more, I hope my hand-writing can have “ nothing to frighten or diſguſt you. I am not far off ; “ and the perſon who delivers you this, can give you “ intelligence,”——Come hither, child : do you know any thing of the gentleman that wrote this ?

Fanny. My lady——

Theo. Make haſte, run this moment, bring me to him, bring him to me ; ſay I wait with impatience ; tell him I will go, fly any where——

Mer. My life, my charmer !

Theo. Oh, Heavens !——Mr. Mervin !

SCENE VII.

THEODOSIA, MERVIN, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, FANNY, GIPSIES.

La. Syc. Sir Harry, don't walk so fast, we are not running for a wager.

Sir Har. Hough, hough, hough.

La. Syc. Hey day, you have got a cough; I shall have you laid upon my hands presently.

Sir Har. No, no, my lady, it's only the old affair.

La. Syc. Come here, and let me tie this handkerchief about your neck; you have put yourself into a muck-sweat already. [*Ties a handkerchief about his neck.*] Have you taken your Bardana this morning? I warrant you know now, though you have been complaining of twitches two or three times; and you know the gouty season is coming on. Why will you be so neglectful of your health, Sir Harry? I protest I am forced to watch you like an infant.

Sir Har. My lovey takes care of me, and I am obliged to her.

La. Syc. Well, but you ought to mind me then, since you are satisfied I never speak but for your good.—I thought, Miss Sycamore, you were to have followed your papa and me into the garden—How far did you go with that wench?

Theo. They are gipsies, madam, they say. Indeed I don't know what they are.

La. Syc. I wish, miss, you would learn to give a rational answer.——

Sir Har. Eh! what's that? gipsies! Have we gipsies here! Vagrants, that pretend to a knowledge of future events; diviners, fortune-tellers?

Fanny. Yes, your worship, we'll tell your fortune, or her ladyship's, for a crum of bread, or a little broken victuals: what you throw to your dogs, an please you.

Sir Har. Broken victuals, hussy! How do you think we should have broken victuals?—If we are at home, indeed, perhaps you might get some such thing from the cook: but here we are only on a visit to a friend's house, and have nothing to do with the kitchen at all.

La.

La Syc. And do you think, Sir Harry, it is necessary to give the creature an account.

Sir Har. No, love, no; but what can you say to obstinate people?—Get you gone, bold face—I once knew a merchant's wife in the city, my lady, who had her fortune told by some of those gipsies. They said she should die at such a time; and I warrant, as sure as the day came, the poor gentlewoman actually died with the conceit.—Come, Dossy, your mama and I are going to take a walk——My lady, will you have hold of my arm?

La Syc. No, Sir Harry, I choose to go by myself.

Mer. Now, love, assist me—[*Turning to the gipsies.*] Follow, and take all your cues from me——Nay, but good lady and gentleman, you won't go without remembering the poor gipsies.

Sir Har. Hey! here is all the gang after us.

Gip. Pray, your noble honour.

La Syc. Come back into the garden; we shall be covered with vermin.

Gip. Out of the bowels of your commiseration.

La Syc. They press upon us more and more; yet that girl has no mind to leave them: I shall swoon away.

Sir Har. Don't be frighten'd, my lady; let me advance.

A I R.

You vile pack of vagabonds, what do ye mean?

I'll maul you, rascallions,

Ye tatter-demallions—

If one of them comes within reach of my cane.

Such cursed assurance,

'Tis past all endurance.

Nay, nay, pray come away.

They're liars and thieves,

And he that believes

Their foolish predictions,

Will find them but fictions,

A bubble that always deceives.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FANNY, GIPSIES.

Fanny. Oh ! mercy, dear—The gentleman is so bold, 'tis well if he does not bring us into trouble. Who knows but this may be a justice of peace ! and see, he's following them into the garden !

1st Gip. Well, 'tis all your seeking, Fan.

Fanny. We shall have warrants to take us up, I'll be hang'd else. We had better run away, the servants will come out with sticks to lick us.

Mer. Cursed ill fortune—[*Here Mervin returns with gipsies.*]—She's gone, and, perhaps, I shall not have another opportunity—And you, ye blundering block-head, I won't give you a halfpenny — Why did you not clap too the garden door, when I called to you, before the young lady got in ? The key was on the outside, which would have given me some time for an explanation.

2d Gip. An please your honour I was dubus.

Mer. Dubus ! plague choak ye——However, it is some satisfaction that I have been able to let her see me, and know where I am. [*Turning to the gipsies, who go off.*]——Go, get you gone, all of you, about your business.

Theo. Disappeared, fled ! [*Theodosia appears in the pavilion.*]—Oh, how unlucky this is !—Could he not have patience to wait a moment ?

Mer. I know not what to resolve on.

Theo. Hem !

Mer. I'll go back to the garden-door.

Theo. Mr. Mervin !

Mer. What do I see !—'Tis she, 'tis she herself !—Oh, Theodosia !—Shall I climb the wall and come up to you ?

Theo. No ; speak softly : Sir Harry and my Lady sit below at the end of the walk—How much am I obliged to you for taking this trouble.

Mer. When their happiness is at stake, what is it men will not attempt ?—Say but you love me.

Theo. What proof would you have me give you ?—I know but of one : if you please I am willing to go off with you.

Mer.

Mer. Are you !—Would to Heaven I had brought a carriage !

Theo. How did you come ?—Have you not horses ?

Mer. No ; there's another misfortune.——To avoid suspicion, there being but one little public-house in the village, I dispatched my servant with them, about an hour ago, to wait for me at a town twelve miles distant, whither I pretended to go ; but alighting a mile off, I equipt myself, and came back as you see : neither can we, nearer than this town, get a post-chaise.

Theo. You say you have made a confidant of the miller's son :—return to your place of rendezvous :——my father has been asked this moment, by Lord Aimworth, who is in the garden, to take a walk with him down to the mill : they will go before dinner ; and it shall be hard if I cannot contrive to be one of the company.

Mer. And what then——

Theo. Why, in the mean time, you may devise some method to carry me from hence : and I'll take care you shall have an opportunity of communicating it to me.

Mer. Well, but dear Theodosia——

A I R.

Theo. *Hist, hist ! I hear my mother call ——*

Pr'ythee be gone ;

We'll meet anon :

Catch this, and this——

Blow me a kiss,

In pledge promis'd truth, that's all.

Farewell !——and yet a moment stay ;

Something beside I had to say :——

Well, 'tis forgot ;

No matter what——

Love grant us grace ;

The mill's the place :

She calls again, I must away.

S C E N E IX.

M E R V I N, F A N N Y.

Fan. Please your honour, you were so kind as to say you would remember my fellow-travellers for their trouble: and they think I have gotten the money.

Mer. Oh, here; give them this—*[Gives her money.]* And for you, my dear little pilot, you have brought me so cleverly through my business, that I must——

Fan. Oh, Lord!—your honour—*[Mervin kisses her.]* Pray don't——kiss me again.

Mer. Again, and again.——There's a thought come into my head.—Theodosia will certainly have no objection to putting on the dress of a sister of mine.—So, and so only, we may escape to-night.—This girl, for a little money, will provide us with necessaries.——

Fan. Dear gracious! I warrant you, now, I am as red as my petticoat: why would you royster and touzle one so?—If Ralph was to see you, he'd be as jealous as the vengeance.

Mer. Hang Ralph! Never mind him.—There's a guinea for thee.

Fan. What, a golden guinea?——

Mer. Yes; and if thou art a good girl, and do as I desire thee, thou shalt have twenty.

Fan. Ay, but not all gold.

Mer. As good as that is.

Fan. Shall I though, if I does as you bids me?

Mer. You shall.

Fan. Precious heart! He's a sweet gentleman!—I could have a great mind——

Mer. What art thou thinking about?

Fan. Thinking, your honour?—Ha, ha, ha!

Mer. Indeed, so merry.

Fan. I don't know what I am thinking about, not I—Ha, ha, ha!—Twenty guineas!

Mer. I tell thee thou shalt have them.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Mer. By Heaven I am serious.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha!—Why then I'll do whatever your honour pleases.

Mer.

Mer. Stay here a little, to see that all keeps quiet: you'll find me presently at the mill, where we'll talk farther.

A I R.

Yes, 'tis decreed, thou maid divine!

I must, I will possess thee:

(Ob,) what delight within my arms to press thee!

To kiss, and call thee mine!

Let me this only bliss enjoy;

That ne'er can waste, that ne'er can cloy:

All other pleasures I resign.

Why should we dally;

Stand shilly shally:

Let fortune smile or frown?

Love will attend us;

Love will befriend us;

And all our wishes crown.

S C E N E X.

F A N N Y, R A L P H.

Fan. What a dear kind soul he is—Here comes Ralph—I can tell him, unless he makes me his lawful wife, as he has often said he would, the devil a word more shall he speak to me.

Ralph. So, Fan, where's the gentleman?

Fan. How should I know where he is; what do you ask me for?

Ralph. There's no harm in putting a civil question, be there? Why you look as cross and ill-natured——

Fan. Well, mayhap I do—and mayhap I have where-withal for it.

Ralph. Why, has the gentleman offered any thing uncivil? Ecod, I'd try a bout as soon as look at him.

Fan. He offer—no—he's a gentleman every inch of him: but you are sensible, Ralph, you have been promising me, a great while, this, and that, and t'other; and, when all comes to all, I don't see but you are like the rest of them.

Ralph.

Ralph. Why, what is it I have promised?

Fan. To marry me in the church, you have a hundred times.

Ralph. Well, and mayhap I will, if you'll have patience.

Fan. Patience, me no patience; you may do it now if you please.

Ralph. Well, but suppose I don't please? I tell you, Fan, you're a fool, and want to quarrel with your bread and butter; I have had anger enow from feyther already upon your account, and you want me to come by more. As I said, if you have patience, mayhap things may fall out, and mayhap not.

Fan. With all my heart, then; and now I know your mind, you may go hang yourself.

Ralph. Ay, ay.

Fan. Yes, you may—who cares for you?

Ralph. Well, and who cares for you, an you go to that?

Fan. A menial feller—Go mind your mill and your drudgery; I don't think you worthy to wipe my shoes—feller.

Ralph. Nay, but Fan, keep a civil tongue in your head: odds flesh! I would fain know what fly bites all of a sudden now.

Fan. Marry come up; the best gentlemen's sons in the country have made me proffers; and if one is a miss, be a miss to a gentleman, I say, that will give one fine cloaths, and take one to see the show, and put monee in one's pocket.

Ralph. Whu, whu—(*hits him a slap*) What's that for?

Fan. What do you whistle for, then? Do you think I am a dog?

Ralph. Never from me, Fan, if I have not a mind to give you, with this switch in my hand here, as good a flogging—

Fan. Touch me, if you dare: touch me, and I'll swear my life against you.

Ralph. A murrain! with her damn'd little fist as hard as she could draw.

Fan. Well, it's good enough for you; I'm not necessitated to take up with the impudence of such a low-lived

lived monkey as you are.—A gentleman's my friend, and I can have twenty guineas in my hand, all as good as this is.

Ralph. Belike from this Londoner, eh?

Fan. Yes, from him—so you may take your promise of marriage; I don't value it that—*(spits)* and if you speak to me, I'll slap your chops again.

A I R.

*Lord, fir, you seem mighty uneasy;
But I the refusal can bear:
I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of despair.
If so you suppose, you're mistaken;
For, fir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.*

S C E N E XI.

R A L P H.

Indeed! Now I'll be judg'd by any soul living in the world, if ever there was a viler piece of treachery than this here; there is no such a thing as a true friend upon the face of the globe, and so I have said a hundred times! A couple of base deceitful—after all my love and kindness shewn. Well, I'll be revenged; see an I be'nt—Marster Marvint, that's his name, an he do not sham it: he has come here and disguised unself; whereof 'tis contrary to law so to do: besides, I do partly know why he did it; and I'll fish out the whole conjuration, and go up to the castle and tell every syllable; a shan't carry a wench from me, were he twenty times the mon he is, and twenty times to that again; and moreover than so, the first time I meet un, I'll knock un down, tho'f 'twas before my lord himself; and he may capias me for it afterwards an he wull.

E

A I R.

A I R.

*As they count me such a ninny,
 So to let them rule the roast ;
 T'll bet any one a guinea
 They have stor'd without their host.
 But if I don't shew them in lieu of it,
 A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
 Then let me pass for a fool and an ass.*

*To be sure you fly cajoler
 Thought the work as good as done,
 When he found the little stroller
 Was so easy to be won.
 But if I don't shew him in lieu of it,
 A trick that's fairly worth two of it,
 Then let me pass for a fool or an ass.*

S C E N E XII.

*Changes to a room in the Mill ; two Chairs, with a Table
 and a Tankard of Beer.*

F A I R F I E L D , G I L E S .

Fairf. In short, farmer, I don't know what to say to thee. I have spoken to her all I can ; but I think children were born to pull the grey hairs of their parents to the grave with sorrow.

Giles. Nay, master Fairfield, don't take on about it: belike Miss Pat has another love ; and if so, in Heaven's name be't : what's one man's meat, as the saying is, is another man's poison ; and, tho'f some might find me well enough to their fancy, set in case I don't suit her's, why there's no harm done.

Fairf. Well but, neighbour, I have put that to her ; and the story is, she has no inclination to marry any one ; all she desires, is, to stay at home and take care of me.

Giles. Master Fairfield—here's towards your good health.

Giles.

Fairf. Thank thee, friend Giles—and here's towards thine.—I promise thee, had things gone as we proposed, thou should'st have had one half of what I was worth, to the uttermost farthing.

Giles. Why to be sure, Master Fairfield, I am not the less obligated to your good-will; but, as to that matter, had I married, it should not have been for the lucre of gain; but if I do like a girl, do you see, I do like her; ay, and I'll take her, saving respect, if she had not a second petticoat.

Fairf. Well said——where love is, with a little industry, what have a young couple to be afraid of? And, by the Lord Harry, for all that's past, I cannot help thinking we shall bring our matters to bear yet—Young women, you know, friend Giles——

Giles. Why, that's what I have been thinking with myself, Master Fairfield.

Fairf. Come, then, mend thy draught.—Duce take me if I let it drop so—But, in any case, don't you go to make yourself uneasy.

Giles. Uneasy, Master Fairfield; what good would that do?—For farten, seeing how things were, I should have been very glad they had gone accordingly; but if they change, 'tis no fault of mine, you know.

A I R.

Zooks! why should I sit down and grieve?

*No case so hard, there mayn't be bad
Some med'cine to relieve.*

Here's what masters all disasters:

With a cup of nut-brown beer,

Thus my drooping thoughts I cheer:

If one pretty damsel fail me,

From another I may find

Return more kind;

What a murrain then should ail me!

All girls are not of a mind.

He's a child that whimpers for a toy;

So bère's to thee, honest boy.

SCENE XIII.

FAIRFIELD, LORD AIMWORTH.

Fairf. O the goodness, his lordship's honour—you are come into a litter'd place, my noble sir—the arm-chair——will it please your honour to repose you on this, till a better——

L. Aim. Thank you, miller, there's no occasion for either.——I only want to speak a few words to you, and have company waiting for me without.

Fairf. Without——won't their honours favour my poor hovel so far——

L. Aim. No, miller, let them stay where they are.—I find you are about marrying your daughter—I know the great regard my mother had for her; and am satisfied, that nothing but her sudden death could have prevented her leaving her a handsome provision.

Fairf. Dear, my lord, your noble mother, you, and all your family, have heaped favours on favours on my poor child.

L. Aim. Whatever has been done for her she has fully merited——

Fairf. Why, to be sure, my lord, she is a very good girl.

L. Aim. Poor old man—but those are tears of satisfaction.——Here, Master Fairfield, to bring matters to a short conclusion, here is a bill of a thousand pounds.——Portion your daughter with what you think convenient of it.

Fairf. A thousand pound, my lord! Pray excuse me; excuse me, worthy sir; too much has been done already, and we have no pretensions——

L. Aim. I insist upon your taking it.——Put it up, and say no more.

Fairf. Well, my lord, if it must be so: but indeed, indeed——

L. Aim. In this I only fulfil what I am satisfied would please my mother. As to myself, I shall take upon me all the expences of Patty's wedding, and have already given orders about it.

Fairf.

Fairf. Alas, sir, you are too good, too generous ; but I fear we shall not be able to profit of your kind intentions, unless you will condescend to speak a little to Patty.

L. Aim. How speak !

Fairf. Why, my lord, I thought we had pretty well ordered all things concerning this marriage ; but all on a sudden the girl has taken it into her head not to have the farmer, and declares she will never marry at all.— But I know, my lord, she'll pay great respect to any thing you say ; and if you'll but lay your commands on her to marry him, I'm sure she'll do it.

L. Aim. Who, I lay my commands on her ?

Fairf. Yes, pray, my lord, do ; I'll send her in to you.

“ *L. Aim.* Master Fairfield ! [*Fairfield goes out and returns.*]—What can be the meaning of this ?—Refuse to marry the farmer !—How, why ?—My heart is thrown in an agitation ; while every step I take, serves but to lead me into new perplexities.

“ *Fairf.* She's coming, my lord ; I said you were “ here ;” and I humbly beg you will tell her, you insist upon the match going forward ; tell her, you insist upon it, my lord, and speak a little angrily to her.

SCENE XIV.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY.

L. Aim. I came hither, Patty, in consequence of our conversation this morning, to render your change of state as agreeable and happy as I could : but your father tells me, you have fallen out with the farmer ; has any thing happened, since I saw you last, to alter your good opinion of him ?

Patty. No, my lord, I am in the same opinion with regard to the farmer now as I always was.

L. Aim. I thought, Patty, you loved him, you told me—

Patty. My lord !

L. Aim. Well, no matter—It seems I have been mistaken in that particular—Possibly your affections are engaged.

engaged elsewhere: let me but know the man that can make you happy, and I swear——

Patty. Indeed, my lord, you take too much trouble upon my account.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love somebody so much beneath you, you are ashamed to own it; but your esteem confers a value wheresoever it is placed. I was too harsh with you this morning: our inclinations are not in our own power; they master the wisest of us.

Patty. Pray, pray my lord, talk not to me in this stile: consider me as one destined by birth and fortune to the meanest condition and offices; who has unhappily been apt to imbibe sentiments contrary to them! Let me conquer a heart, where pride and vanity have usurped an improper rule; and learn to know myself, of whom I have been too long ignorant.

L. Aim. Perhaps, Patty, you love some one so much above you, you are afraid to own it——If so, be his rank what it will, he is to be envied: for the love of a woman of virtue, beauty, and sentiment, does honour to a monarch.——What means that downcast look, those tears, those blushes? Dare you not confide in me?—Do you think, Patty, you have a friend in the world would sympathize with you more sincerely than I?

Patty. What shall I answer!—No, my lord, you have ever treated me with a kindness, a generosity of which none but minds like yours are capable: you have been my instructor, my adviser, my protector: but, my lord, you have been too good: when our superiors forget the distance between us, we are sometimes led to forget it too: had you been less condescending, perhaps I had been happier.

L. Aim. And have I, Patty, have I made you unhappy: I, who would sacrifice my own felicity, to cure your's?

Patty. I beg, my lord, you will suffer me to be gone: only believe me sensible of all your favours, though unworthy of the smallest.

L. Aim. How unworthy!—You merit every thing; my respect, my esteem, my friendship, and my love!—Yes, I repeat, I avow it: your beauty, your modesty, your understanding, has made a conquest of my heart.

But

—But what a world do we live in! that, while I own this; while I own a passion for you, founded on the justest, the noblest basis, I must at the same time confess, the fear of that world, its taunts, its reproaches—

Patty. Ah, sir, think better of the creature you have raised, than to suppose I ever entertained a hope tending to your dishonour: would that be a return for the favours I have received? Would that be a grateful reverence for the memory of her——Pity and pardon the disturbance of a mind that fears to enquire too minutely into its own sensations.——I am unfortunate, my lord, but not criminal.

L. Aim. Patty, we are both unfortunate: for my own part, I know not what to say to you, or what to propose to myself.

Pat. Then, my lord, 'tis mine to act as I ought: yet, while I am honoured with a place in your esteem, imagine me not insensible of so high a distinction; or capable of lightly turning my thought towards another.

L. Aim. How cruel is my situation!——I am here, Patty, to command you to marry the man who has given you so much uneasiness.

Pat. My lord, I am convinced it is for your credit and my safety, it should be so: I hope I have not so ill profited by the lessons of your noble mother, but I shall be able to do my duty, wherever I am called to it: this will be my first support; time and reflection will complete the work.

A I R.

*Cease, oh cease, to overwhelm me,
With excess of bounty rare;
What am I? What have I? Tell me,
To deserve your meanest care?
'Gainst our fate in vain's resistance,
Let me then no grief disclose;
But resign'd at humble distance,
Offer vows for your repose.*

S C E N E

SCENE XV.

Lord AIMWORTH, PATTY, Sir HARRY SYCAMORE,
THEODOSIA, GILES.

Sir Har. No justice of peace, no bailiffs, no head-borough!

L. Aim. What's the matter, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. The matter, my lord—While I was examining the construction of the mill without, for I have some small notion of mechanics, Miss Sycamore had like to have been run away with by a gipsy man.

Theo. Dear papa, how can you talk so? Did not I tell you it was at my own desire the poor fellow went to shew me the canal.

Sir Har. Hold your tongue, miss. I don't know any business you had to let him come near you at all: we have stayed so long too; your mama gave us but half an hour, and she'll be frightened out of her wits—she'll think some accident has happened to me.

L. Aim. I'll wait upon you when you please.

Sir Har. O! but my lord, here's a poor fellow; it seems his mistress has conceived some disgust against him: pray has her father spoke to you to interpose your authority in his behalf?

Giles. If his lordship's honour would be so kind, I would acknowledge the favour as far as in me lay.

Sir Har. Let me speak—*[Takes Lord Aimworth aside]* a word or two in your lordship's ear.

Theo. Well, I do like this gipsy scheme prodigiously, if we can but put it into execution as happily as we have contrived it—*[here Patty enters]* So, my dear Patty, you see I am come to return your visit very soon; but this is only a call *en passant*—will you be at home after dinner?

Patty. Certainly, madam, whenever you condescend to honour me so far: but it is what I cannot expect.

Theo. O fye, why not—

Giles. Your servant, Miss Patty.

Patty. Farmer, your servant.

Sir Har. Here, you goodman delver, I have done your business; my lord has spoke, and your fortune's
made

made : a thousand pounds at present, and better things to come ; his lordship says he will be your friend.

Giles. I do hope, then, Miss Pat, will make all up.

Sir Har. Miss Pat, make up ; stand out of the way, I'll make it up.

*The quarrels of lovers, adds me ! they're a jest ;
Come hither, ye blockhead, come hither :
So now let us leave them together.*

L. Aim. Farewell, then !

Patty. _____ For ever !

Giles. _____ I vow and protest,

*'Twas kind of his honour,
To gain thus upon her ;
We're so much beholden it can't be express'd.*

Theo. *I feel something here,
'Twixt hoping and fear :
Haste, haste, friendly night,
To shelter our flight —*

L. Aim. } *A thousand distractions are rending my breast.*

Patty,

Patty. *Oh mercy,*

Giles. _____ *Oh dear !*

Sir Har. *Why miss, will you mind when you're spoke to, or not ?
Must I stand in waiting,
While you're here a prating ?*

L. Aim. } *May ev'ry felicity fall to your lot.*

Theo.

Giles. *She curtsies ! — Look there,
What a shape, what an air ! —*

All. *How happy ! how wretched ! how tir'd am I !
Your lordship's obedient ; your servant ; good bye.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Portico to LORD AIMWORTH'S House.**Enter LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE.*

La. Syc. A Wretch! a vile, inconsiderate wretch! coming of such a race as mine; and having an example like me before her!

L. Aim. I beg, madam, you will not disquiet yourself: you are told here, that a gentleman lately arrived from London has been about the place to-day; that he has disguised himself like a gipsy, came hither, and had some conversation with your daughter; you are even told, that there is a design formed for their going off together; but possibly there may be some mistake in all this.

Sir Har. Ay, but, my lord, the lad tells us the gentleman's name: we have seen the gipsies; and we know she has had a hankering——

La. Syc. Sir Harry, my dear, why will you put in your word, when you hear others speaking—I protest, my lord, I'm in such confusion, I know not what to say: I can hardly support myself.——

L. Aim. This gentleman, it seems, is at a little inn at the bottom of the hill,

Sir Har. I wish it was possible to have a file of musqueteers, my lord; I could head them myself, being in the militia: and we would go and seize him directly.

L. Aim. Softly, my dear sir; let us proceed with a little less violence in this matter, I beseech you. We should first see the young lady——Where is Miss Sycamore, madam?

La. Syc. Really, my lord, I don't know; I saw her go into the garden about a quarter of an hour ago, from our chamber window.

Sir Har. Into the garden! perhaps she has got an inkling of our being informed of this affair, and is gone to throw herself into the pond. Despair, my lord, makes girls do terrible things. 'Twas but the Wednesday before

fore we left London, that I saw, taken out of Rosamond's pond, in Saint James's Park, as likely a young woman as ever you would desire to set your eyes on, in a new callimancoe petticoat, and a pair of silver buckles in her shoes.

L. Aim. I hope there is no danger of any such fatal accident happening at present; but you will oblige me, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Surely, my lord——

L. Aim. Will you commit the whole direction of this affair to my prudence?

Sir Har. My dear, you hear what his lordship says.

La. Syc. Indeed, my lord, I am so much ashamed, I don't know what to answer; the fault of my daughter——

L. Aim. Don't mention it, madam; the fault has been mine, who have been innocently the occasion of a young lady's transgressing a point of duty and decorum, which, otherwise, she would never have violated. But if you, and Sir Harry, will walk in and repose yourselves, I hope to settle every thing to the general satisfaction.

La. Syc. Come in, Sir Harry, [Exit.

L. Aim. I am sure, my good friend, had I known that I was doing a violence to Miss Sycamore's inclinations, in the happiness I proposed to myself——

Sir Har. My lord, 'tis all a case——My grandfather, by the mother's side, was a very sensible man---he was elected knight of the shire in five successive parliaments; and died high sheriff of his county---a man of fine parts, fine talents, and one of the most curious doer of horses in all England (but that he did only now and then for his amusement)——And he used to say, my lord, that the female sex were good for nothing but to bring forth children, and breed disturbance.

L. Aim. The ladies were very little obliged to your ancestor, Sir Harry: but for my part, I have a more favourable opinion——

Sir Har. You are in the wrong, my lord: with submission, you are really in the wrong.

A I R.

*To speak my mind, of woman kind,
In one word 'tis this ;
By nature they're design'd,
To say and do amiss.*

*Be they maids, be they wives,
Alike they plague our lives :
Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain ;
Born to cheat, and give men pain.*

*Their study day and night,
Is mischief, their delight :
And if we should prevent,
At one door their intent ;
They quickly turn about,
And find another out.*

S C E N E II.

“ Lord AIMWORTH,” Enter FAIRFIELD, “ RALPH.”

“ *Ralph.* Dear goodness, my lord, I doubts I have
“ done some wrong here ; I hope your honour will for-
“ give me ; to be sartin, if I had known——

“ *L. Aim.* You have done nothing but what's very
“ right, my lad ; don't make yourself uneasy.”—How
now, master Fairfield, what brings you here ?

Fairf. I am come, my lord, to thank you for your
bounty to me and my daughter this morning, and most
humbly to intreat your lordship to receive it at our
hands again.

L. Aim. Ay—why, what's the matter ?

Fairf. I don't know, my lord ; it seems your gene-
rosity to my poor girl has been noised about the neigh-
bourhood ; and some evil minded people have put it into
the young man's head, that was to marry her, that you
would never have made her a present so much above her
deserts and expectations, if it had not been upon some
naughty account : now, my lord, I am a poor man, 'tis
true, and a mean one ; but I and my father, and my
father's

father's father, have lived tenants upon your lordship's estate, where we have always been known for honest men; and it shall never be said, that Fairfield, the miller, became rich in his old days by the wages of his child's shame.

L. Aim. What then, Master Fairfield, do you believe —

Fairf. No, my lord, no, Heaven forbid: but when I consider the sum, it is too much for us; "it is indeed, my lord," and enough to make bad folks talk: besides, my poor girl is greatly alter'd; she us'd to be the life of every place she came into; but since her being at home, I have seen nothing from her but sadness and watry eyes.

L. Aim. The farmer then refuses to marry Patty, notwithstanding their late reconciliation.

Fairf. Yes, my lord, he does indeed; and has made a wicked noise, and used us in a very base manner: I did not think farmer Giles would have been so ready to believe such a thing of us.

L. Aim. Well, Master Fairfield, I will not press on you a donation, the rejection of which does you so much credit; you may take my word, however, that your fears upon this occasion are entirely groundless: but this is not enough, as I have been the means of losing your daughter one husband, it is but just I should get her another; and, since the farmer is so scrupulous, there is a young man in the house here, whom I have some influence over, and I dare say he will be less squeamish.

Fairf. To be sure, my lord. you have, in all honest ways, a right to dispose of me and mine, as you think proper.

L. Aim. Go then immediately, and bring Patty hither; I shall not be easy till I have given you entire satisfaction. But, stay and take a letter, which I am stepping into my study to write: I'll order a chaise to be got ready, that you may go back and forward with greater expedition.

A I R.

*Let me fly——hence tyrant fashion,
Teach to servile minds your law;
Curb in them each gen'rous passion,
Ev'ry motion keep in awe.*

*Shall I, in thy trammels going,
Quit the idol of my heart:
While it beats, all fervent, glowing!
With my life I'll sooner part.*

S C E N E III.

FANNY following RALPH.

Fanny. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What do you want with me, eh?

Fanny. Lord, I never knowed such a man as you are, since I com'd into the world; a body can't speak to you, but you falls strait ways into a passion: I followed you up from the house, only you run so, there was no such a thing as overtaking you, and I have been waiting there at the back door ever so long.

Ralph. Well, and now you may go and wait at the fore door, if you like it: but I forewarn you and your gang not to keep lurking about our mill any longer; for if you do, I'll send the constable after you, and have you every mother's skin clapt into the county gaol: you are such a pack of thieves, one can't hang so much as a rag to dry for you: it was but the other day that a couple of them came into our kitchen to beg a handful of dirty flour to make them cakes, and before the wench could turn about, they had whipped off three brass candlesticks, and a pot-lid.

Fanny. Well, sure it was not I.

Ralph. Then you know that old rascal, that you call father; the last time I catch'd him laying snares for the hares, I told him I'd inform the game-keeper, and I'll expose all——

Fanny. Ah, dear Ralph, don't be angry with me.

Ralph. Yes I will be angry with you—what do you come nigh me for?—You shan't touch me—There's the skirt

skirt of my coat, and if you do but lay a finger on it, my lord's bailiff is here in the court, and I'll call him and give you to him.

Fanny. If you'll forgive me, I'll go down on my knees.

Ralph. I tell you I won't.—No, no, follow your gentleman; or go live upon your old fare, crows and pole-cats, and sheep that die of the rot; pick the dead fowl off the dung-hills, and squench your thirst at the next ditch, 'tis the fittest liquor to wash down such dainties—skulking about from barn to barn, and lying upon wet straw, on commons, and in green lanes—go and be whipt from parish to parish, as you used to be.

Fanny. How can you talk so unkind?

Ralph. And see whether you will get what will keep you as I did, by telling of fortunes, and coming with pillows under your apron, among the young farmers wives, to make believe you are a breeding, with “the Lord Almighty bless you, sweet mistress, you cannot tell how soon it may be your own case.” You know I am acquainted with all your tricks—and how you turn up the white's of your eyes, pretending you were struck blind by thunder and lightning.

Fanny. Pray don't be angry, Ralph.

Ralph. Yes but I will tho'; spread your cobwebs to catch flies, I am an old wasp, and don't value them a button.

A I R.

*When you meet a tender creature,
Neat in limb, and fair in feature.
Full of kindness and good nature,
Prove as kind again to she;
Happy mortal! to possess her,
In your bosom, warm, and press her,
Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
And be fond, as fond can be.*

*But if one you meet that's frow-ard,
Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,
Should you act the whining coward,
'Tis to mend her ne'er the wit:*

*Nothing's tough enough to bind her ;
Then agog, when once you find her,
Let her go, and never mind her ;
Heart alive, you're fairly quit.*

S C E N E IV.

F A N N Y.

" I wish I had a draught of water. I don't know what's come over me ; I have no more strength than a babe ; a straw would fling me down."—He has a heart as hard as any parish officer ; I don't doubt now but he would stand by and see me whipt himself ; and we shall all be whipt, and all through my means — The devil run away with the gentleman, and his twenty guineas too, for leading me astray : if I had known Ralph would have taken it so, I would have hanged myself before I would have said a word—but I thought he had no more gall than a pigeon.

A I R.

*O ! what a simpleton was I,
To make my bed at such a rate !
Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
Thy true love seeks another mate.*

*No tears, alack,
Will call him back,
No tender words his heart allure ;
I could bite
My tongue, thro' spite——
Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.*

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Room in the Miller's House.

Enter GILES, followed by PATTY and THEODOSIA.

" A I R.

" Giles *Women's tongues are like mill-clappers,
 " And from thence they learn the knack,
 " Of for ever sounding clack."*——

Giles.

Giles. Why, what the plague's the matter with you? What do you scold at me for? I am sure I did not say an uncivil word, as I do know of: I'll be judged by the young lady if I did.

Patty. 'Tis very well, farmer; all I desire is, that you will leave the house: you see my father is not at home at present; when he is, if you have any thing to say, you know where to come.

Giles. Enough said, I don't want to stay in the house, not I; and I don't much care if I had never come into it.

Theo. For shame, farmer, down on your knees and beg Miss Fairfield's pardon for the outrage you have been guilty of.

Giles. Beg pardon, miss, for what?—Icod that's well enough; why I am my own master, be'nt I?—If I have no mind to marry, there's no harm in that, I hope: 'tis only changing hands.—This morning she would not have me; and now I won't have she.

Patty. Have you!—Heav'ns and earth! do you think then 'tis the missing of you that gives me concern?—No: I would prefer a state of beggary a thousand times beyond any thing I could enjoy with you; and be assured, if ever I was seemingly consenting to such a sacrifice, nothing should have compelled me to it, but the cruelty of my situation.

Giles. O, as for that, I believes you; but you see the gudgeon would not bite as I told you a bit agoe you know: we farmers never love to reap what we don't sow.

Patty. You brutish fellow, how dare you talk——

Giles. So, now she's in her tantrums again, and all for no manner of yearthly thing.

Patty. But be assured my lord will punish you severely for daring to make free with his name.

Giles. Who made free with it; did I ever mention my lord? 'Tis a cursed lie.

Theo. Bless me! farmer!

Giles. Why it is, miss—and I'll make her prove her words——Then what does she mean by being punished? I am not afraid of nobody, nor beholding to nobody, that I know of; while I pays my rent, my

54 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

money, I believe, is as good as another's : egad, if it goes there, I think there be those deserve to be punished more than I.

Patty. Was ever unfortunate creature pursued as I am, by distresses and vexations !

Theo. My dear Patty—See, farmer, you have thrown her into tears—Pray be comforted.

A I R.

Patty. *Oh leave me, in pity ! The falsehood I scorn ;
For slander the bosom untainted desires :
But rudeness and insult are not to be borne,
Tho' offer'd by wretches we've sense to despise.*

*Of woman defenceless, how cruel the fate !
Pass ever so cautious, so blameless her way,
Nature, and envy, lurk always in wait,
And innocence falls to their fury a prey.*

SCENE VI.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA.

Theo. You are a pretty gentleman, are not you, to suffer a lady to be at a rendezvous before you ?

Mer. Difficulties, my dear, and dangers—None of the company had two suits of apparel ; so I was obliged to purchase a rag of one, and a tatter from another, at the expence of ten times the sum they would fetch at the paper-mill.

Theo. Well, where are they ?

Mer. Here, in this bundle——and tho' I say it, a very decent habiliment, if you have art enough to stick the parts together : I've been watching till the coast was clear to bring them to you.

Theo. Let me see——I'll slip into this closet and equip myself——All here is in such confusion, there will no notice be taken.

Mer. Do so ; I'll take care nobody shall interrupt you in the progress of your metamorphosis (*she goes in*)—and if you are not tedious, we may walk off without being seen by any one.

Theo.

Theo. Ha ! ha ! ha ! — What a concourse of atoms are here ? tho', as I live, they are a great deal better than I expected.

Mer. Well, pray make haste ; and don't imagine yourself at your toilette now, where mode prescribes two hours, for what reason would scarce allow three minutes.

Theo. Have patience ; the outward garment is on already ; and I'll assure you a very good stuff, only a little the worse for the mending.

Mer. Imagine it embroidery, and consider it is your wedding-suit. — Come, how far are you got ?

Theo. Stay, you don't consider there's some contrivance necessary. — Here goes the apron, flounced and furbelow'd with a witness—Alas ! alas ! it has no strings ! what shall I do ? Come, no matter, a couple of pins will serve—And now the cap—oh, mercy ! here's a hole in the crown of it large enough to thrust my head through.

Mer. That you'll hide with your straw-hat ; or, if you should not — What, not ready yet ?

Theo. Only one minute more—Yes, now the work's accomplish'd.

A I R.

*Who'll buy good luck, who'll buy, who'll buy
The gipsy's favours ? — Here am I !*

*Through the village, through the town,
What charming sav'ry scraps we'll earn !
Clean straw shall be our beds of down,
And our withdrawing-room a barn.*

*Young and old, and grave, and gay,
The miser and the prodigal ;
Cit, courtier, bumpkin, come away ;
I warrant we'll content you all.*

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, FAIRFIELD, GILES.

Mer. Plague, here's somebody coming.

Fairf. As to the past, farmer, 'tis past; I bear no malice for any thing thou hast said.

Giles. Why, Master Fairfield, you do know I had a great regard for Miss Patty; but when I came to consider all in all, I finds as how it is not adviseable to change my condition yet awhile.

Fairf. Friend Giles, thou art in the right; marriage is a serious point, and can't be considered too warily.—Ha, who have we here!—Shall I never keep my house clear of these vermin?—Look to the goods there, and give me a horse-whip—by the lord Harry, I'll make an example—Come here, Lady Light-fingers, let me see what thou hast stolen.

Mer. Hold, miller, hold!

Fairf. O gracious goodness! sure I know this face—Miss——young Madam Sycamore——Mercy heart, here's a disguise!

Theo. Discover'd!

Mer. Miller, let me speak to you.

Theo. What ill fortune is this!

Giles. Ill fortune——Miss! I think there be nothing but crosses and misfortunes of one kind or other.

Fairf. Money to me, sir! not for the world; you want no friends but what you have already—Lack-a-day, lack-a-day—see how luckily I came in: I believe you are the gentleman to whom I am charged to give this. on the part of my Lord Aimworth——Bless, you, dear sir, go up to his honour, with my young lady—There is a chaise waiting at the door to carry you——I and my daughter will take another way.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

MERVIN, THEODOSIA, GILES.

Mer. Pr'ythee read this letter, "and tell me what you think of it."

Theo. Heavens, 'tis a letter from lord Aimworth!
— We are betray'd.

Mer. By what means I know not.

Theo. I am so frightened and flurried, that I have scarce strength enough to read it.

"SIR,

"It is with the greatest concern I find, that I have been unhappily the occasion of giving some uneasiness to you and Miss Sycamore: be assur'd, had I been appriz'd of your prior pretensions, and the young lady's disposition in your favour, I should have been the last person to interrupt your felicity. I beg, sir, you will do me the favour to come up to my house, where I have already so far settled matters, as to be able to assure you, that every thing will go entirely to your satisfaction."

Mer. Well! what do you think of it!—Shall we go to the castle?

"*Mer.* Well!—"

"*Theo.* Well!—"

"*Mer.* What do you think of it?"

"*Theo.* Nay, what do you think of it?"

"*Mer.* Egad, I can't very well tell—However, on the whole, I believe it would be wrong of us to proceed any further in our design of running away, even if the thing was practicable.

"*Theo.* I am entirely of your opinion. I swear this Lord Aimworth is a charming man: I fancy 'tis lucky for you I had not been long enough acquainted with him to find out all his good qualities.—But how the deuce came he to hear—"

"*Mer.* No matter; after this, there can be nothing to apprehend.—What do you say, shall we go up to the Castle?"

Theo.

58 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Theo. By all means : and in this very-trim ; to shew what we were capable of doing, if my father and mother had not come to reason.——“ But, perhaps, “ the difficulties being removed, may lessen your *pen-
chant* : you men are such unaccountable mortals.—
“ Do you love me well enough to marry me, without
“ making a frolic of it ?

“ *Mer.* Do I love you !——

“ *Theo.* Ay, and to what degree ?

“ *Mer.* Why do you ask me ?——

“ A I R.

“ *Who upon the oozy beech,
“ Can count the num’rous sands that lie ;
“ Or distinctly reckon each
“ Transparent orb that studs the sky ?*

“ *As their multitude betray,
“ And frustrate all attempts to tell :
“ So ’tis impossible to say
“ How much I love, I love so well.”*

But hark you, Mervin, will you take after my father, and be a very husband now ?—Or don’t you think I shall take after my mother, and be a commanding wife !

Mer. Oh, I’ll trust you.

Theo. But you may pay for your confidence. (*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

GILES.

So, there goes a couple ! Icod, I believe Old Nick has got among the people in these parts This is as queer a thing as ever I heard of.—— Master Fairfield, and Miss Patty, it seems, are gone to the castle too ; where, by what I larns from Ralph in the mill, my lord has promised to get her a husband among the servants. Now set in case the wind sets in that corner, I have been thinking with myself who the plague it can be : there are no unmarried men in the family, that I do know of, excepting little Bob, the postillion, and master Jonathan,
the

the butler ; and he's a matter of sixty or seventy years old. I'll be shot if it beant little Bob.——Icod, I'll take the way to the castle, as well as the rest ; for I'd fain see how the nail do drive. It is well I had wit enough to discern things, and a friend to advise with, or else she would have fallen to my lot.——But I have got a surfeit of going a courting, and burn me if I won't live a batchelor ; for, when all comes to all, I see nothing but ill blood and quarrels among folk when they are married.

A I R.

*Then hey for a frolicksome life !
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rise :
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses ;
 And never think more of a wife.
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.*

*Had we been together buck'd ;
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair :
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold ;
 And boys, pointing, cry'd——Look there.*

S C E N E X.

Changes to a grand Apartment in LORD AIMWORTH'S House, opening to a View of the Garden.

Lord AIMWORTH, FAIRFIELD, PATTY, RALPH.

L. Aim. Thus, Master Fairfield, I hope I have fully satisfied you with regard to the falsity of the imputation thrown upon your daughter and me——

Fairf. My lord, I am very well content ; pray do not give yourself the trouble of saying any more.

Ralph. No, my lord, you need not say any more.

Fairf. Hold your tongue, sirrah.

L. Aim. I am sorry, Patty, you have had this mortification.

Patty. I am sorry, my lord, you have been troubled about it ; but really it was against my consent.

Fairf. Well, come children, we will not take up his honour's time any longer ; let us be going towards home
 Heav'n

—Heav'n prosper your lordship ; the pray'rs of me and my family shall always attend you.

L. Aim. Miller, come back——Patty, stay——

Fairf. Has your lordship any thing further to command us ?

L. Aim. Why yes, Master Fairfield, I have a word or two still to say to you——In short, though you are satisfied in this affair, I am not ; and you seem to forget the promise I made you, that, since I had been the means of losing your daughter one husband, I would find her another.

Fairf. Your honour is to do as you please.

L. Aim. What say you, Patty, will you accept of a husband of my chusing ?

Patty. My lord, I have no determination ; you are the best judge how I ought to act ; whatever you command, I shall obey.

L. Aim. Then, Patty, there is but one person I can offer you——and I wish, for your sake, he was more deserving——Take me——

Patty. Sir !

L. Aim. From this moment our interests are one, as our hearts ; and no earthly power shall ever divide us.

Fairf. “ O the gracious ! ” Patty—my lord—Did I hear right !——You, sir, you marry a child of mine !

L. Aim. Yes, my honest old man, in me you behold the husband designed for your daughter ; and I am happy that, by standing in the place of fortune, who has alone been wanting to her, I shall be able to set her merit in a light, where its lustre will be rendered conspicuous.

Fairf. But good, noble sir, pray consider ; don't go to put upon a silly old man : my daughter is unworthy——Patty, child, why don't you speak ?

Patty. What can I say, father ! what answer to such unlook'd-for, such unmerited, such unbounded generosity !

Ralph. Down on your knees, and fall a crying.

Patty. Yes, sir, as my father says, consider——your noble friends, your relations——It must not, cannot be——

“ *L. Aim.* I must, and shall——Friends ! relations !
“ from henceforth I have none, that will not acknow-
“ ledge you : and I am sure, when they become ac-
“ quainted with your perfections, those, whose suffrage
“

"I most esteem, will rather admire the justice of my
"choice, than wonder at its singularity."

A . I . R.

- L. Aim. *My life, my joy, my blessing,
In thee, each grace possessing,
All must my choice approve :*
- Patty. *To you my all is owing ;
O ! take a heart o'erflowing,
With gratitude and love.*
- L. Aim. *Thus infolding,
Thus beholding,*
- Both. *One to my soul so dear :
Can there be pleasure greater !
Can there be bliss compleater !
'Tis too much to bear.*

S C E N E XI.

Enter SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, THEODOSIA,
MERVIN.

Sir Har. Well, we have followed your lordship's counsel, and made the best of a bad market——So my lord, please to know our son-in-law, that is to be.

L. Aim. You do me a great deal of honour—I wish you joy, sir, with all my heart.—And now, Sir Harry, give me leave to introduce to you a new relation of mine——This, sir, is shortly to be my wife.

Sir Har. My lord !

La. Syc. Your lordship's wife !

L. Aim. Yes, madam.

La. Syc. And why so, my lord ?

L. Aim. Why, faith, ma'am, because I can't live happy without her——And I think she has too many amiable, too many estimable qualities to meet with a worse fate.

Sir Har. Well, but you are a peer of the realm ; you will have all the flecters——

L. Aim. I know very well the ridicule that may be thrown on a lord's marrying a miller's daughter ; and I own, with blushes, it has for some time had too great weight

62 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

weight with me : but we should marry to please ourselves, not other people : and, on mature consideration, I can see no reproach justly merited, by raising a deserving woman to a station she is capable of adorning, let her birth be what it will.

Sir Har. Why 'tis very true, my lord. I once knew a gentleman that married his cook-maid : he was a relation of my own—You remember fat Margery, my lady ! She was a very good sort of a woman, indeed she was, and made the best suet dumplings I ever tasted.

La. Syc. Will you never learn, Sir Harry, to guard your expressions ?——Well, but give me leave, my lord, to say a word to you——There are other ill consequences attending such an alliance.

L. Aim. One of them I suppose is, that I, a peer, should be obliged to call this good old miller father-in-law. But where's the shame in that ? He is as good as any lord, in being a man ; and if we dare suppose a lord that is not an honest man, he is, in my opinion, the more respectable character. Come, Master Fairfield, give me your hand ; from henceforth you have done with working ; we will pull down your mill, and build you a house in the place of it ; and the money I intended for the portion of your daughter, shall now be laid out in purchasing a commission for your son.

Ralph. What, my lord, will you make me a captain ?

L. Aim. Ay, a colonel, if you deserve it.

Ralph. Then I'll keep Fan.

S C E N E XII.

LORD AIMWORTH, SIR HARRY, LADY SYCAMORE, PATTY, THEODOSIA, MERVIN, FAIRFIELD, RALPH, GILES.

Giles. Ods bobs, where am I running—I beg pardon for my audacity.

Ralph. Hip, farmer ; come back, mon, come back—Sure my lord's going to marry sister himself ; feyther's to have a fine house, and I'm to be a captain.

L. Aim.

L. Aim. Ho, Master Giles, pray walk in ; here is a lady who, I dare swear, will be glad to see you, and give orders that you shall always be made welcome.

Ralph. Yes, farmer, you'll always be welcome in the kitchen.

L. Aim. What, have you nothing to say to your old acquaintance——Come, pray let the farmer salute you——Nay, a kifs—I insist upon it.

Sir Har. Ha, ha, ha—hem !

La. Syc. Sir Harry, I am ready to sink at the monstrousness of your behaviour.

L. Aim. Fye, Master Giles, don't look so sheepish ; you and I were rivals, but not less friends at present. You have acted in this affair like an honest Englishman, who scorned even the shadow of dishonour, and thou shalt sit rent-free for a twelvemonth.

Sir Har. Come, shan't we all salute——With your leave, my lord, I'll——

La. Syc. Sir Harry !

A I R.

L. Aim. Yield who will to forms a martyr,
While unaw'd by idle shame,
Pride for happiness I barter,
Heedless of the millions blame.
Thus with love my arms I quarter ;
Women grac'd in nature's frame,
Ev'ry privilege, by charter,
Have a right from man to claim.

Theo. Eas'd of doubts and fears presaging,
What new joys within me rise !
While mama, her frowns assuaging,
Dares no longer tyrannize.
So long storms and tempests raging,
When the blust'ring fury dies,
Ah ! how lovely, how engaging,
Prospects fair, and cloudless skies !

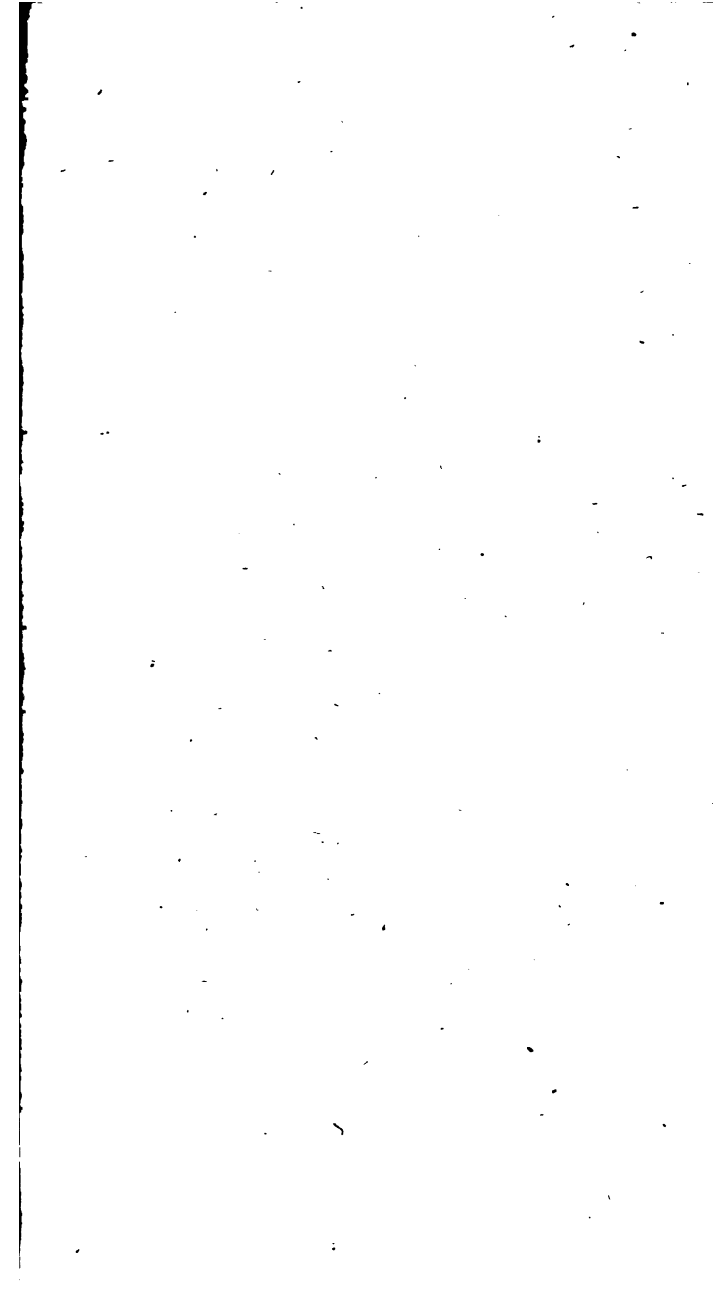
64 THE MAID OF THE MILL.

Sir Har. *Dad but this is wond'rous pretty,
Singing each a roun-de-lay ;
And I'll mingle in the ditty,
Tho' I scarce know what to say.
There's a daughter, brisk and witty ;
Here's a wife, can wisely sway :
Trust me, masters, 'twere a pity,
Not to let them have their way.*

Patty. *My example is a rare one ;
But the cause may be divin'd :
Women want not merit——dare one
Hope discerning men to find.
O ! may each accomplish'd fair one,
Bright in person, sage in mind,
Viewing my good fortune, share one
Full as splendid, and as kind.*

Giles. *Laugh'd at, slighted, circumvented,
And expos'd for folks to see't,
'Tis as tho'f a man repented
For his follies in a sheet.
But my wrongs go unresented,
Since the fates have thought them meet :
This good company contented,
All my wishes are complete.*

END OF THE OPERA.





J. Roberts del.

Published for Bell's British Theatre March 29. 1781.

Thornhill sculp.

M^{rs} WRIGHTEN in the Character of MADGE
 Since Hodge proves ungrateful no farther I'll see

2
BELL'S EDITION.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE;

A COMIC OPERA.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. WILD, Prompter.



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Printed for JOHN BELL, at the BRITISH LIBRARY in the Strand.

M DCC LXXXI.

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T O

MR. B E A R D.

S I R,

IT is with great pleasure I embrace this opportunity to acknowledge the favours I have received from you. Among others I would mention in particular, the warmth with which you espoused this piece in its passage to the stage; but I am afraid it would be thought a compliment to your good-nature, too much at the expence of your judgment.

If what I now venture to lay before the public is considered merely as a piece of dramatic writing, it will certainly be found to have very little merit: in that light no one can think more indifferently of it than I do myself; but I believe I may venture to assert, on your opinion, that some of the songs are tolerable; that the music is more pleasing than has hitherto appeared in compositions of this kind; and the words better adapted, considering the nature of the airs, which are not common ballads, than could be expected, supposing any degree of poetry to be preserved in the versification.

MORE than this few people expect in an Opera; and if some of the severer critics should be inclined to blame your indulgence to one of the first attempts to a young
A 2 writer,

writer, I am persuaded the public in general will applaud your endeavour to provide them with something new, in a species of entertainment in which the performers at your theatre so eminently excel.

You may perceive, Sir, that I yield a punctual observance to the injunctions you laid upon me, when I threatened you with this address, and make it rather a preface than a dedication : and yet I must confess I can hardly reconcile those formalities which render it indelicate to pay praises where all the world allows them to be due ; nor can I easily conceive why a man should be so studious to deserve what he does not desire : but since you will not allow me to offer any panegyric to you, I must hasten to bestow one upon myself, and let the public know (which was my chief design in this introduction) that I have the happiness to be,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

The A U T H O R.

A Table of the Songs, with the Names of the several Composers. N. B. Those marked thus * were composed on purpose for this Opera.

A New Overture by Mr. Abel.

A C T I.

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 1 Hope thou nurse of young desire | Mr. Weldon |
| 2 Whence can you inherit | Abos |
| 3 My heart's my own, my will is free | Arne |
| 4 When once love's subtle poison gains | Arne |
| 5*Oh had I been by Fate decreed | Howard |
| 6 Gentle youth, ah tell me why | Arne |
| 7*Still in hopes to get the better | Arne |
| 8 There was a jolly miller once | |
| 9 Let gay ones and great | Baildon |
| 10 The honest heart whose thoughts are free | Festing |
| 11 Well, well, say no more | Larry Gorgan |
| 12 Cupid, god of soft persuasion | Gardini |
| 13 How happy were my days till now | Arne |
| 14 A medley | |

A C T II.

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 15 Women like weak Indians trade | Paradies |
| 16 Think my fairest, how delay | Arne |
| 17*Believe me, dear aunt | Arne |
| 18 When I follow'd a lass that was forward and shy | |
| 19 Let rakes and libertines resign'd | Handel |
| 20 How blest the maid whose bosom | Gallupi |
| 21 In vain I every art assay | Arne |
| 22 Begone, I agree | Arne |
| 23 Oh how shall I in language weak | Cary |
| 24 Young I am, and fore afraid | Gallupi |
| 25 Oons neighbour never blush | Arne |
| 26 My Dolly was the fairest thing | Handel |
| 27 Was ever poor fellow | Agus |
| 28 Cease, gay seducers, pride to take | Arne |
| 29 Since Hodge proves ungrateful | Arne |
| 30 In love should there meet a fond pair | Bernard |
| 31*Well come let us hear | |

A C T III.

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 32 The world is a well furnish'd table | Arne |
| 33 It is not wealth, it is not birth | Gardini |
| 34*The traveller benighted | Arne |
| 35 If ever a fond inclination | Geminiani |
| 36 Plague o' these wenches, &c. | St. Patrick's Day |
| 37*How much superior beauty awes | Howard |
| 38 When we see a lover languish | Arne |
| 39 All I wish in her obtaining | Arne |
| 40 If ever I'm catch'd in those regions | Boyce |
| 41*Go, naughty man, I can't abide you | Arne |
| 42 Hence with cares | Boyce |

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SIR WILLIAM MEADOWS,
YOUNG MEADOWS,
JUSTICE WOODCOCK,
HAWTHORN,
EUSTACE,
HODGE,

MR. FRANK,
MR. HORN,
MR. WILSON.
MR. NEIGHOLD,
MR. ROBINSON.
MR. DOYLE.

W O M E N.

ROSSETTA,
LUCINDA,
MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK,
MARGERY,

MRS. MARTIN.
MRS. MORTON.
MRS. GATLEY.
MRS. WILSON.

Country Men and Women, Servants, &c.

SCENE, A VILLAGE.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A garden with statues, fountains, and flower-pots. Several Arbours, appear in the side-scenes: ROSSETTA and LUCINDA are discovered at work, seated upon two garden-chairs.

AIR I.

Rossetta. **H**ÖPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy:

Lucinda. Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find:

Both. Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

Lucin. Heigho——Rossetta?

Ross. Well, child, what do you say?

Lucin. 'Tis a devilish thing to live in a village an hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a superannuated maiden aunt.—I am heartily sick of my situation.

R

Ross

Lucin. But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were?

Ross. More than so; he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off, for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford; and after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him?

Lucin. Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange route you must have occasioned at home? I warrant, during this month you have been absent—

Ross. Oh I don't mention it, my dear; I have had so many admirers since I commenced Abigail, that I am quite charmed with my situation—But hold, who stalks yonder into the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see?

Lucin. Daddy Hawthorn, as I live! He is come to pay my father a visit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, Hodge?

Ross. No matter, I'll sit down in that arbour and listen to the singing of the birds: you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

Lucin. So it seems, indeed: sure, Rossetta, none of your admirers had power to touch your heart; you are not in love, I hope?

Ross. In love! that's pleasant: who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray?

Lucin. Why, let me see—What do you think of Thomas, our gardener? There he is; at the other end of the walk—He's a pretty young man, and the servants say he's always writing verses on you.

Ross. Indeed, Lucinda, you are very silly.

Lucin. Indeed, Rossetta, that blush makes you look very handsome.

Ross. Blush! I am sure I don't blush.

Lucin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ross. Pshaw, Lucinda; how can you be so ridiculous?

Lucin. Well, don't be angry, and I have done—But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself?

AIR IV.

*When once Love's subtle poison gains
A passage to the female breast;
Like lightning rushing through the veins,
Each wish, and every thought's possessor.
To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reason in vain its skill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleasing to the eyes.*

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Meadows. Let me see—on the fifteenth of June at half an hour past five in the morning (*taking out a pocket-book*) I left my father's house, unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's which fitted me, by way of a disguise:—so says my pocket-book; and chance directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the same month I procured a recommendation to the worshipful Justice Woodcock, to be the superintendant of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see I chose to run any lengths rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me, a marriage against my inclination, with a woman I never saw. (*Puts up the book and takes up a watering-pot*). Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered as if I changed my nature with my habit. 'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chambermaid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of Sir William Meadows—But that's impossible.

AIR V.

*O! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain;
In fair Rossetta's sight to feed
My sheep upon the plain;*

B 3

What

*What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?*

Ha! who was it I had a glimpse of as I pass'd by that arbour! Was it not she sat reading there! The trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken—Here she comes.

SCENE III.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Ross. Lucinda was certainly in the right of it, and yet I blush to own my weakness even to myself—Marry hang the fellow, for not being a gentleman,

Y. Meadows. I am determin'd I won't speak to her (*turning to a rose-tree, and plucking the flowers.*) Now or never is the time to conquer myself: besides I have some reason to believe the girl has no aversion to me: and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen (*bums a tune.*) Pshaw! rot these roses, how they prick one's fingers!

Ross. He takes no notice of me; but so much the better, I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talk'd of would be buying a ring, and being ask'd in church—Oh, dear pride, I thank you for that thought.

Y. Meadows. Hah, going without a word! a look!—I can't bear that—Mrs. Rossetta, I am gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

Ross. Thank you, Mr. Thomas, but all my lady's flower-pots are full.

Y. Meadows. Will you accept of them for yourself, then? (*catching hold of her.*) What's the matter? you look as if you were angry with me.

Ross. Pray let go my hand.

Y. Meadows. Nay, pr'ythee, why is this? you shan't go, I have something to say to you.

Ross. Well, but I must go, I will go; I desire, Mr. Thomas—

A COMIC OPERA.

7

AIR VI.

*Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly;
Cease, oh! cease, to persevere.
Speak not what I must not hear;
To my heart its ease restore;
Go, and never see me more.*

SCENE IV.

YOUNG MEADOWS.

This girl is a riddle.—That she loves me, I think there is no room to doubt; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it: and yet when I speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer; and if I attempt the smallest familiarity, is gone in an instant—I feel my passion for her grow every day more and more violent—Well, would I marry her? would I make a mistress of her if I could? Two things, called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing, then? A shadow. Sure my evil genius laid this snare in my way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it; if so, why do I hesitate? I am distracted, unable to determine any thing.

AIR VII.

*Still in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave; }
Boast my freedom, fly to meet to her,
And confess myself a slave.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

A ball in Justice Woodcock's house. Enter HAWTHORN with a fowling-piece in his hands, and a net with birds at his girdle: and afterwards Justice Woodcock.

AIR VIII.

*There was a jolly miller once,
 Liv'd on the river Dee;
 He work'd and sung, from morn till night;
 No lark more blythe than he.
 And this the burthen of his song, |
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, not I,
 If no one cares for me.*

House here, house! what all gadding, all abroad; house I say, hilli ho ho!

J. Woodcock. Here's a noise, here's a racket! William, Robert, Hodge! why does not somebody answer? Odds my life, I believe the fellows have lost their hearing! (*Entering*) Oh master Hawthorn! I guessed it was some such mad cap—Are you there?

Hawth. Am I here? Yes: and if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time: but you have got the lazy unwholesome London fashion, of lying a bed in a morning, and there's gout for you—Why, Sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sun-rise these thirty years, am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of phyfic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that had just set up business.

J. Woodcock. Well but, master Hawthorn, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for I say sleep is necessary for a man; ay and I'll maintain it.

Hawth. What, when I maintain the contrary?—Look you, neighbour Woodcock, you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority a good constitution gives me over you—Health is the greatest of
 all

A COMIC OPERA.

9

all possessions ; and 'tis a maxim with me, that an hale cobbler is a better man a sick king.

J. Woodcock. Well, well, you are a sportsman.

Hawth. And so would you too, if you would take my advice. A sportsman ! why there is nothing like it : I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainments and pageantry in Christendom.

A I R IX.

*Let gay ones and great
Make the most of their fate ;
From pleasure to pleasure they run :
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light :
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.*

S C E N E VI.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, HODGE.

Hodge. Did your worship call, Sir ?

J. Woodcock. Call, Sir ; where have you and the rest of these rascals been ? but I suppose I need not ask— You must know there is a statute, a fair for hiring servants, held upon my green to-day ; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks hereabout out of their senses.

Hodge. Lord, your honour, look out, and see what a nice show they make yonder ; they had got pipers, and fiddlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

Hawth. Why I like this now, this is as it should be.

J. Woodcock.

J. Woodcock. No, no, 'tis a very foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards: but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorized already; for by an act passed *Anno undecimo Caroli primi*, which impowers a justice of peace, who is lord of the manor——

Hawth.—Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you this is a very proper, a very useful meeting; I want a servant or two myself, I must go see what your market affords;—and you shall go, and the girls, my little Lucy and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the rest.

J. Woodcock. I wish, master Hawthorn, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why woult you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity!—Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich.

Hawth. Right, neighbour Woodcock! health, good-humour, and competence, is my motto: and if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

A I R X.

*The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the barlot's smile.*

*The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king.*

S C E N E VII.

LUCINDA, HODGE.

Lucin. Hift, hift, Hodge!

Hodge. Who calls? here am I.

Lucin. Well, have you been?

Hodge.

Hodge. Been, ay I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew any thing fall out so crosly in your born days.

Lucin. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worshop's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i'th'hoofs, that, poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground; so I was fain to go to farmer Ploughshare's, at the Grange, to borrow the loan of his bald filly: and would you think it! after walking all that way—de'el from me, if the cross-grained toad did not deny me the favour.

Lucin. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my ways to the King's-head in the village, but all their cattle were at plough: and I was as far to seek below at the turnpike: so at last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up with dame Quickset's blind mare.

Lucin. Oh, then you have been?

Hodge. Yes, yes, I ha' been.

Lucin. Psha! Why did not you say so at once?

Hodge. Aye, but I have had a main tiresome jaunt on'r, for she is a sorry jade at best.

Lucin. Well, well, did you see Mr. Eustace, and what did he say to you?—Come, quick—have you e'er a letter?

Hodge. Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha'na lost it.

Lucin. Lost it, man!

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience: adwawns, you are always in such a hurry (*rummaging his pockets*) I put it somewhere in this waistcoat pocket. Oh here it is.

Lucin. So, give it me (*reads the letter to herself.*)

Hodge. Lord-a-mercy! how my arms aches with beating that plaguy beast; I'll be hang'd if I won'na rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

Lucin. Well, Hodge, you have done your business very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now?

Lucin. Yes—Mr. Eustace tells me in this letter, that he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the village, by twelve o'clock—You know where he came before.

Hodge.

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Lucin. Well, you must go there; and wait till he arrives, and watch your opportunity to introduce him across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Lucin. But take particular care that nobody sees you.

Hodge. I warrant you.

Lucin. Nor for your life drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Lucin. And Hodge—

A I R XI.

Hodge. Well, well, say no more;
Since you told me before;
 I see the full length of my teather;
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school?
I can spell you and put you together.

A word to the wife,
Will always suffice;
Addsniggers go talk to your parrot;
I'm not such an else,
Though I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

S C E N E VIII.

LUCINDA.

How severe is my case! Here I am obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry—But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title—vain imagination!

A I R XII.

*Cupid, God of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part :
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.*

*Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall ;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.*

*What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
Childish mummery at best ;
Happy I in humble state ;
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.*

S C E N E IX.

A field with a stile. Enter HODGE, followed with MARGERY ; and in some time after, enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for ? Odds flesh, folk may well talk, to see you dangling after me every where, like a tantony pig : find some other road, can't you ; and don't keep wherretting me with your nonsense.

Marg. Nay, pray you Hodge stay, and let me speak to you a bit.

Hodge. Well ; what sayn you ?

Marg. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous ? and is this the way you serve me after all ; and won't you keep your word, Hodge ?

Hodge. Why no I won't, I tell you ; I have chang'd my mind.

Marg. Nay but surely, surely—Consider Hodge, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman.

Hodge. Obligated in conscience ! How am I obligated ?

Marg. Because you are ; and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

C

Hodge.

Hodge. Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, Madge, don't make me speak.

Madge. Yes do, speak your worst.

Hodge. Why then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the West, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish, and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face.

Marg. No, no, Hodge, 'tis no such thing, 'tis a base lie of farmer Ploughshare's—But I know what makes you false-hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting-woman, and I am sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How should you know what she's fit for? She's fit for as much as you mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, Madge [*Seeing Young Meadows.*] Oh! master Thomas, I have a word or two to say to you; pray did not you go down the village one day last week with a basket of something upon your shoulder?

Y. Meadows. Well, and what then?

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the ostler at the Green-man was saying as how there was a passenger at their house as see'd you go by, and said he know'd you; and askt a mort of questions—So I thought I'd tell you.

Y. Meadows. The devil! ask questions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there must be some mistake in it—Come hither, Hodge.

Marg. A nasty ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have.—Well, well, I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have nothing to say to none of them.

A. I. R. XIII.

*How happy were my days, till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel,
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning-wheel.*

*My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flutt'ring tongue.*

*Oh the fool, the silly silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.*

SCENE X.

Agreen with the prospect of a village, and the representation of a statute or fair. Enter JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS, HODGE, and several country people.

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there! Here's his worship acoming.

Countrymen. His worship!

J. Woodcock. Fye, fye, what a croud's this! Odd, I'll put some of them in the stocks. [*Striking a fellow*] Stand out of the way, firrah.

Hawth. For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

Countrymen. Why, can you list me! Serve the king, master! no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ha!

Hawth. Well said, sturdy-boots.

J. Woodcock. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

Hawth. I would have them do so, I like they should. —Well, madam, is not this a fine sight? I did not know my neighbour's estate had been so well peopled. —Are all these his own tenants?

Mrs. Deb. More than are good of them, Mr. Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young huffys fleering with the fellows.

Hawth. There's a lass [*beckoning to a country girl.*] Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings you here [*Clucking her under the chin.*] Do you come to look for a service?

C. Girl. Yes, an't please you.

Hawth. Well, and what place are you for?

C. Girl. All work, an't please you.

C 2

J. Woodcock.

J. Woodcock. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to.

Mrs. Deb. She looks like a brazen one—Go huffy.

Hawth. Here's another. [*Catching a girl that goes by.*] What health, what bloom!—This is Nature's work; no art, no daubing. Don't be ashamed, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

SCENE XI.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN, *Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA, ROSSETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS, HODGE, and men and women servants.*

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut-scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why there's not the like of our statute, mun; in five counties; others are but fools to it.

Servant-man. Come, good people, make a ring, and stand out, fellow servants, as many of you as are willing, and able to bear a bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us, it shan't be our fault. Strike up the Servants Medley.

AIR XIV.

HOUSE-MAID.

*I pray ye, gentles, list to me,
I'm young, and strong, and clean you see;
I'll not turn tail to any foe,
For work that's in the country.
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake;
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.*

FOOTMAN.

*Behold a blade, who knows his trade
 In chamber, hall, and entry;
 And what that here I now appear,
 I've serv'd the best of gentry.
 A footman would you have,
 I can dress, and comb, and shave;
 For I a handy lad am;
 On a message I can go,
 And slip a billet-doux,
 With your humble servant, madam.*

COOK-MAID.

*Who wants a good cook, my hand they must cross;
 For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;
 And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauces,
 Compar'd to old English roast beef?*

CARTER.

*If you want a young man, with a true honest heart,
 Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
 Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;
 You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I;
 Go bo Dobbin, &c.*

CHORUS.

*My masters and mistresses, hither repair;
 What servants you want you'll find in our fair;
 Men and Maids, fit for all sorts of stations there be;
 And, as for the wages we shan't disagree.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

 ACT II SCENE I.

A Parlour in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S House.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Lucin. **W**ELL, am not I a bold adventurer, to bring you into my father's house at noon-day? Though, to say the truth, we are safer here than in the garden; for there is not a human creature under the roof besides ourselves.

Eust. Then why not put our scheme into execution this moment? I have a post-chaise ready.

Lucin. Fye: how can you talk so lightly? I protest I am afraid to have any thing to do with you; your passion seems too much founded on appetite; and my aunt Deborah says—

Eust. What! by all the rapture my heart now feels—

Lucin. Oh to be sure, promise and vow; it sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon a fond female.

A I R XV.

*We women like weak Indians trade,
 Whose judgment tinsel shew deceys;
 Dupes to our folly we are made,
 While artful man the gain enjoys:
 We give our treasure to be paid,
 A paitry, poor return! in toys.*

Eust. Well, I see you've a mind to divert yourself with me; but I wish I could prevail on you to be a little serious.

Lucin. Seriously then, what would you desire me to say? I have promised to run away with you; which is as great a concession as any reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

Eust.

Eust. Yes; but, you dear provoking angel, you have not told me when you will run away with me.

Lucin. Why that, I confess, requires some consideration.

Eust. Yet remember, while you are deliberating, the season, now so favourable to us, may elapse, never to return.

A I R XVI.

*Think, my fairest, how delay
 Danger every moment brings;
 Time flies swift, and will away;
 Time that's ever on its wings;
 Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion e'er 'tis lost.*

S C E N E II.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE, JUSTICE WOODCOCK, *Mrs.*
 DEBORAH WOODCOCK.

J. Woodcock. Why here is nothing in the world in this house but catter-wawling from morning till night, nothing but catter-wawling. Hoity toity; who have we here?

Lucin. My father and my aunt!

Eust. The devil! What shall we do?

Lucin. Take no notice of them, only observe me. (*Speaks aloud to Eustace*) Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what to say to it, unless the Justice was at home; he is just stepped into the village with some company! but, if you will sit down a moment, I dare swear he will return (*pretends to see the Justice*)—Oh! Sir, here is my papa!

J. Woodcock. Here is your papa, huffey! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, firrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your business here?

Eust. Sir, this is a language I am not used to.

J. Woodcock. Don't answer me, you rascal—I am a justice

justice of the peace; and if I hear a word out of your mouth, I'll send you to jail, for all your lac'd hat.

Mrs. Deb. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

J. Woodcock. And how do you know it's right? How should you know any thing's right?—Sister Deborah, you are never in the right.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about so long.

J. Woodcock. What man, goody Wiseacre!

Mrs. Deb. Why the man your daughter has an intrigue with; but I hope you will not believe it now, though you see it with your own eyes—Come hussy, confess, and don't let your father make a fool of himself any longer.

Lucin. Confess what, aunt? This gentleman is a music-master: he goes about the country teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been recommended to instruct me; I could not turn him out when he came to offer his service, and did not know what answer to give him till I saw my papa.

J. Woodcock. A music-master!

Eust. Yes, Sir, that's my profession.

Mrs. Deb. It's a lye, young man; it's a lye. Brother, he is no more a music-master, than I am a music-master.

J. Woodcock. What then you know better than the fellow himself, do you? and you will be wiser than all the world?

Mrs. Deb. Brother, he does not look like a music-master.

J. Woodcock. He does not look! ha! ha! ha! Was ever such a poor stupe! Well, and what does he look like then? But I suppose you mean, he is not dressed like a music-master, because of his ruffles, and this bit of garrish about his coat—which seems to be copper too—Why, you silly wretch, these whippersnappers set up for gentlemen, now-a-days, and give themselves as many airs as if they were people of quality.—Hark you friend, I suppose you don't come within the vagrant act? You have some scuttled habitation?—Where do you live?

Mrs. Deb. It's an easy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

J. Woodcock. Sister Deborah, don't provoke me.

Mrs. Deb.

Mrs. Deb. I wish, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

J. Woodcock. You shan't say a word to him, you shan't say a word to him.

Mrs. Deb. She says he was recommended here, brother; ask him by whom?

J. Woodcock. No, I won't now, because you desire it.

Lucin. If my papa did ask the question, aunt, it would be very easily resolved.

Mrs. Deb. Who bid you speak, Mrs. Nimble Chops? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head, to answer for himself.

J. Woodcock. Will nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

Mrs. Deb. Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay; but remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair; for through your own obstinacy you will have your daughter run away with before your face.

J. Woodcock. My daughter! who will run away with my daughter?

Mrs. Deb. That fellow will.

J. Woodcock. Go, go, you are a wicked censorious woman.

Lucin. Why, sure madam, you must think me very coming indeed.

J. Woodcock. Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember when she was a girl, her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron-string; she was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. Deb. I was not.

J. Woodcock. You were.

Lucin. Well, but why so violent?

A I R XVI.

*Believe me, dear aunt,
If you rave thus, and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.*

How

*How happy the last,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes:
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.*

S C E N E III.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, LUCINDA. EUSTACE.

J. Woodcock. Well done, Lucy, send her about her business; a troublesome, foolish creature, does she think I want to be directed by her—Come hither my lad, your look tolerable honest.

Eust. I hope, sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

J. Woodcock. No, no, I am not easily deceived, I am generally pretty right in my conjectures.—You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself; and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the Trumpet Minuet, and Buttered Peas, and two or three tunes. I remember when I was in London, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at Nando's coffee-house; Jack Pickle used to sing it for us: a droll fish; but 'tis an old thing, I dare swear you have heard of it often.

A I R XVII.

*When I follow'd a lass that was forward and shy,
Oh! I stuck to her stuff, till I made her comply;
Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I snack'd her lips and held her fast:*

*When hug'd and hawl'd,
She squeal'd and squall'd;
But though she vow'd all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleased her so well that she bore it again:*

*Then boity, toity,
Whisking, frisking,
Green was her gown upon the grass;
Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.*

Eust.

Eust. Very well, Sir, upon my word.

J. Woodcock. No, no, I forget all those things now; but I could do a little at them once:—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—Lucy, take your master to your spinnet, and shew him what you can do—I must go and give some orders; then hoity, toity, &c.

SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, EUSTACE.

Lucin. My sweet pretty papa, your most obedient humble servant; hah, hah, hah! was ever so whimsical an accident! Well sir, what do you think of this?

Eust. Think of it! I am in a maze.

Lucin. O your awkwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

Eust. 'Sdeath! why would you bring me into the house? we could expect nothing else: besides, since they did surprise us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth.

Lucin. Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head, I have no inclination for a husband; and let me tell you, that is our best security; for if once he has said a thing he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

Eust. And pray what am I to do now?

Lucin. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, since he has invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour; and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

Eust. Had not I better go to your father?

Lucin. Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the flurry this affair has put me in.

Eust. Well, but what sort of a parting is this, without so much as your servant, or good bye to you? No ceremony at all! Can you afford me no token to keep up my spirits till I see you again?

Lucin. Ah childish!

Eust. My angel!

AIR

A I R XIX.

Eust. *Let rakes and libertines resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range!
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.*

Lucin. *Let vain coquets, and prudes conceal,
What most their hearts desire;
With pride my passion I reveal,
Obl may it ne'er expire.*

Both. *The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave;
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.*

S C E N E V.

A Garden.

Enter ROSSETTA, musing.

Ross. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head, and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him: well but surely I am not in love: let me examine my heart a little: I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day; I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman? what was it to me?—Then I dream of him almost every night—but that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day: Oh! worse and worse!—Well, he is certainly a pretty lad; he has something uncommon about him, considering his rank:—And now let me only put the case, if he was not a servant, would I, or would I not prefer him to all the men I ever saw? Why, to be sure, if he was not a servant—In short, I'll ask myself no more questions, for the further I examine, the less reason I shall have to be satisfied.

A I R XX.

*How blest'd the maid, whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows;
 Her days in joys she passes,
 Her nights in calm repose.
 Where e'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear invades her;
 But pleasure,
 Without measure,
 From ev'ry object flows.*

S C E N E VII.

YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Y. Meadows. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. Rossetta, to put my lillies and roses out of countenance; or to save me the trouble of watering my flowers, by reviving them? The sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

Ross. Where could he get that now? he never read it in the Academy of Compliments.

Y. Meadows. Come don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can suffer any thing better than that; in short, I love you; there is no more to be said: I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it: but in spite of myself, I love you.

A I R XXI.

*In vain I ev'ry art essay,
 To pluck the venom'd shaft away
 That wrankles in my heart;
 Deep in the centre fix'd, and bound,
 My efforts but enlarge the wound,
 And fiercer make the smart.*

Ross. Really, Mr. Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it and in short, I don't like it.

Y. Meadows. Perhaps you don't like me.

Ross. Well, perhaps I don't.

D

Y. Meadows

Y. Meadows. Nay, but 'tis not so ; come, confess you owe me.

Ross. Confess ! indeed I shall confess no such thing : besides, to what purpose should I confess it ?

Y. Meadows. Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose ; only it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so ; that's all.

Ross. Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you wou'd never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak ; we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them ; and, if I was so silly ; I say, if I was so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

Y. Meadows. Oh ! to be sure, Mrs. Rosetta, to be sure : you are entirely in the right of it—I know very well, you and I can never come together.

Ross. Well then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Y. Meadows. Suppose we make a bargain, then, never to speak to one another any more ?

Ross. With all my heart.

Y. Meadows. Nor look at, nor, if possible, think of, one another ?

Ross. I am very willing.

Y. Meadows. And, as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice ?

Ross. It is the best way.

Y. Meadows. Why, I believe it is—Well, Mrs. Rosetta—

A I R XXI.

Ross Be gone—I agree
From this moment we're free:
Already the matter I've sworn:

Y. Mead. Yet let me complain
Of the fates that ordain,
A trial so hard to be borne.

Ross. When things are not fit,
We should calmly submit;

No cure in reluctance we find:

*Y. Mead. Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.*

Ross. Well, now, I think, I am somewhat easier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

Y. Meadows. Hold, Mrs. Rossetta, pray stay a moment—The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable: I find now the cause of her behaviour; she despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardner below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman: 'sdeath, I have a good mind to discover myself to her.

Ross. Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified, but I must not pity him.

Y. Meadows. It shall be so; I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly—Mrs. Rossetta—*(starting back)*—Pox on it, yonder's the Justice come into the garden!

Ross. O Lord! he will walk round this way; pray go about your business; I would not for the world he should see us together.

Y. Meadows. The devil take him: he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour: I must and will have a little conversation with you.

Ross. Some other time.

Y. Meadows. This evening, in the green-house, at the lower end of the canal; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

Ross. Meet you!

Y. Meadows. Ay; I have a secret to tell you; and I swear, from that moment, there shall be an end of every thing betwixt us.

Ross. Well, well, pray leave me now.

Y. Meadows. You'll come then?

Ross. I don't know, perhaps I may.

Y. Meadows. Nay, but promise.

Ross. What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but I tell you I will.

Y. Meadows. Enough—Yet before I leave you, let me desire you to believe I love you more than ever man

loved woman ; and that, when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable.

A I R XXIII.

*Ob! how shall I in language weak,
My ardent passion tell;
Or form my faltering tongue to speak,
That cruel word, Farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.*

S C E N E IV.

ROSSETTA, JUSTICE WOODCOCK.

Ross. What can this be that he wants to tell me: I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks—well—

J. Woodcock. Hem: hem: Rossetta!

Ross. So, I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit—Did you call me, Sir?

J. Woodcock. Ay, where are you running so fast?

Ross. I was only going into the house, Sir.

J. Woodcock. Well, but come here: come here, I say.
(*Looking about*) How do you do, Rossetta?

Ross. Thank you, Sir pretty well.

J. Woodcock. Why you look as fresh and bloomy to-day—Adad, you little flut, I believe you are painted.

Ross. O! Sir, you are pleased to compliment.

J. Woodcock. Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

Ross. Lord, Sir!

J. Woodcock. What brings you into this garden so often, Rossetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you a hankering after some lover in dowlas, who spoils my trees by engraving true-lovers knots on them, with your horn and buck-handled knives? I see your name written upon the ceiling of the servants hall, with the smoak of a candle; and I suspect—

Ross. Not me, I hope, Sir—No, Sir; I am of another
guest

guess mind, I assure; you for, I have heard say, men are false and fickle—

J. Woodcock. Ay, that's your flanting, idle young fellows; so they are; and they are so damn'd impudent, I wonder a woman will have any thing to say to them; besides, all that they want is something to brag of, and tell again.

Ross. Why, I own, Sir, if ever I was to make a slip it should be with an elderly gentleman—about seventy, or seventy-five years of age.

J. Woodcock. No child, that's out of reason; tho' I have known many a man turned of threescore with a hale constitution.

Ross. Then, Sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good strong, substantial, winter cough—and I should not like him the worse—if he had a small touch of the rheumatism.

J. Woodcock. Pho, Pho, Rossetta, this is jesting.

Ross. No, Sir, every body has a taste, and I have mine.

J. Woodcock. Well, but Rossetta, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

Ross. What was it, Sir?

J. Woodcock. Ah! you know, you know, well enough, hussey.

Ross. Dear Sir, consider—"my soul; would you have me endanger my soul?"

J. Woodcock. "No, no—Repent."

Ross. "Besides, Sir consider," what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? And, I have heard, you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

J. Woodcock. I tell you again, these are the idle, flashy young dogs: but when you have to do with a staid, sober man—

Ross. And a magistrate, Sir!

J. Woodcock. Right; it's quite a different thing—Well, shall we, Rossetta, shall we?

Ross. Really, Sir, I don't know what to say to it.

A I R XXIV.

*Young I am, and sore afraid:
Wou'd you hurt a harmless maid?*

*Lead an innocent astray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.
Men too often we believe:
And should you my faith deceive,
Ruin first and then forsake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.*

J. Woodcock. Why, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Ross. Won't you, Sir?

J. Woodcock. Not I.

Ross. But won't you indeed, Sir?

J. Woodcock. Why I tell you I won't.

Ross. Ha, ha, ha!

J. Woodcock. Hussy Hussy.

Ross. Ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, Sir, your servant.

J. Woodcock. Why, you impudent, audacious—

SCENE IX.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK, HAWTHORN.

Hawth. So, so, justice at odds with gravity! his worship playing at romps!—Your servant, Sir.

J. Woodcock. Haw: friend Hawthorn!

Hawth. I hope I don't spoil sport, neighbour: I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here.

J. Woodcock. Oh! the maid. Ay, she has been gathering a fallad—But come hither, master Hawthorn, and I'll shew you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

Hawth. No, no, I am no judge of it; besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, Sir Justice, were you helping your maid to gather a fallad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements, eh? Ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses; egad, I like your notion: but you look a little blank upon it: you are ashamed of the business, then, are you?

AIR XXV.

*Oons! neighbour, nê'er blush for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?*

*The greatest and gravest—a truce with grimace—
Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.*

*No age, no profession, no station is free ;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee :
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.*

J. Woodcock. I profess, master Hawthorn, this is all Indian, all Cherokee language to me ; I don't understand a word of it.

Hawth. No, may be not : well, Sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that ; it is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

J. Woodcock. A letter, and to me ! (*taking the letter.*) Yes it is to me ; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent, that I know of. Where are my spectacles ? not but I can see very well without them, master Hawthorn ; but this seems to be a sort of a crabbed hand.

S I R,

I am ashamed of giving you this trouble ; but I am informed there is an unthinking boy, a son of mine, now disguised and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener : Tom is a little wild, but an honest lad, and no fool either, tho' I am his father that say it. Tom—oh, this is Thomas, our gardener ; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Hawth. Well, well, Sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter.

J. Woodcock. Stay, where is the place ? Oh, here : *I am come in quest of my runaway, and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner : because not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice (Whoever this person is, he understands good manners). I beg leave to wait on you, Sir ; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man.*

WILLIAM MEADOWS.

I'll assure you, a-very well worded, civil letter Do you know any thing of the person who writes it, neighbour?

Hawth. Let me consider—Meadows—by dad I believe it is Sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire; and, now I remember, I heard, some time ago, that the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen Sir William, but we were once well acquainted; and, if you please, Sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

J. Woodcock. Do so, master Hawthorn, do so——But, pray what sort of a man is this Sir William Meadows? Is he a wise man?

Hawth. There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year, to be a conjuror; but I suppose you ask that question because of this story about his son; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children.

J. Woodcock. No doubt of it, master Hawthorn, no doubt of it—I warrant we shall find now, that this young rascal has fallen in love with some mynx, against his father's consent—Why, Sir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at school in the destruction of Troy, not one of them should serve me so.

Hawth. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we should remember when we were young ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred; nay between you and me, I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

A I R XXVI.

*My Dolly was the fairest thing !
Her breath disclos'd the sweets of spring ;
And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek ;
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type :
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.*

J. Woodcock. Ah, you were always a scape-grace rattle-cap.

Hawth.

Hawth. Odds heart, neighbour Woodcock, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we'er hoarse again; and so there's an end on't.

SCENE X.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S *hall.*

HODGE, MARGERY.

Hodge. So, mistress, who let you in?

Marg. Why, I let myself in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why, then pray let yourself out again. Times are come to a pretty pass; I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door first.—What does the wench stand for?

Marg. I want to know if his worship's at home.

Hodge. Well, what's your business with his worship?

Marg. Perhaps you will hear that—Look ye, Hodge, it does not signify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do; for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

Hodge. You won't.

Marg. No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings.

Hodge. You will?

Marg. Yes that's what I will; his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you will like to be sent for a soldier.

Hodge. There's the door; take a friend's advice and go about your business.

Marg. My business is with his worship; and I won't go till I sees him.

Hodge. Look you, Madge, if you make any of your orations here, never stir if I don't set the dogs at you—Will you be gone?

Marg. I won't.

Hodge. Here Towzer, (*whistling*) whu, whu, whu.

A I R XXVII.

Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?

Zawns! Madge don't provoke me, but mind what I say;

You've chose a wrong parson for playing your tricks on,

So pack up your alls and be trudging away:

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot;

S'blood must I stand prating with you here all day?

I've got other matters to mind;

May hap you may think me an ass;

But to the contrary you'll find:

A fine piece of work by the mass!

S C E N E XI.

ROSSETTA, HODGE, MARGERY.

Ross. Sure I heard the voice of discord here—as I live an admirer of mine, and, if I mistake not, a rival—I'll have some sport with them—how now fellow-servant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing, Mrs. Rossetta, only this young woman wants to speak with his worship—Madge follow me.

Marg. No Hodge, this is your fine madam; but I am as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin too, tho' I mayn't go so gay; and now she's here I'll tell her a piece of my mind.

Hodge. Hold your tongue, will you?

Marg. No, I'll speak if I die for it.

Ross. What's the matter, I say?

Hodge. Why nothing I tell you;—Madge—

Marg. Yes, but it is something, it's all along of she, and she may be ashamed of herself.

Ross. Bless me, child, do you direct your discourse to me?

Marg. Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late; I had never a cross word from him till he kept you company; but all the girls about say, there is no such thing as keeping a sweetheart for you.

Ross. Do you hear this, friend Hodge?

Hodge.

Hodge. Why, you don't mind she I hope ; but if that vexes her, I do like you, I do ; my mind runs upon nothing else ; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I would marry you to night, before to-morrow.

Marg. You're a nasty monkey, you are patjur'd, you know you are, and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her—I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folk.

Marg. Do strike me ; you a man !

Ross. Hold, hold—we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off—Never exasperate a jealous woman, 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns—Leave me to manage her.

Hodge. You manage her ! I'll kick her.

Ross. No, no, it will be more for my credit, to get the better of her by fair means—I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

Hodge. Well, do so then—But may I depend upon you ? when shall I speak to the parson ?

Ross. We'll talk of that another time—Go.

Hodge. Madge, good bye.

Ross. The brutality of this fellow shocks me !—Oh man, man—you are all alike—A bumkin here, bred at the barn-door ! had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious ? shew me the lord, 'squire, colonel, or captain of them all, can out-do him.

A T R XXVIII.

*Cease, gay seducers, pride to take,
In triumphs o'er the fair ;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.*

*Where then to shun a shameful fate
Shall helpless beauty go ;
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe,*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

ROSSETTA, MARGERY.

Marg. I am ready to burst, I can't stay in the place any longer.

Ross. Hold child, come hither.

Marg. Don't speak to me, don't you.

Ross. Well, but I have something to say to you of consequence, and that will be for your good; I suppose this fellow promised you marriage.

Marg. Ay, or he should never have prevail'd upon me.

Ross. Well, now you see the ill consequence of trusting to such promises: when once a man hath cheated a woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of him; he despises her for wanting that which he hath robb'd her of; and, like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occasioned.

Marg.—Nan!

Ross. However, I hope the experience you have got, though somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future; and as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy, for I assure you, I shall be no dangerous rival, so go your ways and be a good girl.

Marg. Yes—I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him herself; well let her, who cares, I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that; and I have a thought come into my head that may be will be more to my advantage.

A I R XXIX.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek,

But go up to the town in the waggon next week;

A service in London is no such disgrace,

And Register's office will get me a place:

Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend;

Folks say in her filks she's now standing an end!

Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,

And better my fortune as other girls do?

SCENE

S C E N E XII.

Enter ROSSETTA and LUCINDA.

Ross. Ha! ha! ha! Oh admirable, most delectably ridiculous. And so your father is content he should be a music-master, and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary?

Lucin. My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw: and have been singing together the most hideous duets! Bobbing Joan, and Old Sir Simon the King: Heaven knows where Eustace could pick them up; but he has gone through half the contents of Pills to purge Melancholy, with him.

Ross. And have you resolved to take wing to-night?

Lucin. This very night, my dear: my swain will go from hence this evening, but no farther than the inn, where he has left his horses; and at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

Ross. Then depend upon it, I'll bear you company.

Lucin. We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared Hodge already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

Ross. Never doubt it.

A I R XXX.

*In love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart:*

*If ought of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And cupid by Hymen is crown'd.*

SCENE XIV.

ROSSETTA, LUCINDA, HAWTHORN.

Hawth. Lucy, where are you ?*Lucin.* Your pleasure, Sir ?*Ross.* Mr. Hawthorn, your servant.*Hawth.* What, my little water-wagtail ! The very couple I wish'd to meet : come hither both of you.*Ross.* Now, Sir, what would you say to both of us ?*Hawth.* Why, let me look at you a little—have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces ? If not go and trick yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret—there will be a young batchelor in the house, within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp—but whether mistress or maid—*Ross.* Ay, marry, this is something ; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance ?*Hawth.* Follow me, follow me ; I warrant you.*Lucin.* I can assure you, Mr. Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.*Ross.* And so am I, Sir,*Hawth.* Indeed !

A I R XXXI.

*Well come, let us hear what the swain must possess
Who may hope at your feet to implore with success ?**Ross.* *He must be, first of all,
Straight, comely, and tall :**Lucin.* *Neither awkward,**Ross.* *Nor foolish,**Lucin.* *Nor apish,**Ross.* *Nor mulish ;**Lucin.* } *Nor yet should his fortune be small.**Ross.* } *What think'st of a captain ?**Hawth.* *All bluster and wounds !**Lucin.* *What think'st of a 'squire ?**Hawth.* *To be left for his bounds.**Lucin.*

Lucin.	}	<i>The youth that is form'd to my mind,</i>
		<i>Must be gentle, obliging and kind ;</i>
Roff.	}	<i>Of all things in nature love me :</i>
		<i>Have sense both to speak and to se.—</i>
Hawth.	}	<i>Yet sometimes be silent and blind.</i>
		<i>'Fore George a most rare matrimonial receipt !</i>
Roff.	}	<i>Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate ;</i>
Lucin.		<i>Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.</i>

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A parlour in JUSTICE WOODCOCK'S house. Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, followed by HAWTHORN.

Sir Will. WELL this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith; ha! ha! ha! was ever the like heard of? that my boy, Tom, should run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw? that she should scamper from her father; for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident; against their consents, and without knowing it, as a body may say! May I never do an ill turn, master Hawthorn, if it is not one of the oddest adventures partly—

Hawth. Why, Sir William, it is a romance; a novel; a pleasanter history by half, than the loves of Dorastus and Faunia: we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth, how a young squire became a serving man of low degree; and it will be stuck up with Margaret's Ghost and the Spanish Lady, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir Will. But what pleases me best of all, master Hawthorn, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I knew what to make on't: but when the little gipsy took me aside, and told me her name, and how matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly; till her young friend, that she is with here, assured me of the truth on't: Indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, though I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full-grown greyhound.

Hawth. Well, Sir William, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither!

hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have some sport with him.—He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceedings in this affair?

Sir Will. With all my heart, master Hawthorn, with all my heart, do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy—And may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and partly as much pleased at that as any thing else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger: well, and how has the world gone with you, master Hawthorn, since we saw one another last?

Hawth. Why, pretty well, Sir William, I have no reason to complain: every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets: but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours.

A I R XXXII.

*The world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.
My smile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.*

S C E N E II.

SIR WILL. MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, ROSSETTA.

Reff. Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes—

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, so you do: Cockbones how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this!—Her father, master Hawthorn, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his

senses for the loss of her—But tell me hussley, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son? Faith I am half persuaded it has, it looks so like hocus-pocus as a body may say.

Ross. Upon my honour, Sir William, what has happened has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me: I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardner was other than his appearance spoke him; and least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connection. Mr. Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

Sir Will. Is not she a neat wench, master Hawthorn? May I never do an ill turn but she is—But you little plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

Ross. I have told you the whole truth very ingenuously, Sir: since your son and I have been fellow-servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he had taken a liking to me; and I will own with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receiving his courtship.

Hawth. Well said, by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Ross. Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration; but I love to speak my sentiments; and I assure you, Sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer a gardner, with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them.

A I R XXXIII.

'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey;
 Minds possess superior worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
 Like the sun true merit shews;
 By nature warm, by nature bright;
 With inbred flames, he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light;

Hawth.

Hawth. Well, but, Sir, we lose time—is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden?

Ross. Pretty near it.

Hawth. Oons then what do we stay for? Come, my old friend, come along, and by the way we will consult how to manage your interview.

Sir Will. Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

SCENE III.

ROSSETTA, HODGE.

Ross. Well—What's the business?

Hodge. Madam—Mercy on us, I crave pardon!

Ross. Why Hodge, don't you know me?

Hodge. Mrs. Rossetta!

Ross. Ay.

Hodge. Know you, ecod I don't know whether I do or not: never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks: why you ben't dizen'd this way to go to the statute dance presently, be you?

Ross. Have patience and you'll see:—but is there any thing amiss that you came in so abruptly?

Hodge. Amiss! why there's ruination.

Ross. How, where!

Hodge. Why, with Miss Lucinda: her aunt has catch'd her and the gentleman above stairs, and over-heard all their love discourse.

Ross. You don't say so!

Hodge. Ecod, I had like to have pop'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs. Deborah's voice, and run down again, as fast as ever my legs could carry me.

Ross. Is your master in the house?

Hodge. What his worship! no, no, he is gone into the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

Ross. Poor Lucinda, I wish I could go up to her, but I am so engaged with my own affairs—

Hodge. Mistress Rossetta.

Ross. Well.

Hodge.

Hodge. Odds bobs, I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

Ross. Oh stand off, you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why so coy, there's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

Ross. That's kind: ha, ha, ha—But what will become of Lucinda? Sir William waits for me, I must be gone. Friendship, a moment by your leave; yet as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

A I R XXXIV.

*The traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary'd ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys.*

*The rising prospects viewing,
Each look is forward cast;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor thinks of what is past.*

SCENE IV.

HODGE, Mrs. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, LUCINDA.

Hodge. Hift, stay! don't I hear a noise?

Lucin. (within) Well, but dear, dear aunt——

Mrs. Deb. (within) You need not speak to me, for it does not signify.

Hodge. Adwawns they are coming here! ecod I'll get out of the way—Murrain take it, this door is bolted now—So, so.

Mrs. Deb. Get along, get along; (*driving in Lucinda before her*) you are a scandal to the name of Woodcock; but I was resolved to find you out, for I have suspected you a great while, though your father, silly man, will have you such a poor innocent.

Lucin. What shall I do?

Mrs. Deb. I was determined to discover what you and your pretended music-master were about, and lay in wait on

on purpose : I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door ; but I was even with him, for now I have him under lock and key, and please the fates there he shall remain till your father comes in : I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Lucin. You won't be so cruel, I am sure you won't : I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

Mrs. Deb. Telling me the truth, quotha ! did I not overhear your scheme of running away to-night, thro' the partition ? did not I find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you ready for going off ? No, brazenface, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, tho' your father says I am a fool, but now we'll be judged who is the greatest.—And you, Mr. Rascal, my brother shall know what an honest servant he has got.

Hodge. Madam !

Mrs. Deb. You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go-between, it seems, the letter-carrier !

Hodge. Who, me, madam ?

Mrs. Deb. Yes, you, firrah.

Hodge. Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you ? I'll make my affidavit before his worship—

Mrs. Deb. Go, go, you are a villain, hold your tongue.

Lucin. I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair ; I don't pretend to excuse myself ; but we are all subject to frailties ; consider that, and judge of me by yourself ; you were once young, and inexperienced as I am.

A I R XXXV.

If ever a fond inclination

Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest ;

Reflect with a little compassion,

On the soft pangs, which prevail'd in my breast.

Oh where, where would you fly me ?

Can you deny me thus torn and distressed ?

Think, when my lover was by me,

Wou'd I, how cou'd I, refuse his request ?

Kneeling

*Kneeling before you, let me implore you ;
 Look on me fighting, crying, dying ;
 Ah ! is there no language can move ?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.*

Mrs. Deb. This is mighty pretty romantic stuff ! but you learn it out of your play-books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we worked at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts : before I was your age, I had finished with my own fingers, a complete set of chairs, and a fire-screen in tent-stitch ; four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting ; and the creed and the ten commandments, in the hair of our family : it was fram'd and glaz'd, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book, but when I said my prayers, except it was the Complete Housewife, or the great family receipt-book : whereas you are always at your studies ! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good, that was fond of reading.

Lucin. Well, pray, madam, let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. Eustace out, and I promise, I never will proceed a step farther in this business, without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. Deb. Have not I told you already my resolution ? — Where are my clogs and my bonnet ? I'll go out to my brother in the fields ; I'm a fool, you know, child, now let's see what the wit's will think of themselves — Don't hold me —

Lucin. I'm not going ; — I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

SCENE V.

HODGE.

Well, I thought it would come to this, I'll be shot if I did'n't — So here's a fine job — But what can they do to me — They can't send me to jail for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it ; and how was I obligated

COMIC OPERA.

gated to know my master did not allow of their meetings:—The worst they can do, is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase—indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs. Rossetta, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us; but she and I may keep company all as one; and I find Madge has been speaking with Gaffer Broadwheels, the waggoner, about her carriage up to London: so that I have got rid of she, and I am sure I have reason to be main glad of it, for she led me a wearisome life—But that's the way of them all.

A I R XXXVI.

*A plague on those wenches, they make such a potter,
When once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage.
What tho'f he speaks them ne'er so fairly,
Still they keep teasing, teasing on:
You cannot persuade 'em,
'Till promise you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They tell you——add rot it,
Their character's blasted, they're ruin'd undone;
And then to be sure, Sir,
There is but one cure, Sir,
And all their discourse is of marriage.*

SCENE VI.

A Greenhouse.

Enter YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Meadows. I am glad I had the precaution to bring this suit of cloaths in my bundle, though I hardly know myself in them again, they appear so strange, and feel so unweildy. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come (*looking at his watch*): perhaps she won't come——Why then I'll go into the village, take a post-chaise and depart without any farther ceremony.

A I R

A I R XXXVII.

*How much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find;
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and sweetness join'd.
 The casket, where, to outward show,
 The workman's art is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd, when we know
 It holds a gem within.*

Hark! she comes.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS and HAWTHORN.

Y. Meadows. Confusion! my father! What can this mean?

Sir Will. Tom, are not you a sad boy, Tom, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here—May I never do an ill turn, But you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, firrah, don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

Y. Meadows. Forgive me, Sir; I own I have been in a fault.

Sir Will. In a fault! to run away from me because I was going to do you good—May I never do an ill turn, Mr. Hawthorn, if I did not pick out as fine girl for him, partly, as any in England; and the rascal run away from me, and came here and turn'd gardener. And pray what did you propose to yourself, Tom? I know you were always fond of Botany as they call it; did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertise fruit-trees and flowering-shrubs, to be had at Meadow's nursery?

Hawth. No, Sir William, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession; for he has quitted the habit already.

Y. Meadows. I am so astonished to see you here, Sir, that I don't know what to say; but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home to you directly. Pray, Sir, how did you find me out?

Sir

Sir Will. No matter, Tom, no matter ; it was partly by accident, as a body may say ; but what does that signify—tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony ; do you think you could digest a wife now ?

T. Meadows. Pray, Sir, don't mention it : I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought ; I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

Sir Will. Is not this mightily provoking, master Hawthorn ? Why, firrah, did you ever see the lady I designed for you ?

T. Meadows. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit ; but at present, I am not disposed——

Hawth. Nay, but young gentleman, fair and softly, you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

Sir Will. Respect, master Hawthorn ! I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherit him ! there's once. Look you, Tom, not to make any more words of the matter, I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll see you contracted before we part ; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

T. Meadows. Have you brought the lady here, Sir ? I am sorry for it.

Sir Will. Why sorry ? what then you won't marry her ? we'll see that ! Pray, master Hawthorn, conduct the fair one in.—Ay, Sir, you may fret, and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please, but marry whip me, I'm resolv'd.

SCENE VIII.

Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, YOUNG MEADOWS, ROSSETTA.

Hawth. Here is the lady, Sir William.

Sir Will. Come in, madam, but turn your face from him—he would not marry you because he had not seen you ; but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he sees you, or not an acre of estate—Pray, Sir, walk this way.

F

T. Meadows.

Y. Meadows. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but, since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir Will. How, Tom, how!

Y. Meadows. I was determined, Sir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be disagreeable to you.

Sir Will. And pray, Sir, who are your affections engaged to? Let me know that.

Y. Meadows. To a person, Sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendations to her: but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, Sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

Sir Will. Not I, not in the least; go about your business.

Y. Meadows. Sir, I obey.

Hawth. Now, madam, is the time.

[*Rosetta advances, Young Meadows turns round and sees her.*]

A I R XXXVIII.

Ross. 'When we see a lover languish,
' And his truth and honour prove,
' Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
' And repay him love for love.'

Sir Will. Well, Tom, will you go away from me now?

Hawth. Perhaps, Sir William, your son does not like the lady; and if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Y. Meadows. You need not have taken this method, Sir, to let me see you are acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir Will. Well, but Tom, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman?

Y. Meadows. Your consent, Sir!

'*Ross.* Come, Sir William, we have carried the jest
' far enough; I see your son is in a kind of embarrass-
' ment, and I don't wonder at it; but this letter, which
' I received from him a few days before I left my
father's,

' father's house, will, I apprehend, expound the riddle.
' He cannot be surprised that I ran away from a gentle-
' man who expressed so much dislike to me ; and what
' has happened since chance has brought us together in
' masquerade, there is no occasion for me to inform him
' of.

' *Y. Meadows.* What is all this ? Pray don't make a
jest of me.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, Tom, if it is no
truth ; this is my friend's daughter.

Y. Meadows. Sir !

Ross. Even so ; 'tis very true indeed. In short, you
have not been a more whimsical gentleman than I have a
gentlewoman ; but you see we are designed for one ano-
ther 'tis plain.

Y. Meadows. I know not, madam, what I either hear
or see ; a thousand things are crowding on my ima-
gination ; while, like one just awakened from a dream,
I doubt which is reality, which delusion.

Sir Will. Well then, Tom, come into the air a bit,
and recover yourself.

Y. Meadows. Nay, dear Sir, have a little patience ;
do you give her to me ?

Sir Will. Give her to you ! ay, that I do, and my
blessing into the bargain.

Y. Meadows. Then, Sir, I am the happiest man in the
world ; I enquire no farther ; here I fix the utmost li-
mits of my hopes and happiness.

A I R XXXIX.

Y. Mead. *All I wish in her obtaining,*

Fortune can no more impart ;

Ross. *Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,*

Speak the feelings of my heart.

Y. Mead. *Joy and pleasure never ceasing,*

Ross. *Love with length of years increasing.*

Together. *Thus my heart and hand surrender,*

Here my faith and truth I plight ;

Constant still, and kind, and tender,

May our flames burn ever bright,

Hawth. Give you joy, Sir ; and you, fair lady——
And, under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear
of jealousy.

Y. Meadows. And may I believe this ?—Pr'ythee tell
me, dear Rossetta.

Ross. Step into the house and I'll tell you every thing
—I must intreat the good offices of Sir William, and Mr.
Hawthorn, immediately ; for I am in the utmost unea-
siness about my poor friend Lucinda.

Hawth. Why, what's the matter ?

Ross. I don't know, but I have reason to fear I left
her just now in very disagreeable circumstances ; how-
ever, I hope, if there's any mischief fallen out between
her father and her lover——

Hawth. The music master ! I thought so.

Sir Will. What, is there a lover in the case ? May I
never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am ; for we'll
make a double wedding ; and, by way of celebrating it,
take a trip to London, to shew the brides some of the
pleasures of the town. And, master Hawthorn, you shall
be of the party—Come, children, go before us.

Hawth. Thank you, Sir William ; I'll go into the
house with you, and to church to see the young folks
married ; but as to London, I beg to be excused.

A I R XL.

*If ever I'm catch'd in those regions of smoke,
That seat of confusion and noise,
May I ne'er know the sweets of a slumber unbroke,
Nor the pleasure the country enjoys,
Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
Where, gaping, the Cockneys they seece,
Clap me up with their monsters, cry, masters walk in,
And shew me for two-pence a peece.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

*Justice Woodcock's Hall.**Enter Justice Woodcock, Mrs. Deb. Woodcock, Lucinda, Eustace, Hodge.*

Mrs. Deb. Why, brother, do you think I can hear, or see, or make use of my senses? I tell you, I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

J. Woodcock. Well, you hear what they say.

Mrs. Deb. I care not what they say; it's you encourage them in their impudence—Hark'e, hussy, will you face me down that I did not lock the fellow up?

Lucin. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly, I'll answer you.

Eust. Seriously, madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

Mrs. Deb. What then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor over-hear your design of going off to-night, nor find the bundles packed up—

Eust. Ha, ha, ha.

Lucin. Why aunt you rave.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, as I am a Christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together, to beg I would conceal it from you.

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. Deb. What; firrah, would you brazen me too! Take that (*boxes him.*)

Hodge. I wish you would keep your hands to yourself; you strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

J. Woodcock. Why, sister, you are tipsey!

Mrs. Deb. I tipsey, brother!—I—that never touch a drop of any thing strong from year's end to year's end; but now and then a little aniseed water, when I have got the cholic.

Lucin. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the stomach-ach all day ; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

J. Woodcock. Come, come, I see well enough how it is ; this is a lye of her own invention, to make herself appear wise : but, you simpleton, did you not know I must find you out ?

S C E N E X.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MEADOWS, HAWTHORN, RESETTA, YOUNG MEADOWS.

Y. Meadows. Bless me, Sir ! look who is yonder.

Sir Will. Cockbones, Jack, honest Jack, are you there ?

Eust. Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky——Sir William, your servant.

Sir Will. Your servant again, and again, heartily your servant ; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

J. Woodcock. Pray, Sir William, are you acquainted with this person ?

Sir Will. What, with Jack Eustace ! why he's my kinsman : his mother and I was cousin-germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow ; may I never do an ill turn if I tell a word of a lye.

J. Woodcock. Well, but Sir William, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter ; this man is a music-master ; a thrumner of wire, and a scraper of cat-gut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

Sir Will. What Jack Eustace a musick-master ! no, no, I know him better.

Eust. 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer ?——What that gentleman tells you is very true, Sir ; I am no music-master indeed.

J. Woodcock. You are not, you own it then ?

Eust. Nay, more, Sir, I am as this lady has represented me (*pointing to Mrs. Deborah*), your daughter's lover ; whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night ; but now that Sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who, and what I am ; I throw myself

self upon your generosity, from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition on your unsuspecting nature.

Mrs. Deb. Well, brother, what have you to say for yourself now? You have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken: Oh I am ashamed of you, but you are a weak man, and it can't be help'd; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

Lucin. Dear papa, pardon me.

Sir Will. Ay, do, Sir, forgive her; my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

Ross. Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship.—Come, my dear Sir, though you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing: love is a venial fault—You know what I mean.—Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections—What, not a word!

A I R XLI.

*Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;
Are then your vows so soon forgot?
Ah! now I see if I had try'd you,
What would have been my hopeful lot.*

*But here I charge you—Make them happy;
Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss:
Come be a dear good natur'd pappy,
And I'll reward you with a kiss.*

Mrs. Deb. Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful my brother does not hang you, for he could do it, he's a justice of peace;—turn out of the house, I say:—

J. Woodcock. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house—he shall stay where he is.

Mrs. Deb. He shan't marry my niece.

J. Woodcock. Shan't he? but I'll shew you the difference now, I say, he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

Mrs. Deb. And you will give him your estate too, will you?

J. Woodcock.

J. Woodcock. Yes, I will.

Mrs. Deb. Why I'm sure he's a vagabond.

J. Woodcock. I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, brother!

Hawth. Come, come, madam, all's very well, and I see my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too.

J. Woodcock. Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bless you both together; but hark you, no money till I die; observe that.

Ess. Sir, in giving me your daughter, you bestow upon me more than the whole world would be without her.

Ross. Dear Lucinda, if words could convey the transports of my heart upon this occasion—

Lucin. Words are the tools of hypocrites, the pretenders to friendship; only let us resolve to preserve our esteem for each other.

T. Meadows. Dear Jack, I little thought we should ever meet in such odd circumstances—but here has been the strangest business between this lady and me—

Hodge. What then, Mrs. Rossetta, are you turned false-hearted after all; will you marry Thomas the gardener; and did I forsake Madge for this?

Ross. Oh lord! Hodge, I beg your pardon; I protest I forgot; but I must reconcile you and Madge, I think, and give you a wedding dinner to make you amends.

Hodge. N—ah.

Hawth. Adds me, Sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and I suppose to make up the company of your statute-ball; yonder's music too I see; shall we enjoy ourselves? If so give me your hand.

J. Woodcock. Why, here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves; Heaven bless you both, children, I say—Sister Deborah you are a fool.

Mrs. Deb. You are a fool, brother; and mark my words—But I'll give myself no more trouble about you.

Hawth. Fiddlers, strike up.

A I R XLII.

*Hence with cares, complaints, and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:
Let's to friendship do our duty,
Laugh and sing some good old strain,
Drink a health to love and beauty—
May they long in triumph reign.*

THE END

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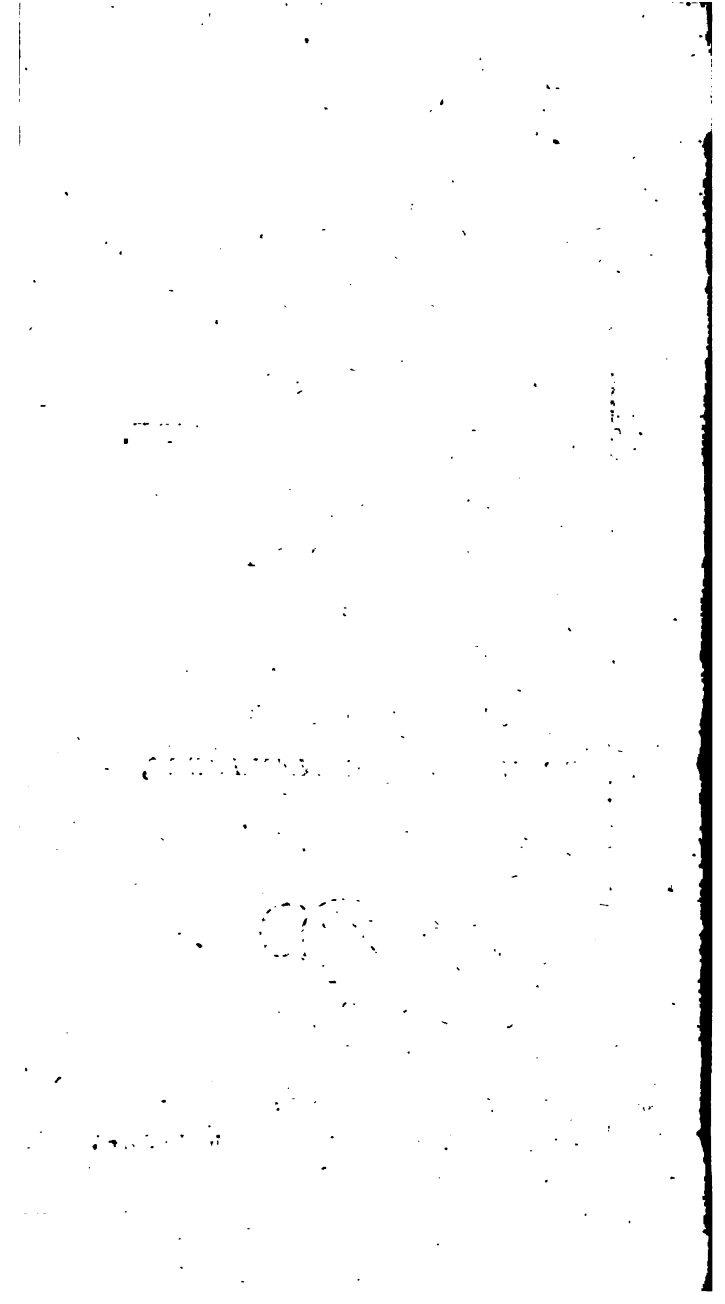
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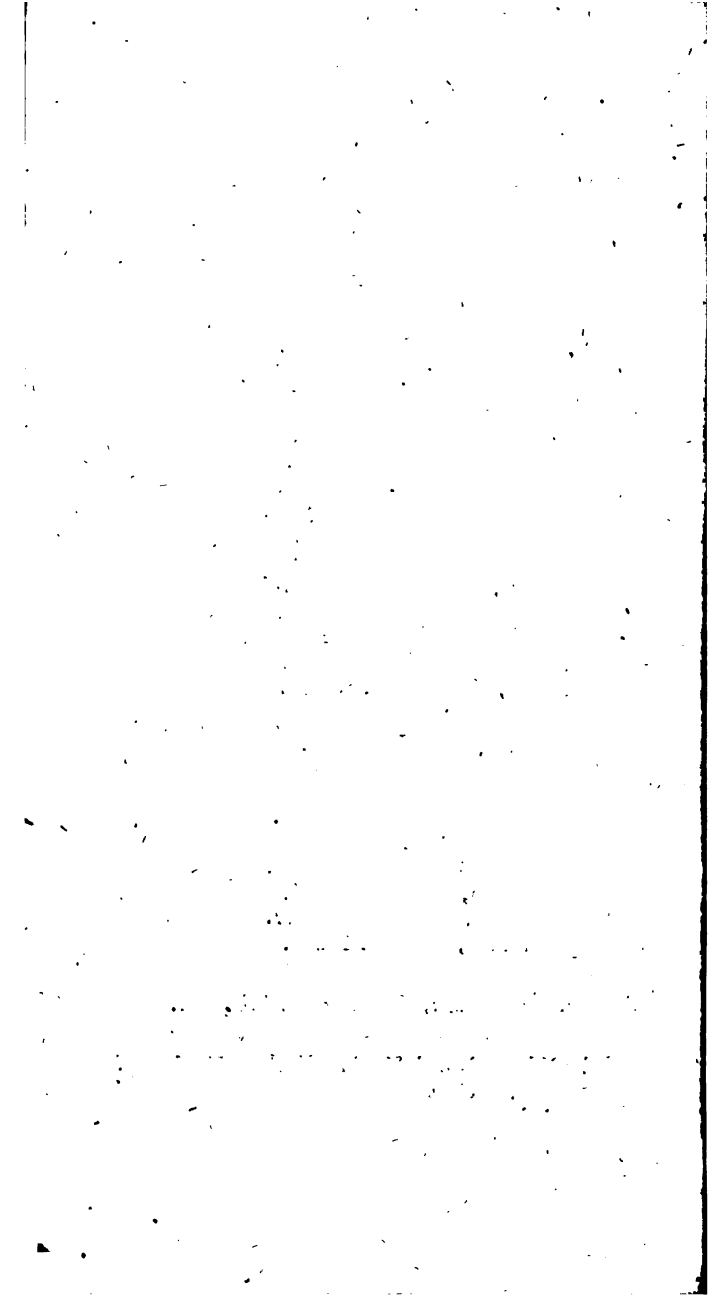
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Martin,	Mr. <i>R. Smith</i> .
Sentwell,	Mr. <i>Gibbs</i> .
<i>First</i> Beggar-man,	Mr. <i>Bennet</i> .
<i>Second</i> Beggar-man,	Mr. <i>Criffwick</i> .
<i>Third</i> Beggar-man,	Mr. <i>Cosfollo</i> .
<i>Fourth</i> Beggar-man,	Mr. <i>Barrington</i> .
<i>Fifth</i> Beggar-man,	Mr. <i>Holtom</i> .
<i>Sixth</i> Beggar-man,	Mr. <i>Collins</i> .

W O M E N.

Rachel,	Miss <i>Brent</i> .
Meriel,	Mrs. <i>Vincent</i> .
Amie,	Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .
<i>First</i> Beggar-woman,	Mrs. <i>Stevens</i> .
<i>Second</i> Beggar-woman,	Miss <i>Sledge</i> .
<i>Third</i> Beggar-woman,	Miss <i>Mullart</i> .
<i>Fourth</i> Beggar-woman,	Miss <i>Young</i> .

Dancers, Countrymen, Servants, and Beggars.

SCENE Oldrents' and *Justice* Clack's House, and
the Country adjacent.



T H E
J O V I A L C R E W.

* * The lines distinguished by inverted commas, 'thus,' are omitted in the representation.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Room in OLDRENTS' House.

Enter Oldrents and Hearty.

Old. I T has indeed, friend, much afflicted me.

Heart. And very justly, let me tell you, sir, to give ear and faith too (by your leave) to fortune-tellers ! wizards, and gipsies.

Old. I have since been frightened with it in a thousand dreams.

Heart. I wou'd go drunk a thousand times to bed, rather than dream of any of their riddlemy riddlemeries.

A I R I.

To-day let us never be slaves,

Nor the fate of to-morrow enquire :

Old wizards, and gipsies, are knaves,

And the devil, we know, is a liar.

Then drink off a bumper whilst you may,

We'll laugh, and we'll sing, tho' our hairs are grey ;

He's a fool, and an ass,

That will baulk a full glass,

For fear of another day.

B

Old.

Old. Wou'd I had your merry heart!

Heart. I thank you, sir.

Old. I mean the like.

Heart. I wou'd you had! and I such an estate as your's.—Four thousand pounds a year, and such a heart as mine, would defy fortune, and all her babbling soothsayers.

Old. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Heart. Will you ride forth for the air then, and be merry?

Old. Your counsel, and example, may instruct me.

Heart. Sack must be had in sundry places too. For songs I am provided.

A I R II.

*In Nottinghamshire,
Let 'em boast of their beer;
With a bay down, down, and a down!
I'll sing in the praise of good sack:
Old sack, and old sherry,
Will make your heart merry,
Without e'er a rag to your back.*

*Then cast away care,
Bid adieu to despair,
With a down, down, down, and a down?
Like fools our own sorrows we make:
In spite of dull thinking,
While sack we are drinking,
Our hearts are too busy to ache.*

Enter Springlove, with books and papers, and a bunch of keys. He lays them on the table.

Old. Yet here comes one brings me a second fear, who has my care next unto my children.

Heart. Your steward, sir, it seems, has business with you: I wish you would have none with him.

Old. I'll soon dispatch it, and then be for our journey instantly.

Heart. I'll wait your coming down, sir.

[Exit.
Old.

Old. But why, Springlove, is now this expedition ?

Spr. Sir, 'tis duty.

Old. Not common among stewards, I confess, to urge in their accounts before the day their lords have limited.

Spr. Sir, your indulgence, I hope, shall ne'er corrupt me.—Here, fir, is the balance of the several accounts, which shews you what remains in cash ; which added to your former bank, makes up in all——

Old. Twelve thousand and odd pounds.

Spr. Here are the keys of all : the chests are safe in your own closet.

Old. Why in my closet ? Is not your's as safe ?

Spr. Oh, fir, you know my suit.

Old. Your suit ! what suit ?

Spr. Touching the time of the year.

Old. 'Tis well nigh May. Why what of that Springlove ?

[*Birds sing.*]

Spr. Oh, fir, you hear I am call'd !

Old. Are there delights in beggary ? or if to take diversity of air be such a solace, travel the kingdom over ; and if this yield not variety enough, try farther (provided your deportment be genteel) take horse, and man, and money, you have all, or I'll allow enough.

[*Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sings.*]

Spr. Oh, how am I confounded ! dear fir, return me naked to the world, rather than lay those burdens on me, which will stifle me ; I must abroad, or perish—— Have I your leave, fir ?

Old. I leave you to dispute it with yourself : I have no voice to bid you go, or stay.

Spr. I am confounded in my obligations to this good man.

Enter Randal, and three or four servants with baskets.
The servants go off.

Now, fellows, what news from whence you came ?

Rand. The old wonted news, fir, from your guest-house, the old barn : they have all pray'd for you, and our master, as their manner is, from the teeth outward : Marry ! from the teeth inward, 'tis enough to swallow

4 THE JOVIAL CREW.

your alms, from whence, I think, their prayers seldom come.

Spr. Thou art old Randal still ! ever grumbling ! but still officious for 'em,

Rand. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough : I have had merry bouts with some of 'em.

A I R III.

*And be that will not merry, merry be,
With a pretty luss in a bed ;
I wish he were laid in our church-yard,
With a tomb-stone over his head.
He, if he could, to be merry, merry there,
We to be merry, merry here ;
For who does know, where we shall go,
To be merry another year,
Brave boys ! to be merry another year.*

Spr. Well, honest Randal ! thus it is——I am for a journey : I know not how long will be my absence ; but I will presently take order with the cook and butler for my wonted allowance to the poor. And I will leave money with them to manage the affair till my return.

Rand. Then rise up Randal, bailey of the beggars.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, a Barn.

The Beggars are discovered in their Postures : then they issue forth, and at last the Patrico.

Enter Springlove.

All the Beggars. Our master ! our master ! our sweet and comfortable master !

Spr. How chear, my hearts ?

1 Beg. Most crowle ! most caperingly ! shall we dance ? shall we sing to welcome our king ?

A I R

AIR IV.

1 Beg. Wom. *Tho' all are discontented grown,
And fain would change condition;
The courtier envies now the clown,
The clown turns politician.*

2 Beg. Wom. *Ambition still is void of wit;
And makes a woeful figure:
For none of 'em all e'er envy'd yet,
The life of a jovial beggar.*

Cho. *Ambition still, &c.*

3 Beg. Wom. *The man that hourly racks his brain,
To encrease his useleſs ſtore,
Still dreads a fall, and lives in pain,
While we can fall no lower.*

4 Beg. Wom. *The dame of rich attire that brags,
Wou'd willingly unrig her:
Did ſhe but know the joys of rags,
And the life of a jovial beggar.*

Chorus of all. *The dame, &c.*

Spr. What, is he there? that ſolemn old fellow?

2 Beg. Man. O, ſir! the rareſt of them all! he is a prophet; ſee how he holds up his prognosticating noſe: he is divining now.

Spr. How! a prophet!

2 Beg. Man. Yes, ſir, a cunning-man, and a fortune-teller; 'tis thought he was a great clerk before his decay; but he is very cloſe, will not tell his beginning, nor the fortune he himſelf is fallen from. But he ſerves us for a clergyman ſtill, and marries us, if need be, after a new way of his own.

Spr. How long have you had his company?

2 Beg. Man. But lately come among us, but a very ancient ſtroller all the land over; and has travell'd with gipsies, and is a Patrico.——Shall he read your fortune, ſir?

Spr. If it pleaſe him.

Pat. Lend me your hand, ſir.

By this palm I underſtand

Thou art born to wealth and land:

6 THE JOVIAL CREW.

And after many a bitter gust,

Shall build with thy great grandfire's dust.

Spr. Where shall I find it ? but come, I'll not trouble my head with the search.

2 Beg. Man. What say you, sir, to our crew ? are we not well congregated ?

Spr. You are a jovial crew ! the only people whose happiness I admire.

3 Beg. Man. Will you make us happy in serving you ? have you any enemies ? shall we fight under ye ? will you be our captain ?

2 Beg. Man. Nay, our king !

3 Beg. Man. Command us something, sir !

Spr. Where's the next rendezvous ?

1 Beg. Man. Neither in village, nor in town,
But three miles off, at Maple-down.

Spr. At evening, there I'll visit you.

1 Beg. Man. And there you'll find us frolick.

A I R V.

1 Beg. Man. *We'll glad our hearts with the best of our cheer,*

Our spirits we'll raise with his honour's strong beer ;

All strangers to hope, and regardless of fear,
We'll make this the merriest night of the year-

Cho. *This year, we'll make this the merriest night of the year.*

2 Beg. Man. *Nor sorrow, nor pain, amongst us shall be found,*

To our master's good health shall the cup be crown'd,

That long he may live, and in bliss abound,
Shall be every man's wish, while the bowl goes round.

Cho. *Goes round, shall be every man's wish, &c.*

3 Beg. Man. Our wants we can't help, nor our poverty
cure :

To-morrow mayn't come, of to-night we'll
make sure ;

We'll laugh, and lie down, although we are
poor,

And our love shall remain, tho' the wolf's
at the door.

Cho. The door, and our love, &c.

4 Beg. Man. Then brisk, and smart, shall our mirth go
round,

With antick measures we'll beat the ground,

To pleasure our master, in duty bound,

We'll dance till we're lame, and drink till
we're found.

Cho. We're found, we'll dance, &c.

Spr. " So now away. [Exeunt beggars.]

They dream of happiness that live in state,
But they enjoy it that obey their fate." [Exit.

S C E N E, Oldrents' House.

Enter Vincent, Hilliard, Meriel, and Rachel.

Hill. I admire the felicity they take.

Vin. Beggars! they are the only people can boast the
benefit of a free state, in the full enjoyment of liberty,
mirth, and ease. Who would have lost this sight of
their revels? how think you, ladies? Are they not the
only happy in a nation?

Mer. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up,
and ty'd by the nose to the continual stream of hot hos-
pitality here in our father's house, when they have the
air at pleasure in all variety.

A I R VI.

*In the charming month of May,
 When the pretty little birds begin to sing,
 What a shame at home to stay,
 Nor enjoy the smiling spring;
 While the beggar that looks forlorn,
 Tho' she's not so nobly born,
 With her rags all patch'd and torn,
 While she dances and sings with the merry men and maids,
 In her smiling eyes you may trace
 And her innocent cheerful face,
 Tho' she's poor, may be
 More happy than she
 That sighs in her rich brocades.*

Rach. And tho' I know we have merrier spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd, stifles me.

A I R VII.

*See how the lambs are sporting!
 Hear how the warblers sing!
 See how the doves are courting!
 All nature-bails the spring.
 Let us embrace the blessing,
 Beggars alone are free;
 Free from employment,
 Their life is enjoyment
 Beyond expression;
 Happy they wander,
 And happy sleep under
 The greenwood tree.*

Hill. Why, ladies, you have liberty enough, or may take what you please.

Mer. Yes, in our father's rule and government, or by his allowance: what's that to absolute freedom? Such as the very beggars have; to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next day, where they please; and so on still, the whole country or kingdom over. There's liberty! the birds of the air can take no more.

Rach.

Rach. And then, at home here, or wheresoever he comes, our father is so pensive (what muddy spirit so-e'er possesses him, wou'd I cou'd conjure it out) that he makes us ever sick of his sadness, that were wont to do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Mer. Now he never looks upon us, but with a sigh, or tears in his eyes, tho' we simper never so demurely. What tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not, but I am weary of his house.

Rach. Does he think us wanton too, because sometimes we talk as lightly as great ladies?

A I R VIII.

*How sweet is the evening air,
When the lasses all prepare,
So trim and so clean,
To trip it o'er the green,
And meet with their sweet-hearts there;
While the pale town lass
Disguises her face,
To squeak at a masquerade;
Where the proudest prude
May be subdu'd,
And when she cries, you're rude,
You may conclude
She will not die a maid.*

Rach. I can swear safely for the virginity of one of us, so far as word and deed goes — Marry, thoughts are free.

Mer. Which is that one of us, I pray? Yourself, or me?

Rach. Good sister Meriel, charity begins at home: but I'll swear, I think as charitable of thee, "and not only because thou art a year younger, neither."

Mer. I am beholden to you. — But dear Rachel, as the saying is, a demure look is no security for virtue. But for my father, I would I knew his grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we cou'd not see it. It spoils our mirth, and that has been better than his meat to us.

Vinc.

Vinc. Will you hear our proposal; ladies?

Mer. Pshaw! you would marry us presently out of his way, because he has given you a foolish kind of promise: but we will see him in a better humour first, and as apt to laugh, as we to lie down, I warrant him.

Hill. 'Tis like that course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rach. We will have him cur'd first, I tell you, and you shall wait that season, and our leisure.

Mer. I will rather venture my being one of the ape-leaders, than to marry while he is so melancholy.

Vinc. We are for any adventure with you, ladies.

Rach. And we will put you to't. — Come aside, Meriel. I remember an old song of my nurse's, every word of which she believed as much as her psalter, that us'd to make me long, when I was a girl, to be abroad in a moon-light night.

A I R IX.

*At night, by moon light on the plain,
With rapture, how I've seen,
Attended by her harmless train,
The little fairy queen:
Her midnight revels sweetly keep,
While mortals are involv'd in sleep,
They tript it o'er the green.
And where they danc'd their chearful round,
The morning would disclose,
For where their nimble feet do bound,
Each flow'r unbidden grows:
The daisy (fair as maids in May)
The cowslip, in his gold array,
And blushing violet 'rose.*

Mer. Come hither, Rachel.

Rach. } Ha! ha, ha!

Mer. }

Vinc. What's the conceit, I wonder!

Rach. } Ha! ha, ha!

Mer. }

Hill. Some merry one it seems, but I'll never pretend to guess at a woman's mind.

AIR X.

*The mind of a woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright :
 I'll tell you the reason——she knows not her own,
 It changes so often e'er night.
 'T wou'd puzzle Apollo,
 Her whimsies to follow,
 His oracle wou'd be a jest ;
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the wind,
 And often abuses
 The man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses,
 Likes best.*

Rach. And then, Meriel,——hark again——ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. How they are taken with it?

Mer. Ha, ha, ha!——Hark again, Rachel,——I am of the girl's mind, who wou'd not take the man she lik'd best, 'till she was sure he lov'd her well enough to live in a cottage with her.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Vinc. Now, ladies, is your project ripe? possess us with the knowledge of it. You know how, and what we have vow'd; to wait upon you any how, and any where.

Mer. And you will stand to't?

Vinc. Ay, and go to't with you wherever it be.——What say you, are you for a trip to Bath?

Mer. No, no, not 'till the Doctor doesn't know what else to do with us.

Vinc. Well, would you be courted to go to London!

Rach. Few country ladies need be ask'd twice: but you're a bold man to propose it.

AIR

A I R XI.

*How few like you, wou'd dare advise,
To trust the town's deluding arts;
Where love, in daily ambush lies,
And triumphs over heedless hearts:
How few, like us, wou'd thus deny
To indulge the tempting dear delight,
Where daily pleasures charm the eye,
And joys superior crown the night.*

Hill. In the name of wonder what would you do?

Mer. Pray tell it 'em, sister Rachel.

Rach. Why, gentlemen—ha, ha!—Then thus it is—you seem'd e'en now to admire the felicity of beggars.

Mer. And have engag'd yourselves to join with us in any course.

Rach. Will you now with us, and for our sakes, turn beggars?

Mer. It is our resolution, and our injunction on you.

Rach. But for a time, and a short progress.

Mer. And for a spring-trick of youth, now in the season.

Vinc. Beggars! what rogues, are these!

Hill. A simple trial of our loves and service!

Rach. Are you resolv'd upon't? If not farewell! We are resolv'd to take our course.

Mer. Let yours be to keep counsel.

Vinc. Stay, stay! beggars! Are we not so already?

A I R XII.

Vinc. *We beg but in a higher strain,
Than sordid slaves, who beg for gain.*

Hill. *No paltry gold, or gems, we want,
We beg what you alone can grant.*

Vinc. *No lofty titles, no renown,
But something greater than a crown.*

Hill. *We beg not wealth, or liberty,*

Both. *We beg your humble slaves to be.*

Vinc.

- Vinc. *We beg your snowy hands to kiss,
Or lips, if you'd vouchsafe the bliss.*
- Hill. *And if our faithful vows can move,
(What gods might envy us) your love.*
- Vinc. *The boon we beg, if you deny,
Our fate's decreed, we pine and die.*
- Hill. *For life we beg, for life implore,*
- Both. *The poorest wretch can beg no more.*

Rach. That will not serve—your time's not come for that yet. You shall beg victuals first.

Vinc. O! I conceive your begging progress is, to ramble out this summer among your father's tenants.

Mer. No, no, not so.

Vinc. Why so we may be a kind of civil beggars.

Rach. I mean, stark, errant, downright beggars. Ay, without equivocation, statute beggars.

Mer. *Couchant and passant, guardant, and rampant* beggars.

Vinc. *Current and vagrant.*

Hill. *Stockant and whippant* beggars.

Vinc. 'Fore heaven! I think they are in earnest; for they were always mad.

Hill. And we were madder than they, if we should lose 'em.

Vinc. 'Tis but a mad trick of youth, as they say, for the spring, or a short progress; and mirth may be made out of it, if we knew how to carry it.

Rach. Pray, gentlemen, be sudden. [*Cuckoo without.*] Hark! you hear the cuckoo?

A I R XIII.

Rach. *Abroad we must wander to hear the birds sing,
T' enjoy the fresh air, and the charms of the spring.*

Mer. *We'll beg for our bread, then if the night's raw,
We'll keep ourselves warm on a bed of clean straw.*

Rach. *How blest is the beggar, who takes the fresh air?*

Mer. *Tho' hard is his lodging, and coarse is his fare.*

Rach. *Confinement is hateful ———*

Mer. *————— And pleasure destroys.*

Both. *'Tis freedom alone is the parent of joys.*

Enter Springlove.

Vinc. O! here comes Springlove! His great benefactorship among the beggars, might prefer us with authority, into a ragged regiment, presently. Shall I put it to him?

Rach. Take heed what you do! His greatness with my father will betray us.

Vinc. I will cut his throat, then———my noble Springlove! the great commander of the maunders, and king of canters: we saw the gratitude of your loyal subjects, in the large tributary content they gave you in their revels.

Spr. Did you so, fir?

Hill. We have seen all, with great delight and admiration.

Spr. I have seen you too, kind gentlemen and ladies, and over-heard you in your strange design, to be partakers, and co-actors too, in those vile courses, which you call delights, ta'en by those despicable and abhorred creatures.

Vinc. Thou art a despiser, nay a blasphemer, against the maker of those happy creatures.

Rach. He grows zealous in the cause: sure, he'll beg indeed.

Vinc. Art thou an hypocrite, then, all this while? only pretending charity, or using it to get a name and praise unto thyself; and not to cherish and increase those creatures in their most happy way of living.

Mer. They are more zealous in the cause, than we.

Spr. But are you, ladies, at defiance too with reputation, and the dignity due to your father's house, and you?

Rach. Hold thy peace, good Springlove; and tho' you seem to dislike this discourse, and reprove us for it, do not betray us in it. Your throat's in question; I tell you for good-will, good Springlove.

Spr. I have sounded your faith, and am glad to find you all right. And for your father's sadness, I'll tell you the cause on't; I over-heard it but this day, in private discourse with his merry mate, Hearty; he has been told by some wizard, you both were born to be beggars!

All.

All. How! how!

Spr. For which he is so tormented in mind, that he cannot sleep in peace, nor look upon you, but with heart's grief.

Vinc. This is most strange!

Rach. Let him be griev'd then, 'till we are beggars, we have just reason to become so now; and what we thought on but in jest before, we'll do in earnest now.

Spr. I applaud this resolution in you; wou'd have persuaded it; will be your servant in't. For, look ye, ladies; the sentence of your fortune does not say that you shall beg for need, hunger, or cold necessity. If therefore you expose yourselves on pleasure into it, you shall absolve your destiny, nevertheless, and cure your father's grief: I am overjoy'd to think on't;—I am prepar'd already for the adventure, and will with all conveniencies, furnish, and set you forth; give you rules, and directions, how I us'd to accost passengers, with a——good your good worship! the gift of one small penny to a poor cripple, and even to bless, and restore it to you in heaven.

All. A Springlove, a Springlove!

Spr. Follow me, gallants, then, as chearful as——
[*Birds whistle without*] we are summon'd forth.

All. We follow thee.

A I R XIV.

Mer. To you, dear father and our home,

We bid a short adieu:

The tempting frolick has o'ercome,

By force of being new.

But let not that your patience vex,

For, dear papa, you know our sex.

With a fal, la, &c.

Rach. Nor hope, good sir, to spare your cost,

Nor think our fortune's paid;

No woman yet was ever lost,

Tho' sometimes she's mis-laid:

For when the pleasure turns to pain,

Be sure we shall come home again.

With a fal, la, &c.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Randal with a bag of money in his hand.

Rand. WELL, go thy ways! if ever any just and charitable steward was commended, surely thou shalt be at the last quarter-day. Here's five-and-twenty pounds for this quarter's beggars charge: and (if he return not by the end of this quarter) here's an order to a friend to supply for the next——If I now should venture for the commendation of an unjust steward, and turn this money to my own use? Ha! dear devil tempt me not! I'll do thee service in a greater matter; but to rob the poor (a poor trick) every churchwarden can do't.—Now something whispers me, that my master, for his steward's love, will supply the poor, as I may handle the matter——then I rob the steward, if I restore him not the money at his return.—Away, temptation: leave me! I'm frail flesh, yet I will fight with thee.—But say the steward never return—Oh! but he will return!——Perhaps he may not return.——Turn from me, satan! strive not to clog my conscience.——I would not have this weight upon me for all thy kingdom.

Enter Hearty singing, and Oldrents.

A I R XV.

*Let pleasure go round,
Let us laugh and sing, let us laugh and sing, boys!
Let humour abound,
And joy fill the day.
If sorrow intrude,
Drive it out again, drive it out again, boys!
If by griefs we're pursu'd,
Let us drink 'em away:
The pleasure of wine
Makes a mortal divine.*

For

*For get but a bottle once into your noddle,
 No power, or art,
 Can such virtue impart,
 For raising the spirits, and cheering the heart.*

Remember, fir, your covenant to be merry.

Old. I strive, you see, to be so.——But do you see yon fellow?

Heart. I never noted him so sad before; he neither sings, nor whistles.

Old. Why, how now, Randal! where's Springlove?

Rand. Here's his money, fir; I pray that I be charg'd with it no longer. The devil and I have strain'd courtesy these two hours about it.——I would not be corrupted with the trust of more than is my own. Mr. Steward gave it me, fir, to order it for the beggars: he has made me steward of the barn, and them; while he is gone, he says, 'a journey, to survey and measure lands abroad about the countries; some purchase, I think, for your worship.

Old. I know his measuring of land! he's gone his old way, and let him go——Am not I merry, Hearty?

Heart. Yes, but not hearty merry.

Old. The poor's charge shall be mine: carry you the money to one of my daughters to keep for Springlove.

Rand. I thank your worship. [Exit.

Old. He might have ta'en his leave, tho'.

Heart. I hope he's run away with some large trust: I never lik'd such demure, down-look'd fellows.

Old. You are deceiv'd in him.

Heart. If you be not, 'tis well.——But this is from the covenant.

Old. Well, fir, I will be merry: I'm resolv'd to force my spirit only unto mirth.——Should I hear now my daughters were miss'd, or run away, I would not send a sigh to fetch 'em back.

Heart. T'other old song for that.

AIR XVI.

*There was an old fellow at Waltham-Cross
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss.
He cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to rack,
With a hem! boys, hem! and a cup of old sack.*

Old. Is that the way on't? well, it shall be mine then.

Enter Randal.

Rand. My mistresses are both abroad, fir.

Old. How! since when?

Rand. On foot, fir, two hours since, with the two gentlemen their lovers. Here's a letter they left with the butler, and there's a muttering in the house.

Old. I will not read, nor open it, but conceive within myself the worst that can befall them; that they are lost, and no more mine. Grief shall lose her name, where I have being, and sadness from my farthest foot of land, while I have life, be banish'd.

Heart. What's the whim now!

Old. My tenants shall sit rent-free for this twelve-month, and all my servants have their wages doubled; and so shall be my charge in housekeeping: I hope my friends will find and put me to't.

Heart. For them I'll be your undertaker, fir. But this is over-done! I don't like it.

Old. And for thy news, the money that thou hast is now thy own: I'll make it good to Springlove. Be sad with it, and leave me; for I tell thee I'll purge my house of stupid melancholy.

Rand. I'll be as merry as the charge that's under me.

[A confused noise of singing and laughing without.]

The beggars, fir, d'ye hear them in the barn?

Old. I'll double their allowance too, that they may double their numbers, and increase their noise.

Rand.

Rand. Now you are so nigh, fir, if you'll look in, I doubt not but you will find 'em at their high feast already.

Heart. Pray let's see 'em, fir.

Old. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE *draws, and discovers the Beggars.*

Re-enter Oldrents, Hearty, and Randal.

All Beg. Bless his worship! his good worship! bless his worship!

1 Beg. Man. Come, friends, let us give his worship a taste of our mirth! — Hem! let us sing the part-song that I made for you, that which contains all our characters, I mean those we had in better times: there is not such a collection of oddities, perhaps, in all Europe. — Hem! 'be silent there!

A I R XVII.

1 Beg. Man. *I once was a poet at London,*
I keep my heart still full of glee;
There's no man can say that I'm undone,
For begging's no new trade to me.
 Tol derol, &c.

2 Beg. Man. *I was once an attorney at law,*
And after a knight of the post:
Give me a brisk wench in clean straw,
And I value not who rules the roast,
 Tol derol, &c.

3 Beg. Man. *Make room for a soldier in buff,*
Who valiantly strutted about;
'Till he fancy'd the peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely — sold out.
 Tol derol, &c.

4 Beg.

- 4 Beg. Man. *Here comes a courtier polite, fir,
Who flatter'd my lord to his face ;
Now railing is all his delight, fir,
Because he mis'd getting a place.*

Tol derol, &c.

- 5 Beg. Man. *I still am a merry gut-scraper,
My heart never yet felt a qualm :
Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
And sing any tune but a psalm.*

Tol derol, &c.

- 6 Beg. Man. *I was a fanatical preacher,
I turn'd up my eyes when I pray'd ;
But my hearers had half-starv'd their teacher,
For they believ'd not one word that I said.*

Tol derol, &c.

- 1 Beg. Man. *Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,
Let him list, and from us he may learn ;
In palaces who shall you see,
Half so happy as we in a barn?*

Tol derol, &c.

Crutch dance of Beggars.

Old. Good Heaven ! how merry they are !

Heart. Be not you sad at that ;

Old. Sad, Hearty ! no ; unless it be with envy at their full happiness—What is an estate of wealth and power, balanced with their freedom ?

Heart. I have not so much wealth to weigh me down, nor so little, I thank chance, as to dance naked.

All Beg. Bless his worship ! his good worship, bless his worship. [*Exeunt Beggars.*]

Heart. How think you, fir ? or what ? or why d'ye think at all, unless on sack, or supper-time ! d'ye fall back ? d'ye not know the danger of relapses ?

Old. Good Hearty ! thou mistak'st me ; I was thinking upon this Patrico, and that he has more soul than a born beggar in him.

Heart.

Heart. Rogue enough though, I warrant him.

Old. Pray forbear that language.

Heart. Will you then talk of sack that can drown fighting? Will you in to supper, and take me there your guest? or must I creep into the barn among your welcome ones?

Old. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [Exit.

Heart. Would all were well with him!

[Exit. Patrico follows.

Rand. It is with me.

A I R XVIII.

What, tho' these guineas bright, fir,

Be heavy in my bag;

My heart is still the lighter,

The more my pockets swag:

Let musty fools

Find out by rules

That money sorrow brings;

Yet none can think

How I love their chink;

Alas, poor things.

S C E N E, the Fields.

Enter Vincent and Hilliard in their Rags.

Hill. Is this the life we admired in others, with envy of their happiness?

Vinc. Pray let us make a virtuous use of it, by steering our course homewards. ——— Before I'll endure such another night!

Hill. What wou'dst thou do! I wish thy mistress heard thee!

Vin. I hope she does not; for I know there's no altering our course before they make the first motion; but 'tis strange we shou'd be weary already, and before their softer constitution of flesh and blood.

Hill. They are the stronger in will, it seems.

"AIR XIX.

"Tho' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
 "Yet nature does strength supply :
 "Their will is too strong to surrender,
 "They're obstinate still 'till they die.
 "In vain you attack 'em with reason,
 "Your sorrows you only prolong ;
 "Disputing is always high-treason,
 "No woman was e'er in the wrong.
 "Your only relief is to bear ;
 "And when you appear content,
 "Perhaps, in compassion, the fair
 "May persuade herself into consent."

Enter Springlove.

Spr. How now, comrades ! repining already at your fulness of liberty ! do you complain of ease ?

Vin. Ease call'st thou it ! didst thou sleep to-night ?

Spr. Not so well this eighteen months, I swear, since my last walks.

Hill. Lightning and tempest is out of thy litany. Cou'd not the thunder wake thee ?

Spr. Ha, ha, ha.

Vinc. Nor the noise of the crew in the quarter by us ? Well ! never did knights-errant in all adventures, merit more of their ladies, than we beggars-errant, or errant-beggars, do of ours.

Spr. The greater will be your reward, think upon that, and shew no manner of distaste to turn their hearts from you : you are undone then.

Vinc. Are they ready to appear out of their privy lodgings in the pig's palace of pleasure ? Are they coming forth ?

Spr. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their pads of straw, helping to dress each other's head ; the one's eye is t'other's looking-glass ; with the prettiest coyle they keep to fit their fancies in the most graceful way of wearing their new dressing, that you wou'd admire.

Vin. I hope we are as gracefully set out, are we not ?

Spr.

Spr. Indifferent well. But will you fall to practice ? let me hear how you can maund when you meet with passengers.

Hill. We do not look like men, I hope, too good to learn.

Spr. Let me instruct you, tho' [*Spring. instructs them.*]

Enter Rachel and Meriel in Rags.

Rach. Have a care, good Mèriel ; what hearts or limbs soever we have, and tho' never so feeble, let us set our best faces on't, and laugh our last gasp out, before we discover any dislike, or weariness to them. Let us bear it out till they complain first, and beg to carry us home a-pick-a-pack.

Mer. I am sorely tir'd with hoofing it already, and so cramped with our hard lodging in the straw, "that——"

Rach. Think not on't. I am numb'd i'th' shoulders too, a little ; and have found the difference between a hard floor with a little straw, and a down bed with a quilt upon't. But no words, nor a four look, I pry'thee.

Hill. O ! here they are ! madam' Few-cloaths, and my lady Bonny-rag.

Vin. Peace ! they see us.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha !

Mer. }

Vinc. We are glad the object pleases you.

Rach. So does the subject : now you appear the glories of the spring, darling of Phœbus, and the summer's heirs.

A I R XX.

Woe betide each tender fair,

Who now beholds you, must adore ye.

Such a shape, and such an air,

Must make each beauty fall before ye.

Narcissus' fate and your's were one,

Cou'd you but your own charms discover,

You'd die, as many a fop has done,

Only of himself a lover.

Hill.

Hill. } Ha, ha, ha !
Vin. }

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha ! we are glad you are so merry !
Mer. }

Vinc. Merry, and lusty too : This night will we lie together, as well as the proudest couple in the barn.

Spr. What ! do we come for this ? laugh and lie down when your bellies are full ! Remember, ladies, you have not begg'd yet to quit your destiny, but have lived hitherto on my endeavours.—Who got your supper, pray, last night, but I ? of dainty trencher-fee from a gentleman's house, such as the serving-men themselves sometimes would have been glad of : and this morning now, what comfortable chippings, and sweet butter-milk, had you to breakfast !

Rach. O ! 'twas excellent ! I feel it good still, here.

Mer. There was a brown crust amongst it that has made my neck so white, methinks ! Is it not, Rachel ?

Rach. Yes, yes, you gave me none on't ; you ever covet to have all the beauty.

A I R XXI.

No woman her envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her charms ;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.
 New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grown less :
 Her poor little heart is still aching,
 At sight of another's success.
 But nature design'd,
 In love to mankind,
 That different beauties should move ;
 Still pleas'd to ordain,
 None ever should reign,
 Sole monarch in empire or love.
 Then learn to be wise,
 New triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due ;
 If one can't please,
 You'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two.

Vinc. They are pleas'd, and never like to be weary.

Hill. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Spr. Peace ! here comes passengers ; forget not your rules, quickly disperse yourselves, and fall to your calling. [Exeunt.

Enter Oliver.

Ol. Let me see ! here I am sent by my father, the worshipful Justice Clack, in great haste to Mr. Oldrents', in search of my cousin Amie, who is run away with Martin, my father's clerk, and Hearty's nephew, just when she should have been coupled to another : my business requires haste ; but my pleasure, and all the search I intend is, by hovering here, to take a review of a brace of the handsomest beggar-wenchs that ever grac'd ditch or hedge-side : I past by 'em in haste, but something so possesses me, that I must—what the devil must I ? — A beggar ! why, beggars are flesh and blood, and rags are no diseases ; and there is wholsomer flesh under country dirt, than city painting.

Enter Rachel and Meriel.

Oh ! here they come ! they are delicately skinn'd and limb'd ! now they spy me.

Rach. Sir, I beseech you to look upon us with the favour of a gentleman. We are in a present distress, and utterly unacquainted in these parts, and therefore forc'd by the calamity of our misfortunes, to implore the courtesy, or rather charity, of those to whom we are strangers.

Ol. Very fine, this !

Mer. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble sir, not only valuing us by our outward habits, " which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you," but as we are forlorn Christians, and in that estimation, be compassionately mov'd to cast a handful or two of your silver, or a few of your golden pieces unto us, to furnish us with linen, and some decent habiliments.

D

Ol.

Ol. They beg in a high strain! sure they are mad, or bewitch'd in a language they understand not.—The spirits of some decay'd gentry talk in them, sure.

Rach. May we expect a gracious answer from you, sir?

Mer. And that as you can wish our virgin prayers to be propitious for you.

Rach. O! may your mistress ne'er deny,
The suit, which you shall humbly move!

Mer. And may the fairest virgins vie,
And be ambitious of your love!

Rach. If honour lead,

Mer. May you succeed,

Rach. By love inspir'd, with conquest crown'd.

Mer. And when you wed,

Rach. Your bridal bed

Both. With wealth, and endless joys abound.

Ol. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into wonder. Pray tell me how long you have been beggars? or how chanced you to be so?

Rach. By influence of our stars, sir.

Mer. We are born to no better fortune.

Ol. How came you to talk, and sing thus? and so much above the beggars dialect?

Rach. Our speech came naturally to us; and we ever lov'd to learn by rote as well as we cou'd.

Mer. And to be ambitious above the vulgar, to ask more than common alms, whate'er men please to give us.

“*Ol.* Sure some well-dispos'd gentleman, as myself, got these wenches. They are too well grown to be my own, and I cannot be incestuous with 'em.

“*Rach.* Pray, sir, your noble bounty.”

Ol. What a tempting lip that little rogue moves there! and what an enticing eye the other!

A I R XXIII.

To Rach. *Come hither pretty maid, with a black rolling eye :*

Aside. *What a look was there ! does all my senses charm.*

To Mer. *Come hither, pretty dear, for I swear, I long to try
A little, little love, which will do thee child no harm.*

To Rach. *That air, that grace,*

To Mer. *That lovely milk-white skin.*

To both. *{ Oh ! which shall I embrace ?*

{ Oh ! where shall I begin !

{ For if I stay

Aside. *{ I both of them must woo ;*

{ I had better run away,

{ Than deal at once with two.

What's this ? a flea upon thy bosom ?

Mer. Is it not a straw-coloured one, fir ?

Ol. O what a provoking skin there ! that very touch inflames me.

A I R XXIV.

Rach. *Can nothing, fir, move you, our sorrows to mend ?
Have you nothing to give ! Have you nothing to lend ?*

Mer. *You see the sad fate we poor damsels endure ;
Can't charity move you to grant us a cure ?*

Rach. *My heart does so heave, I'm afraid it wil' break !
Of victuals we've scarce had a morsel this week.*

Mer. *How hard is your heart ! how unkind is your eye !
If nothing can move you, good fir, to comply.*

Both. *How hard is your heart, &c.*

Rach. Are you mov'd in charity towards us yet ?

Ol. Mov'd ! I am mov'd ; no flesh and blood more mov'd.

Mer. Then pray, fir, your benevolence.

Ol. Benevolence ! which shall I be benevolent to ? or which first ? I am puzzled in the choice. Wou'd some sworn brother of mine were here to draw a cut with me.

Rach. Sir, noble sir.

Ol. First let me tell you, damsels, I am bound by a strong vow to kiss all of your sex I meet this morning.

Mer. Beggars and all, sir !

Ol. All, all ; let not your coynefs cross a gentleman's vow, I beseech you. *[Kisses them both.]*

Mer. You'll tell now.

Ol. Tell, quotha ! I could tell a thousand on those lips, and as many upon those. — What life-restoring breaths they have ! milk from the cow steems not so sweetly. — “ I must lay one of them aboard ; both, if my tackling hold.”

“ *Rach.* { Sir ! sir !”

“ *Mer.* {

Ol. But how to bargain, now, will be the doubt : they that beg so high, as by the handfuls, may expect for price above the rate of good men's wives.

Rach. Now, will you, sir, be pleas'd ?

Ol. With all my heart, sweet ! and I am glad thou know'st my mind — Here's twelve-pence for you.

Rach. } We thank you, sir.

Mer. }

Ol. That's but an earnest ; I'll jest away the rest with you. — Look here ! all this — Come, you know my meaning.

A I R XXV.

Rach. *Wou'd you hurt a tender creature,
Whom your charity should save ?*

Mer. *Is it in your gentle nature
Thus to triumph o'er a slave ?*

Rach. *Eye, for shame, sir !*

Mer. *You're to blame, sir ;
Can your worship stoop so low ?*

Rach. *Tho' you're above me,*

Mer. *'Twill behove me,
Still to answer, no, no, no.*

Both. *Still to answer, no, no, no.*

Ol.

Ol. Must you be drawn to't ? then I'll pull. Come away.

Rach. } Ah ! ah !
Mer. }

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Vinc. Let's beat his brains out.

Ol. Come, leave your squeaking.

Spr. O ! do not hurt 'em, master.

Ol. Hurt 'em ! I mean 'em but too well ——— Shall I be so prevented ?

Spr. They be but young, and simple ; and if they have offended, let not your worship's own hands drag 'em to the law, or carry 'em to punishment ; correct 'em not yourself, it is the beadle's office.

Ol. D'ye talk, shag-rag ?

Vinc. { Shag-rag !
Hill. }

[*Offer to beat him with their crutches ; he runs off.*

Rach. Look you here, gentlemen, six-pence a piece !

Mer. Besides fair offers, and large promises. What have you got to-day, gentlemen !

Vinc. More than (as we are gentlemen) we wou'd have taken.

Hill. Yet we put it up in your service.

Rach. } Ha, ha, ha ! switches and kicks !
Mer. } Ha, ha, ha !

Spr. Talk not here of your gettings, we must quit this quarter : the eager gentleman's repulse may arm, and return him with revenge upon us ; we must therefore leap hedge and ditch, 'till we escape out of this liberty to our next rendezvous, where we shall meet the crew, and then, hey-toss ! and laugh all night.

Mer. As we did last night.

Rach. Hold out, Meriel.

Mer. Lead on, brave general.

Vinc. What shall we do ? they are in heart still : shall we go on ?

Hill. There's no flinching back, you see.

Enter Martin and Amie, in poor habits.

Spr. Stay, here comes more passengers ; single yourselves again, and fall to your calling discreetly.

Hill. I'll single no more ; if you'll beg in full cry, I am for you.

Mer. Ay, that will be fine ! let's charm all together.

Spr. Stay first, and listen a little.

Ma. Be of good cheer, sweetheart, we have escaped hitherto, and I believe that all the search is now retired, and we may safely pass forward.

Am. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying proverb that says, " where love is, there is no lack." I am faint, and cannot travel further without meat ; and if you lov'd me, you would get me some.

Ma. We'll venture at the next village to call for some ; the best is, we want no money.

Am. We shall be taken then, I fear ; I'll rather pine to death.

A I R XXVI.

*The tuneful lark, who, from her nest,
Ere yet well-fledg'd, is stol'n away,
With care attended, and care's'd,
She sometimes sings the live-long day.
Yet still her native fields she mourns,
Her goaler hates, his kindness scorns ;
For freedom pants, for freedom burns.
That darling freedom once obtain'd,
Unskill'd, untaught to search for prey,
She mourns the liberty she gain'd,
And hungry, pines her hours away.
Helpless, the little wand'rer flies,
Then homeward turns her longing eyes,
And warbling out her grief, she dies.*

Ma. I'm not so fearful ; who can know us in these clownish habits ?

Am. Our cloaths, indeed, are poor enough to beg with ; wou'd I cou'd beg, so it were of strangers that
cou'd

cou'd not know me, rather than buy of those that wou'd betray us.

Ma. And yonder are some that can teach us.

Spr. These are the young couple of run-away lovers disguised, that the country is so laid for; observe, and follow now. Good loving measter and meestress, your blessed charity to the poor, who have no house nor home, no health, no help, but your sweet charity.

Mer. No bands, or shirts, to keep us from the cold.

Hill. No smocks, or petticoats, "to hide our scratches."

Vinc. No skin to our flesh, nor flesh to our bones, shortly.

Rach. No shoes to our legs, or hose to our feet.

A I R XXVII.

Mer. *Oh! turn your eyes on me, and view my distress!
Did you know my hard fate, you would pity my case.*

*Such a kind-hearted gentleman surely wou'd grant
To a tender young virgin what'ere she did want.*

A I R XXVIII.

Hill. *Tho' old, my story, gentle lady, bear;
I am a wealthy farmer's son,
Who once cou'd gay and rich appear,
But now by fate I am undone.*

*Reduc'd to want and wretchedness,
And starv'd, alas! I soon must be,
Unless you grant to my distress
Some kind relief in charity.*

A I R XXIX.

Vinc. *I like a gentleman did live,
I ne'er did beg before;
Some small relief you sure might give,
That wou'd not make you poor.*

AIR XXX.

Rach. *My daddy is gone to his grave ;
 My mother lies under a stone ;
 And never a penny I have,
 Alas ! I am quite undone :
 My lodging is in the cold air,
 And hunger is sharp, and bites :
 A little fir, good fir, spare,
 To keep me warm o' nights.*

Spr. Good worshipful measter and meestress—

Ma. Good friend, forbear, here's no measter nor meestress, we are poor folks ; thou seest no worship upon our backs, I'm sure ; and for within, we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well

Spr. Alack for pity ! you may have enough ; and what I have is your's, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholesome food from a good gentleman's gate——Alas ! good meestress——much good do your heart ! how favourably she feeds.

Ma. What, do you mean to poison yourself ?

Am. Do you shew love, in grudging me ?

Ma. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall to, I'll not beguile you. And here, mine host, something towards your reckoning.

“ *Am.* This beggar is an angel, sure ! ”

Spr. Nothing by way of bargain, gentle master ; 'tis against order, and will never thrive ; but pray, fir, your reward in charity.

Ma. Here then, in charity.——This fellow would never make a good clerk.

Spr. What ! all this, master !

Am. What is it ? let me see it.

Spr. 'Tis a whole silver three-pence, mistress.

Am. For shame ! ungrateful miser.——Here, friend, a golden crown for thee.

Spr. Bountiful goodness ! gold ?

Am. I have robb'd thy partners of their shares too ; there's a crown more for them.

All.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

Ma. What have you done? less would have serv'd; and your bounty will betray us.

Am. Fy on your wretched policy!

Spr. No, no, good master; I knew you all this while, and my sweet mistress too. And now I'll tell you; the search is every way, the country all laid for you, it's well you staid here. Your habits, were they but a little nearer our fashion, wou'd secure you with us. But are you married, master and mistress? are you joined in matrimony? In heart, I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great bounty, bring you to a curate that lacks no licence, nor has any living to lose, that shall put you together.

Ma. Thou art a heavenly beggar!

Spr. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, mistress, will affirm that you are with child by the gentleman, that you have at least slept together, he will not marry you. But if you have lain together, then 'tis a case of necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Ma. You may say you have.

Am. I would not have it so, nor make that lye against myself, for all the world.

A I R XXXI.

*Is there on earth a pleasure,
 Dearer than virtue's fame?
 In vain's the real treasure,
 When we have lost the name.
 Then let each maid maintain it,
 'Twill ask the nicest care;
 Once lost she'll ne'er regain it,
 All, all is then despair.*

Spr. That I like well, and her exceedingly.

Ma. I'll do that for thee——thou shalt never beg more.

Spr. That cannot be purchas'd scarce, for the price of your mistress. Will you walk, master?——We use no compliments.

All. Duly and truly pray for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E, Oldrents' House.

Heart. Come, come, fir, this house is too melancholy for you, we must e'en vary the scene, and pay a visit to your merry neighbour Justice *Clack*; his good humour will strengthen mine, and help me to drive to old care away.

Old. Good *Hearty*, you have kindly undertaken my cure, and shall find me a tractable patient.

Heart. T'other old song for that, and then for the Justice.

A I R XXXII.

*I made love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
'Till I heard of late she'd a mind to me,
I met her on the green in her best array,
So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away;
O then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to blame,
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.*

*As I fonder grew she began to prate,
Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate;
But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more than she,
For tied each to a rope's end 'tis tugging to and fro:
Again we kiss'd and prest, were we much to blame,
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.*

*Then she sigh'd and said, she was wondrous sick,
Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick.
Long we toy'd and play'd under yonder oak,
Katy lost the game, though she play'd in joke;
For there we did alas? what I dare not name,
Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.*
Fal, lal, &c.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE a Wood.

Enter Amie, Rachel, and Meriel.

Am. WELL, ladies, my confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested yourselves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confess myself well affected both to the mind and person of that Springlove; and if he be (as fairly as you pretend) a Gentleman, I shall easily dispense with Fortune.

Rach. } He is a gentleman, upon my honour?
Mer. }

Am. How well that high engagement suits your habits!

Rach. Our minds and blood are still the same.

Am. I have past no affiance to the other, that stole me from my guardian, and the match he would have forced me to; from which I would have fled with any, or without a guide. Besides, to offer to marry me under a hedge, without a book or ring, by the Chaplain of the Beggars Regiment, your Patrico, only to save charges, was a piece of gallantry I shall not easily excuse.

Rach. I have not seen the wretch these three hours; whither is he gone?

Am. He told me to fetch horse and fit raiment for us, so to post me hence; but I think it was to leave me on your hands.

Mer. He has taken some great distaste sure, for he is very jealous.

Rach. Ay! didst thou mark what a wild look he cast, when Springlove tumbled her, and kifs'd her on the straw this morning?

A I R XXXIII.

" Jealousy like a canker-worm.
 " Nips the tender flow'rs of love ;
 " Jealousy, raging like a storm,
 " Pray'rs can't molify, tears can't move.
 " Love is the root of pleasures and joys ;
 " Jealousy all its fruit destroys :
 " 'Tis love, love, Jealousy, love,
 " Our heav'n or hell still prove."

Enter Springlove, Vincent, and Hilliard,

But who comes here ?

Spr. O ladies ! you have left as much mirth as would have filled up a week of holidays.

[Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a genteel way.]

Vinc. I am come about again for the beggar's life, now.

Rach. You are ! I'm glad on't.

Hill. There is no life, but it.

Rach. I am glad you are so taken with your calling.

Mer. We are no less, I assure you ; we find the sweetness of it now.

Rach. The mirth ! the pleasure ! the delights ! No ladies live such lives.

A I R XXXIV.

*Tho' ladies look gay, when of beauty they boast,
 And misers are envy'd when wealth is increased ;
 The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast ;
 And the miser's a wretch, when he pays for the feast.
 The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
 May pity bespeak, but envy can't move ;
 My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
 No more my fond heart is desiring,
 Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.*

Vinc.

Vinc. They will never be weary.

Hill. Whether we seem to like, or to dislike, all's one to them.

Vinc. We must do something to be taken by, and discover'd, we shall never be ourselves, and get home again else.

[*Springlove and Amie come to the rest.*]

Spr. I am your's for ever. Well, ladies, you have mis'd rare sport ; these beggars lead such merry lives, as all the world might envy. But here they come ; their mirth few partake of, tho' their vocation is in some measure practis'd by all mankind.

Enter all the Beggars.

A I R XXXV.

Hill. *That all men are beggars, you plainly may see;
For beggars there are of every degree,
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.
Which nobody can deny.*

Vinc. *The tradesman, he begs that his wares you wou'd
buy ;
Then begs you'd believe the price is not high ;
And swears 'tis his trade, when he tells you a lye.
Which nobody can deny.*

Hill. *The lawyer he begs you would give him a fee,
Tho' he reads not your brief, and regards not your
plea ;
Then advises your foe how to get a decree.
Which nobody can deny.*

Mer. *The courtier, he begs for a pension, a place,
A ribbon, a title, a smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his merit, is writ in his face.
Which nobody shou'd deny.*

Rach. *But if by mishap he should chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the nation's undone ;
There's but one honest man — and himself is that one.
Which nobody dares deny.*

E

Am.

Am. *The fair one who labours whole mornings at home,
New charms to create, and much pains to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural bloom.*
Which nobody shou'd deny.

Hill. *The lover he begs the dear nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone; but her languishing eye,
Still begs he would stay—for a maid she can't die.*
Which none but a fool wou'd deny.

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Alack and a welladay! this is no time to sing,
our quarter is beset, we are all in the net; leave off
your merry glee.

Spr. Why, what's the matter?

Within. Bing awaft, bing awaft; the quear cove, and
the harman-beck.

Spr. We are beset indeed! what shall we do?

Vinc. I hope we shall be taken.

Hill. If the good hour be come, welcome be the grace
of good fortune.

*Enter Sentwell, Constable, Watch. The Crew slip
away.*

Sent. Beset the quarter round; be sure that none es-
cape.

Spr. Blessed master, to a many distressed.—

Sent. A many counterfeit rogues! so frolick and so
lamentable all in a breath? you were dancing and singing
but now, incorrigible vagabonds! If you expect any
mercy, own the truth; we are come to search for a
young lady, an heiress, among you; where is she?
what have you done with her?

Am. Who do you want, Mr. Sentwell?

Sent. Precious! how did my haste oversee her! O,
mistress Amie! cou'd I, or your uncle justice Clack, a
wiser man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you
in such company?

Am.

THE JOVIAL CREW. 39

Am. Of me, fir, and my company, I have a story to delight you, which, on our march towards your house, I will relate to you.

Sent. And thither will I lead you as my guest,
But to the law surrender all the rest.

I'll make your peace.

Am. We must fare all alike. [*Exeunt Sent. and Amie.*]

Hill. Pray how are we to fare?

Rach. That's as you behave. [*Smiling.*]

A I R XXXVI.

Hill. Sure, by that smile, my pains are over!

Rach. Don't be too sure.

Hill. Wou'd you then kill a faithful lover?

Rach. Wait for your cure.

Hill. Women, regardless of our fate,
Often prove kind, but kind too late.

Rach. Women, alas! too soon surrender!

Hill. That I deny

Rach. Men oft betray a heart too tender.

Hill. Take me and try.

Rach. Love is a tyrant, under whose sway,
They suffer least who best obey.

Both. Love is, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Justice Clack's House.

Enter Justice Clack and Martin.

Cla. I have forgiven you, provided that my niece be safely taken, and so to be brought home safely, I say; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonour'd; that is to say, with no more faults, criminal or accusative, than those she carried with her.

Mar. Sir, I believe——

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? You believe her virtue is armour of proof, without your counsel, or your guard, and therefore you left her in the hands of rogues and vagabonds, to make your own peace with me: you have it, provided, I say (as I said before) that she be safe; that is

to say, uncorrupted, undefiled ; that is to say—as I said before.

Mar. Mine intent, fir, and mine only way—

Cla. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another ?

Enter Sentwell.

O master Sentwell ! good news !

Sent. Of beggarly news, the best you have heard.

Cla. That is to say, you have found my niece among the beggars ; that is to say—

Sent. True, fir, I found her among them. And they were contriving to act a play among themselves, just as we surpriz'd 'em, and spoil'd their sport.

Cla. A play ! are there players among them ! I'll pay them above all the rest.

Enter Randal.

Rand. Sir, my master, Mr. Oldrents, and his friend, Mr. Hearty, are come to wait upon you, and are impatient to behold the mirror of justices ; and if you come not at once, twice, thrice ! he's gone.

Cla. Good friend, I will satisfy your master, without telling him—he has a saucy knave to his man.

[*Exit.* Clack.

Rand. Thank your worship.

Sent. Do you hear, friend, you serve master Oldrents.

Rand. I cou'd ha' told you that.

Sent. Your name is Randal.

Rand. Are you so wise ?

Sent. Ay ; and the two young ladies, your master's daughters, with their lovers, are hard by, at my house. They directed me to find you, Randal, and bring you to 'em.

Rand. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw !——Why do we not go then ?

Sent. But secretly, not a word to any body, for a reason I'll tell you.

Rand. Mum.——

A I R

A I R XXXVII.

*The greatest skill in life,
 For avoiding noise and strife,
 Is to know when a man should be dumb, dumb, dumb.
 When a knave, to gain his end,
 Sifts you to betray your friend,
 Let your answer be only, mum, mum, mum.
 Wou'd you try to persuade
 A pretty, pretty maid,
 As ripe as a peach, or a plumb, plumb, plumb?
 You've nothing more to do,
 But to swear you will be true,
 And then you may kiss! but——mum, mum, mum.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter Clack, Oldrents, Hearty, Oliver, and Martin.

Cla. A-hay! boy; y-hay! this is right; that is to say, as I wou'd have it; that is to say—a-hay! boys; a-hay! they are as merry without as we are within. A-hay! master Oldrents, and a-hay! master Hearty! and a-hay! son Oliver! and a-hay! clerk Martin! clerk Martin! the virtue of your company turns all to mirth and melody; with a-hay trololly, lolly, lolly, is't not so, master Hearty?

A I R XXXVIII.

Heart. *There was a maid, and she went to the mill,
 Sing trolly, lolly, lolly, lo.
 The mill turn'd round, but the maid stood still.*
Cla. *Ob ho! did she so? did she so? did she so?*
Heart. *The miller he kiss'd her, away she went;
 Sing trolly, &c.
 The maid was well pleas'd, and the miller content,*
Cla. *O ho! was he so, &c.*

Heart. *He danc'd, and he sung, while the mill went clack;*

Sing trolly, &c.

And he cherish'd his heart with a cup of old sack.

Cla. *Oh ho! did he so, &c.*

Old. Why, thus it should be! now I see you are a good fellow.

Cla. Again, boys, again; that is to say, a-hay, boys! a-hay!—

Old. But there is a play to be expected and acted by beggars!

Cla. That is to say, by vagabonds! that is to say, by strolling players; they are upon their purgation; if they can present any thing to please you, they may escape the law; (that is, a-hay!) If not, to-morrow, gentlemen, shall be acted, abuses stript and whipt among 'em; with a-hay, master Hearty, you are not merry.

Enter Sentwell.

And a-hay! master Sentwell, “where are your *dræ-
“ matis personæ?* your prologues? and your” *actus
primus?* Ha! they given “you the slip, for fear of the
whip? a-hay!” in.

Sent. A word aside, an't please you.

[Sentwell takes Clack aside, and gives him a paper.]

Cla. Send 'em in, master Sentwell. [Exit. Sent.] Sit, gentlemen, the players are ready to enter; and here's a bill of their plays; you may take your choice.

Old. Are they ready for them all in the same cloaths? read 'em, good Hearty.

Heart. First, here's *The two lost Daughters.*

Old. Put me not in mind of the two lost daughters, I pr'y-thee. What's the next?

Heart. *The Vagrant Steward.*

Old. Nor of a vagrant steward; sure some abuse is meant me.

Heart. *The Old Squire, and the Fortune Teller.*

Old. That comes nearer me; away with it.

Heart. *The Beggar's Prophecy.*

Old.

Old. All these titles may serve to one play of a story that I know too well ; I'll see none of them.

Heart. Then here's the *Jovial Crew*.

Old. Ay, that ; and let 'em begin.
See, a most solemn prologue !

Enter six Beggars for the Prologue.

A I R XXXIX.

Beg. To knight, to squire, and to the gentleels here,
We wish our play may with content appear ;
We promise you no dainty wit of court,
Nor city pageantry, nor country sport ;
But a plain piece of action, very short and sweet,
In story true, you'll know it when you see't. [Exit.

Old. True stories, and true jests, do seldom thrive on stages.

Cla. They are best to please you with this tho', or, a-hay ! with a whip for them to-morrow.

Old. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

Enter Patrico, with 1st Beggar, habited like Oldrents.

See our Patrico among 'em.

Pat. Your childrens fortunes I have told,
Now hear the reason why ;
That they shall beg, ere they be old,
Is their just destiny.

Your grandfather, by crafty wile,
An heir of half his lands,
By shameless fraud did much beguile,
Then left them to your hands.

1 Beg. That was no fault of mine, nor of my children.

Old. Dost note this, Hearty ?

Heart.

44. THE JOVIAL CREW.

Heart. You said you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

[1st Beggar walks sadly, beats his breast, &c.]

Enter 4th Beggar, dressed like Hearty, and seems to comfort him.

Old. It begins my story, and by the same fortune-teller that told me my daughters' fortunes, almost in the same words; and he speaks in the play to one that personates me as near as they can set him forth.

Cl. How like you it, sir? you seem displeas'd; shall they be whipp'd yet? A-hay! if you say the word——

Old. O! by no means, sir; I am pleas'd.

4 *Beg.* Sad, for the words of a base fortune-teller? Believe him! hang him; I'll trust none of 'em. They have all whims and double meanings in all they say.

Old. Whom does he talk, or look like, now?

Heart. It is no matter whom; you are pleas'd, you say.

4 *Beg.* Ha' you no sack i'th' house? am not I here? and never without a merry old song.

A I R XL.

*Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,
Will fright away cares, when the ground looks blue.*

And can you think on gypsy fortune-tellers?

1 *Beg.* I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

4 *Beg.* Will you abroad then? But here comes your steward.

Enter Springlove, as an actor.

Old. Bless me! is not that Springlove?

Heart. Is that you that talks to him, or that Coxcomb, I, do you think? pray let them play their play; the justice will not hinder them, you see; he's asleep.

Spr.

Spr. Here are the keys of all my charge, fir; and my humble suit is, that you will be pleas'd to let me walk upon my lawful occasions this summer.

Beg. Fie! can't not yet leave off those vagrancies? but I will strive no more to alter nature. I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Old. My own words at his departure.

Heart. No matter; pray attend.

Beg. Come, friend, I'll take your counsel.

[*Exeunt Beggars.*]

Spr. I've striven with myself to alter nature in me
For my good master's sake, but all in vain;
For beggars (cuckow like) fly out again
In their own notes, and season.

Enter Rachel, Meriel, Vincent, and Hilliard.

Rach. Our father's sadness will not suffer us
To live in's house.

Mer. And we must have a progress.

Vinc. The assurance of your love hath engaged us.

Hill. We are determin'd to wait on you in any course.

Rach. Suppose we'll go a begging!

Hill. We are for you.

Spr. And that must be your course, and suddenly,
To cure your father's sadness, who is told
It is your destiny, which you may quit,
By making it a trick of youth, and wit,
I'll set you in the way.

All. But how! but how? [All talk aside.]

Old. My daughters, and their lovers too! I see the scope of their design, and the whole drift of all their action now, with joy and comfort.

Heart. But take no notice yet; see a whim more of it. But the mad rogue that acted me, I must make drunk, anon.

Spr. Now are you all resolv'd?

All. Agreed, agreed.

Spr. You beg to absolve your fortune, not for need,
[*Exeunt,*

Old.

Old. I must commend their act in that ; pr'ythee let's call 'em, and end the matter here. The purpose of their play is but to work my friendship, or their peace with me, and they have it.

Heart. But see a little more, sir.

Enter Randal.

Old. My man, Randal, too ! has he a part with 'em ?

Rand. They were well set to work when they made me a player ! What is it I must say ? and how must I act now ? Oh ! that I must be steward for the beggars in master steward's absence, and tell my master he's gone to measure land for him to purchase.

Old. You, sir, leave the work, you can do no better, and call the actors back again to me.

Ran. With all my heart, and glad my part is so soon done. *[Exit.]*

Enter Patrico.

Pat. Since you will then break off our play,
Something in earnest I must say ;
But let affected rhiming go ;
I'll be no more a Patrico.

My name is Wrought-on——Grandson to that unhappy Wrought-on, whom your grandfather craftily wrought out of his estate, by which all his posterity were since expos'd to beggary.

[Patrico takes Oldrents aside.]

I had a sister, who, among the race of beggars was the fairest ; a gentleman, by her, in the heat of youth, did get a son, who now must call you father.

Old. Me ?

Pat. Yet attend me, sir, your bounty then dispos'd your purse to her, in which, besides
Much money (I conceive by your neglect)
Was thrown this jewel : do you know it ?

Old.

Old. The bracelet my mother gave me !
Does the young man live ?

Enter Springlove, Vincent, Hilliard, Rachel, and
Meriel.

Pat. Here, with the rest of your fair children, fir.

Old. My joy begins to be too great within me.
My blessing, and a welcome to you all ;
Be one another's, and you all are mine.

Vinc. } We are agreed on that.
Hill. }

Rach. Long since ; we only stay'd till you shook off
your sadness.

Old. Now I can read the justice of my fate, and
yours.—

Cla. Ha ! justice ! are they handling of justice ?

Old. But more applaud great Providence in both.

Cla. Are they jeering of justices ? I watch'd for
that.

Heart. Ay, so methought ; no, fir, the play is
done.

Enter Sentwell, Amie, and Oliver.

Sent. See, fir, your niece presented to you.

[*Springlove takes Amie.*]

Cla. What, with a speech by one of the players ?
Speak, fir, and not be daunted ; I am favourable.

Spr. Then, by your favour, fir, this maiden is my
wife.

Cla. Sure you are out o' your part ! that is to say,
you must begin again.

Spr. She's mine by solemn contract, fir.

A I R XLI.

Amie. *Alas ! fir, I have prov'd your clown,*
 Ey'd him,
 Try'd him,
 But must own,
So wretched a mortal ne'er was known ;
 I had been with him undone.

If I must in bondage be,
To chuse my chains, at least I'm free.
 Since I am willing,
 To be billing,
Here's the man, the man for me.

Clu. You will not tell me that : are not you my niece ?

Am. I dare not, fir, deny't ; we are contracted.

Clu. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another.

Old. Hear me then for all. This gentleman that shall marry your niece, is my son, on whom I will settle a thousand pounds a year, to make the match equal.—Do you hear me now ?

Clu. Now I do hear you, and must hear you ; that is to say, it is a match ; that is to say—as I said before.

Spr. [*To Oldrents.*] Now, on my duty, fir, I'll beg no more, but your continual love, and daily blessing.

Rach. You, fir, [*To Oliver.*] are the gentleman that wou'd have made beggars sport with us. Two at once.

Mer. Two for a shilling.

A I R XLII.

Rach. *What haste you were in to be doing,
When two at a time you were wooing ;
You men are so keen,
When once you begin,
You fancy you ne'er shall have done.*

*What haste you were in to be billing,
With two at a time for a shilling ;
Yet quickly you'd find,
If any prove kind,
You'd work enough meet with one.*

Oliv. There are some misunderstandings have happened : but, I hope, we are all friends.

Old. Ay, ay, we are all friends, and shall continue so ; and to shew we are friends, let us be merry : and to shew we are merry, let us have a song, " and afterwards a dance."

A I R XLIII.

Hearty, To the men.

*Now then tell them fairly,
You will love 'em dearly,
May each of them be yearly
Mother of a boy.*

To the women.

*Ladies fair, adieu t'ye,
Manage well your beauty,
Keep your spouses true t'ye ;
Be their only joy.*

To Oldrents.

*Come, my lads, be merry,
Bring us sack and sherry ;
Call the pipe and tabor
Now, fir, cut a caper :
Here ends all our labour
This happy wedding day.*

Come, my lads, &c.

A Country Dance.

F I N I S.

A TABLE of SONGS.

ACT I.

AIR	Page
I. <i>To-day let us never be slaves,</i>	1
II. <i>In Nottinghamshire,</i>	2
III. <i>And he that will not merry, merry be,</i>	4
IV. <i>Tho' all are discontented grown,</i>	5
V. <i>We'll glad our hearts with the best of our cheer,</i>	6
VI. <i>In the charming month of May,</i>	8
VII. <i>See how the lambs are sporting!</i>	ibid.
VIII. <i>How sweet is the evening air,</i>	9
IX. <i>At night, by moon-light on the plain,</i>	10
X. <i>The mind of a woman can never be known</i>	11
XI. <i>How few, like you, wou'd dare advise,</i>	12
XII. <i>We beg but in a higher strain,</i>	ibid.
XIII. <i>Abroad we must wander to hear the birds sing</i>	13
XIV. <i>To you, dear father, and our home,</i>	15

ACT II.

XV. <i>Let pleasure go round,</i>	16
XVI. <i>There was an old fellow at Waltham-Cross</i>	18
XVII. <i>I once was a poet in London,</i>	19
XVIII. <i>What, tho' these guineas bright, fir,</i>	21
XIX. <i>Tho' women, 'tis true, are but tender,</i>	22
XX. <i>Woe betide each tender fair,</i>	23
XXI. <i>No woman her envy can smother,</i>	24
XXII. <i>O! may your mistress ne'er deny,</i>	26
XXIII. <i>Come hither, pretty maid, with a black rolling eye:</i>	27
XXIV. <i>Can nothing, fir, move you, our sorrows to mend?</i>	ibid.
XXV. <i>Wou'd you hurt a tender creature,</i>	28
XXVI. <i>The tuneful lark, who, from her nest,</i>	30

XXVII.

A TABLE of the SONGS.

A I R.	Page
XXVII. <i>Ob! turn your eyes on me, and view my distress!</i>	31
XXVIII. <i>Tho' old, my story, gentle lady, hear;</i>	ibid.
XXIX. <i>I like a gentleman did live,</i>	ibid.
XXX. <i>My daddy is gone to his grave;</i>	32
XXXI. <i>Is there on earth a pleasure,</i>	
XXXII. <i>I made love to Kate, long I figh'd for she,</i>	34

A C T III.

XXXIII. <i>" Jealousy like a canker-worm,</i>	36
XXXIV. <i>Tho' ladies look gay, when of beauty they boast,</i>	ibid.
XXXV. <i>That all men are beggars, you plainly may see,</i>	37
XXXVI. <i>Sure, by that smile, my pains are over!</i>	39
XXXVII. <i>The greatest skill in life,</i>	41
XXXVIII. <i>There was a maid, and she went to the mill,</i>	ibid.
XXXIX. <i>To knight, to squire, and the genteels here,</i>	43
XL. <i>Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,</i>	44
XLI. <i>Alas! sir, I have prov'd your clown,</i>	48
XLII. <i>What haste you were in to be doing,</i>	49
XLIII. <i>Now then tell them fairly,</i>	ibid.

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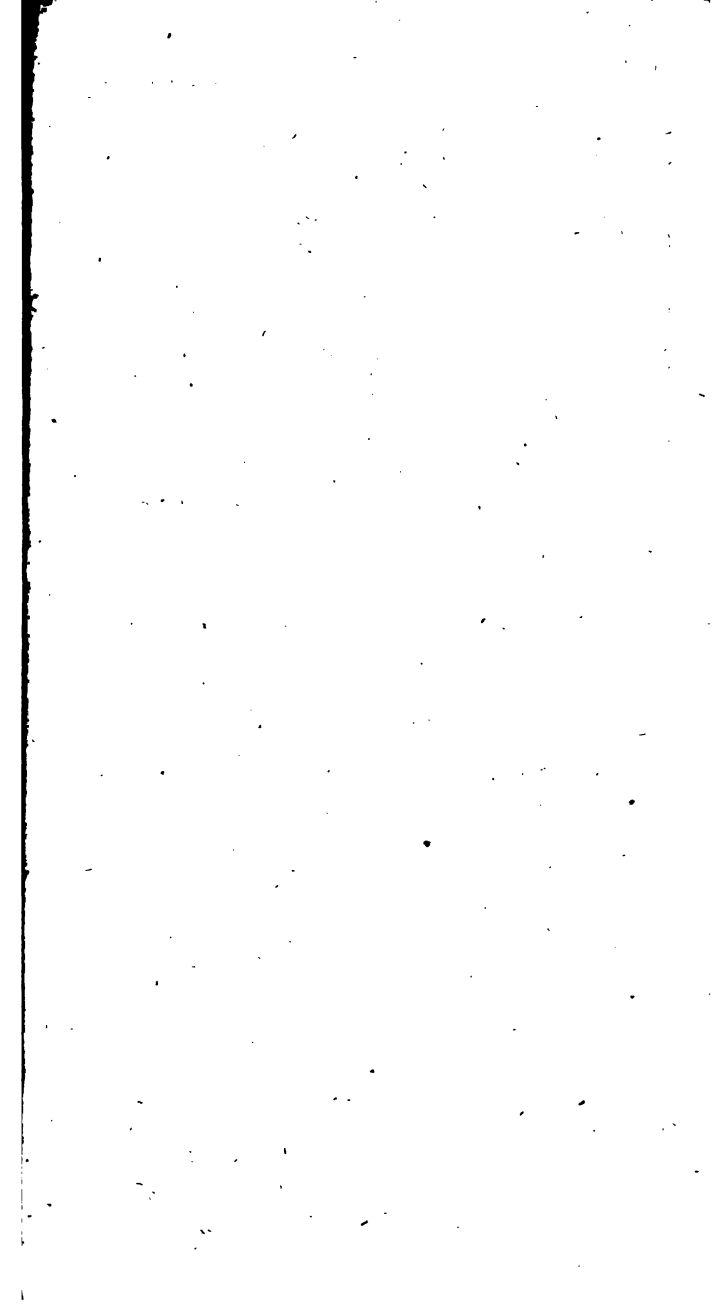
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Jas. Roberts del.

Published as the Act directs April 27 A. D. 1791.

J. Thornehill sculp.

M^{RS} MAHON in the Character of FANNY.

'How bountiful has Providence been, in allotting me such humane benefactors!'

BELL'S EDITION.

THE
ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

A COMIC OPERA.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE
VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE.

AS PERFORMED
IN THREE ACTS,

AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book

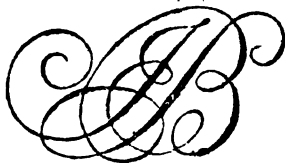
By *PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,* .-

By Mr. WILD, Prompter.

THE MUSIC BY
SIG^r. NICCOLO PICCINI.

"Virtue never will be remov'd
"Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n."

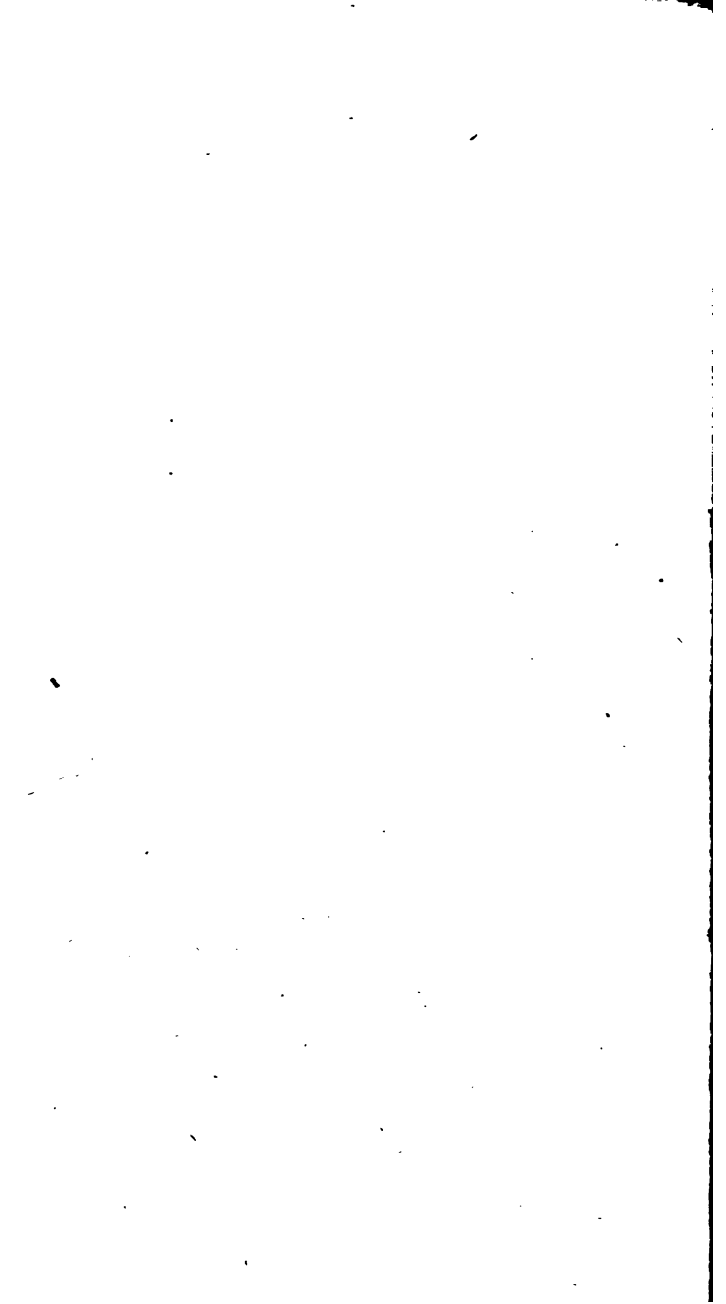
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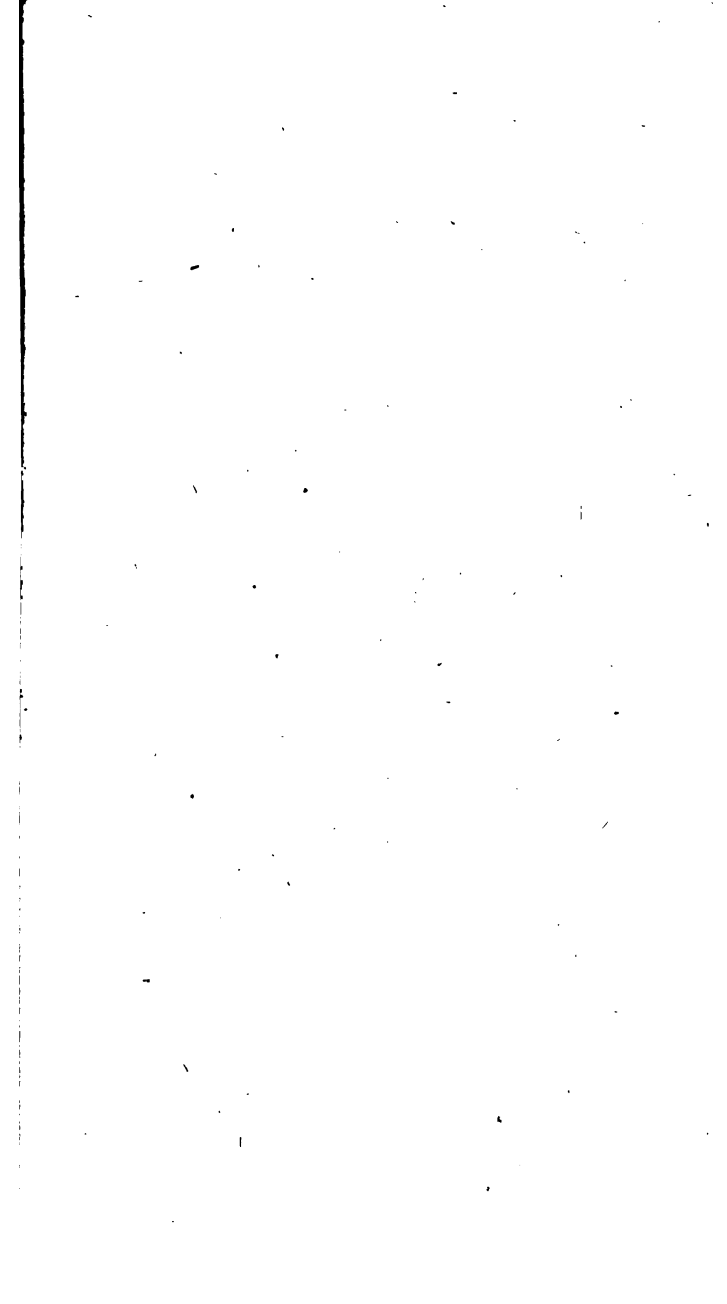


L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXXI.





Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord Bellmour, in Love with } *Mr. Mattocks.*
Fanny.

Sir John Lofty, contracted } *Mr. Du-Bellamy.*
to Lady Lucy.

Kreigsmann, a German Offi- } *Mr. Shuter.*
cer.

Robin, a Gardener, in love } *Mr. Dibdin,*
with Fanny.

Lady Lucy, Sister to Lord } *Mr. Pinto.*
Bellmour.

W O M E N.

Fanny, her Chambermaid, a } *Mrs. Mattocks,*
Foundling.

Finet, Governess to Lady } *Mrs. Thompson.*
Lucy.

Susan, a Dairy-Maid, in } *Mrs. Baker.*
love with Robin.

An old Woman, Nurse to Fanny.

Sportsmen, Servants, Ruffians, &c.

S C E N E

At, and near, Lord Bellmour's Country Seat.

A TABLE of SONGS.

A C T I.

A I R	Page
I. <i>How delightful is the morning,</i>	1
II. <i>When you discover</i>	2
III. <i>When men pursuing,</i>	ib.
IV. <i>I did not mean the love</i>	3
V. <i>Oh! how cruel is my fate,</i>	5
VI. <i>While her charms my thoughts employ,</i>	7
VII. <i>Search thro' the world, fir,</i>	9
VIII. <i>Love and beauty mildly reigning,</i>	10
IX. <i>* Bring, ye tedious hours,</i>	ibid.
X. <i>I hate a proud, a saucy flirt,</i>	12
XI. <i>See a poor, a friendless creature,</i>	14
XII. <i>Come, dire revenge, inspire me,</i>	15
XIII. <i>Forlorn I wander, (Quintetto.)</i>	17

A C T II.

XIV. <i>Where is my dearest Fanny gone!</i>	19
XV. <i>Oh! my Fanny, thy true swain,</i>	21
XVI. <i>Dere pe de drumbets, horns, and trums,</i>	22
XVII. <i>Tho' in my breast contending,</i>	23
XVIII. <i>Tho' the key hole I was peeping, (Duetto)</i>	25
XIX. <i>I know his soul disdains</i>	26
XX. <i>Off, my lord, pray forbear, let me go</i>	27
XXI. <i>Come and see the lovely creature,</i>	30
XXII. <i>Come, balmy sleep, relieve my woes,</i>	ibid.
XXIII. <i>Madam, we have seen it all (Quintetto.)</i>	31

A C T

A TABLE of the SONGS.

A C T III.

A I R	Page
XXIV. * <i>Some men with artful praise,</i>	35
XXV. <i>Doubts and fears are gone,</i>	36
XXVI. <i>Soothing hopes excite me,</i>	37
XXVII. <i>My heart in soft, relenting</i>	38
XXVIII. <i>I saw the black, the brown, the fair,</i>	39
XXIX. <i>Aw! 'vat a bleasure, choy, and telight,</i>	40
XXX. <i>The merchant fraught with treasure (Duetto)</i>	43
XXXI. * <i>Thus the sun at morn appearing</i>	44
XXXII. <i>My charmer's hand thus pressing (Finale)</i>	46
XXXIII. <i>Love, when constant hearts unites (Chorus)</i>	47

N. B. The three songs marked * were not originally in this opera; but are the composition of the same master.

P R E F A C E.

THIS drama is a translation from the celebrated Italian comic opera of Goldoni, *LA BUONA FIGLIUOLA*; which, as it owes its origin to an English story, I hope it will not be thought presumptuous to endeavour to restore it to its native country, with all those additional embellishments it has received by travel; I mean that of being formed into an opera, by so celebrated a writer as Goldoni; and that greatest improvement, Italy was capable of bestowing on it, being set to music, by that inimitable composer, Signor Niccolo Piccini.

Goldoni, in his Preface, says; "To render a performance worthy the regard and attention of the lovers of the theatre, he had chosen a story wherein the most amiable character of innocence, was blended with lighter comic ones; to raise those laudable sensations in the mind, which create the mixture of *Utility and Delight.*"

This

This translation is attempted, so as to be sung to the original music, as performed in Italy; wherefore, the versification, it is hoped, will be considered, as subservient to the musical expression; and of course cannot have that perfect harmony in poetry, which otherwise might have been given to it, had it been free from that restriction. As the music of this opera has always been esteemed the most capital work of that great composer Piccini, the translator thought it more just, to give up the claim to poetical harmony, rather than make the least infringement on the musical accent. He likewise flatters himself, that it will not be less acceptable to an English audience, by the dialogue's being without the incumbrance of recitative. All other alterations were made to adapt it to the English stage; by giving to some characters, such employments in life, as are more suitable to the customs of our own country.

Should this first attempt of bringing an entire Italian musical composition on the English stage, by applying our language to the harmony of their most eminent composer, prove acceptable to the public, the translator's intention is fully answered, as it may be the means of exciting some abler genius to tread the same path.

N. B. This OPERA is translated to the original music, performed at Rome in the year 1760.

T H E

ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

A Garden. FANNY discovered at a Distance gathering Flowers.

HOW delightful is the morning,
Nature's richest stores adorning
All the gay enamell'd ground;
Herbs and flow'rs each sense regaling,
Ev'ry breeze rich odours stealing,
Spreads the grateful fragrance round.

How bountiful has Providence been, in allotting me such humane benefactors! who by kindness convert misfortunes to a blessing, and prevent every painful reflection which I must feel, in not knowing the place of my birth, or who my parents were.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Good morrow to you, Fanny.

Fan. Robin, good morning to you.

Rob. What are you about? I saw you busy, and am come to help you.

B

Fan.

2 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fan. I thank you; I was only gathering a few flowers for my lady's dressing room, and I think these will be sufficient. How beautiful they look! how sweet they smell! what pity they should fade so soon.

Rob. They are indeed very pretty; but there's a flower that, when it is properly cultivated, is much more beautiful, and more lasting; but I'm afraid you don't know it.

Fan. Oh dear! tell me the name of it.

Rob. 'Tis called the flower of love.

Fan. I never heard of it; where does it grow? I long to carry some to my lady.

Rob. It is indeed scarce, but I'll tell you where it may be found, and how you may know it.

*When you discover
A faithful lover,
Who from his truth will ne'er depart,
Then's in your power,
Love's choicest flower;
If grafted in an honest heart.*

Fan. If that's the flower, I believe it is scarce enough; I remember now to have heard of it; but they told me, that, tho' it look'd so very pretty, it was dangerous to gather; so I never sought after it; and the description given, was quite the reverse of yours.

*When men pursuing,
Girls to their ruin,
Boast that Love's flow'r in the heart sweetly blows;
Tho' they protest and swear,
Maids run the subtle snare,
None e'er could tell where constancy grows.*

Rob. There's a flower something like it, which is reckon'd a poison; but the true one you will find in the heart of your faithful Robin: take it, my dear, Fanny, and—

Fan. Hush, Robin; I can hear no more of this language; I have told you my sentiments before, and beg you will desist.

Rob.

Rob. What, have you no pity?

Fan. Yes, as much as you can desire.

Rob. And no love?

Fan. Yes, and love too, if you will be content with that which I should give to a brother, or a friend; the only love I can receive, and the only one I can give in return; let me desire, therefore, you will rest satisfied, that I so far take kindly your well-meant professions, that, if it ever be in my power to shew my sense of them, you shall see I will not be ungrateful.

Rob. And may I then hope, my dear Fanny?

Fan. Mistake me not, good Robin! your love I can never requite, but with friendship; deceive not yourself by an expectation of what can never happen: that affection which is lost upon me, may make some other happy: and one, perhaps, who, by being better qualified to make you so, may better deserve that affection. Good morning to you. [Exit.]

Rob. Unkind girl, good day to you. Well, I don't despair; tho' she now only promises to love me as a brother, who knows but one day we may be nearer related.

*I did not mean the love
Which friends and kindred prove;
If that is all she'll give,
I'll strive content to live.
Perhaps a brother's tender name,
In time may light a kinder flame;
And sister change for life,
To dear and loving wife.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Garden.

Enter FANNY, and Lord BELLMOUR, meeting.

L. Bell. Ah! Fanny here, fortunate opportunity. You are abroad early this morning, Fanny.

Fan. My lord, I have been gathering these flowers for my lady's dressing-room, against the rises.

R 2.

L. Bell.

4 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

L. Bell. You are a good girl, and the diligent attention you constantly pay to our service shall not be unrewarded.

Fan. The least remissness in duty, my lord, to benefactors, who have been so liberal, would be wholly unpardonable: especially as duty is the only return I can make for your bounty.

L. Bell. What has been already done, Fanny, is but little, compared to what I wish still to do for you; and I hope you will be grateful.

Fan. I hope, my lord, I ever shall be so; has your lordship any commands?

L. Bell. Why in such haste to be going?

Fan. To carry these flowers.——

L. Bell. Oh, you have time enough for that; my sister is no early riser, and I have something to say—— Tell me, Fanny, have you ever been in love?

Fan. My lord!

L. Bell. Come, my sweet girl, let me hope the gratitude you shew in your constant endeavours to please, is not without some mixture of a more tender nature; and that——

Fan. My lord, I humbly beg leave to go.

L. Bell. You must not, I cannot part with you—Oh, my hard fortune; that it should be disgraceful to my rank, to acknowledge a passion so well justified by the charms of my fair one. My dear Fanny, tell me, should I love you with the utmost ardour and sincerity—Why do you tremble?

Fan. Forgive me, my lord, I cannot stay.——

L. Bell. You must, you shall, I will not lose this opportunity.

Fan. Indeed, my lord, I ought not, therefore excuse me, I will not stay.—— (Runs off.)

L. Bell. Foolish girl! yet how graceful was her confusion? She must, she shall be mine. I may perhaps overtake her. [Exit.

Enter

Enter SUSAN, with a Milk-pail.

*Oh! how cruel is my fate,
All my life to work like a slave;
Forc'd to labour early and late,
Neither pleasure nor comfort I have.
To a girl so young and tender,
Some help, Oh quickly lend her,
To carry so heavy a weight.
Oh! how cruel is my fate,
Forc'd to labour early and late.*

Oh dear! 'twas not always so; time was, when Robin would have carried my pails, and have thanked me into the bargain; but he is turned false-hearted, and has left me for an upstart minx—Hey ho!

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. How vexatious! she flew like lightning. Ha! this wench is Fanny's companion; her assistance may be useful.—Suppose I forget my rank a-while—O tyrant love! to what condescensions and little artifices dost thou reduce us?—How do you do, Susan?

Su. Thank your honour, I am very well.

L. Bell. You look as fresh as a new blown rose this morning.

Su. Your honour is pleased to joke me.

L. Bell. Indeed I don't, set down your pail—I have something to say to you.

Su. La, your honour, the milk will be cold.

L. Bell. Pshaw! set it down—I stand in need of your assistance.

Su. Suppose he should be in love with me. (*Aside*)

L. Bell. But before I trust you with this affair, tell me, and tell me sincerely, was you ever in love?

Su. Sir!—so, so —

L. Bell. Do you know what it is to be in love?

Su. Why—why—

L. Bell. Come, come, tell me.

Su. Why—yes, Sir,

6 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

L. Bell. And can you pity the pangs that lovers feel?

Su. Yes, Sir.

L. Bell. Then hear me—but I charge you be secret.

Su. Yes, I will, Sir—'Tis plain enough, he is in love with me. *(Aside.)*

L. Bell. I am deeply enamoured—and it is in your power——

Su. Your honour may command me freely.

L. Bell. Very well—I love——

Su. Yes; so your honour said before.

L. Bell. And dost thou know the beauteous object of my passion?

Su. I believe, Sir, I can guess.

L. Bell. As you hope for my future favours, I charge you be secret.

Su. Oh, yes; I never tells tales.

L. Bell. I love Fanny to distraction.

Su. Fanny!—*(Looks disappointed and confused.)*

L. Bell. You are intimate with her; among yourselves, you girls often talk of your admirers; do you privately mention my passion to her, and persuade her to make a proper return. I have attempted to tell her, but she ran from me, to avoid giving an answer—perhaps she will not be backward in speaking her mind to you.

Su. Please your honour—I must make bold to tell you—thou' I am but a poor, simple girl—I don't care to do any such thing.

L. Bell. Poch! silly; why won't you oblige me? it will make me your friend for ever, and I will reward you beyond your wishes.

Su. Then, Sir, to be sure, I will do what your honour commands.

L. Bell. Tell her she has inspired me with a passion, whose violence I cannot resist—tell her, that her charming eyes have captivated my heart; tell her, I doat upon her, and cannot live without her.

Su. Yes, your honour; I'll be sure to say so—but if I am not even with them. *(Aside.)*

(Curties and retires watching.)

L. Bell. How absolute a tyrant is this passion! I almost blush to be thus subdued, and yet am proud of

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

of it—'Tis an infatuation bordering upon phrenzy—
reason has no power, every word and thought is fond-
ness and Fanny.

*While her charms my thoughts employ,
All is rapture, all is joy ;
When she speaks, how sweet to hear,
Modest, graceful, and sincere :
In her lovely shape and face,
Center ev'ry charm and grace ;
Sure never nymph was half so fair.*

*Not the idle, giddy, vain,
Nor the wanton flirting train,
Did my cautious heart ensnare ;
Not their artful, subtle wiles,
Nor their soft deluding smiles,
Charming Fanny triumphs there.*

[Exit.

SUSAN, comes forward.

Su. Tell her, speak to her—yes, to be sure!—
thank you for nothing ; I am not such a fool neither—
they say Love is blind, so it seems truly—for I think
I have as good pretensions to a gentleman sweetheart,
as any girl in the parish. The men are all bewitched,
I believe, both high and low—I'll be revenged of my
lord, I'll warrant him, for I'll go and tell my lady.

Enter Sir JOHN LOFTY.

Sir John. Good morrow, pretty lass.

Su. Your servant, sir.

Sir John. Do you belong to this house ?

Su. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. Is your lady stirring ?

Su. I can't tell, sir ; I have been out of the house a
long while.

Sir John. Will you enquire ; and if she is, let her
know

8 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID:

know I am impatient to have the honour of seeing her?

Su. Who must I say you are, sir?

Sir John. Say, Sir John Loftly is come to wait on her?

Su. Oh la! this is the gentleman she is going to be married to. This is so lucky! the charmingest opportunity to send it round to my lady.—Adod, I'll venture. (*Aside.*) I make bold to wish you much joy, sir; I will let my lady know directly; she is goodness itself; you will be vastly happy with her: Heaven bless you both together, I say!—but I'm afraid—'tis a great pity to be sure—I am very sorry for it—but 'tis not her fault, poor lady.

Sir John. Ha! what does the wench mean?

Su. Sir—I scorn to speak ill of any body; but—if you knew all, sir—'tis no business of mine—your servant, sir.

Sir John. This must mean something sure!—I'll humour it. (*Aside.*) Come hither, child, and tell me what is the matter? here's something to buy you a top-knot.

Su. Thank you, sir—Why, sir, you must know—but you won't tell?

Sir John. No, no.

Su. My lord will never forgive me,—if he should know that I told any body.

Sir John. He shall know nothing of the matter.

Su. For, to be sure, it does not become servants to be tittle tattling of their masters and mistresses affairs, and telling the secrets of a family to strangers, you know, sir.

Sir John. Well, well; but you may tell it to me; it seems to concern me.

Su. It does indeed, sir; you are going to be one of the family, and so there can be no harm in it.

Sir John. Not in the least, let me know what it is.

Su. And so I think I may venture to tell you; but I would not willingly do a wrong thing for the whole world.

Sir John. Come, come—keep me no longer in suspense.

Su.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 9

Su. You must know, sir; that my lord is fallen desperately in love. —

Sir John. Pooh! — is that all?

Su. All, sir! yes, sir.

Sir John. Well, and who is the lady?

Su. The lady, sir! — Ay! — that's the case. — She is no lady, sir, I assure you.

Sir John. What is she?

Su. A strange girl, that was brought up by charity, sir; and nobody can tell who she belongs to.

Sir John. Indeed!

Su. My lady took her into the house, to learn to be a servant; and my master is fallen so desperately in love with her, that I verily believe he intends to marry her, sir.

Sir John. How! to marry her! Is that possible?

Su. I assure you 'tis very true, sir. — I think I shall be even with him now. [*Aside.*

Sir John. But, child, how should you know this?

Su. Sir, I heard him say so his ownself.

Sir John. Ay! — should it prove so, I must consider well before I take his sister for a wife.

Su. I am so sure, that I am ready to take my Bible oath of it.

Search thro' the world, sir, you never will find

A girl more discreet, or to truth more inclin'd:

Envy and malice, I boldly defy

To prove that I slander, or flatter, or lie.

My simple master — but I'll say no more,

That wheedling creature — I've told you before.

That's all I say,

I wish you good day,

For I cannot stay.

[Exit.]

Sir John. Strange! that people should debase their rank and birth! — It behoves me to use deliberation. — Though I sincerely love lady Lucy, and am perfectly satisfied with the choice I have made; if this girl's tale be true, such an alliance will bring disgrace upon my family. — Perhaps

10 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Perhaps 'tis not too late to prevent it; I will immediately try; and endeavour to act with a dignity becoming a descendant from illustrious ancestors.

*Love and beauty mildly reigning,
Gently sooth my captive heart;
Rigid honour, both disdaining,
Fiercely plays a tyrant's part.
Fondest love we may controul,
Or by time, or absence cure;
Sacred honour in the soul,
Should unstain'd thro' life endure.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

A Saloon, with a Prospect of the Garden.

Enter Lady Lucy.

L. Luc. How agreeable is this abode of peace and tranquility! how infinitely preferable to the noise and bustle of the town. Here we breathe the purest air, and enjoy the beauties of nature in perfection. Yet cannot I be happy, while the object of my love is absent; his presence would brighten every prospect, and compleat my joy.

*Bring, ye tedious hours,
The man my heart adores,
My love-sick soul to cheer;
Retir'd from pomp and noise,
We'll taste the tranquil joys
Untainted, flowing here.*

Enter FINET.

Fin. My lady, Sir John Lofty is come to wait on your ladyship.

L. Lu. Run, fly; tell him I am impatient to see him.

Fin.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 11

Fin. Ay, to be sure! my lady is in a great hurry.

[*Aside and Exit.*]

L. Lu. How sweet is the assurance of a reciprocal affection! I may, truly, think my lover's heart doth perfectly sympathize with mine, he comes so opportunely to my wish.

Enter Sir JOHN and FINET.

Fin. Pray walk in, sir,—Bless me! how can a man move so slow-towards his bride?

L. Luc. Good morning to you, sir John.

Sir John. Lady Lucy, your servant.

L. Luc. Bless me! are you not well? your countenance has lost its usual chearfulness.

Fin. Indeed, I think so too; he looks quite stupified.

L. Luc. Pray inform me, what is it affects you?

Sir John. I am to ask your ladyship's pardon;—something indeed hangs heavy on my mind. My temper ought to be known to you. When strong suspicion makes my heart uneasy, I cannot, I would not wish to conceal it; but let my countenance always declare my real sentiments.

Fin. Have I liv'd to see one sincere man! To be sure he is a prodigy.

[*Aside.*]

L. Lu. What can this mean? Suspensions! of whom? pray explain yourself.

Sir John. I am informed your brother is in love with a low bred girl.

L. Lu. My brother!

Sir John. Nay, more; that he is so extravagantly infatuated, 'tis to be fear'd he will disgrace his noble family, by marrying her.

L. Lu. Is it possible? who is she?

Sir John. One in the house, whose parents are unknown. Is there not such a person?

L. Lu. There is; yet I know not how to suspect her of an indiscretion—Are you well informed?

Sir John. I think I am.

L. Lu. I hope it will not prove so: the girl has a prudence uncommon at her years; and I think I know my

my brother's principles too well. Yet, supposing he should imprudently yield to the force of an unruly passion, and demean himself by so unequal a match, would his actions deprive me of your affections?

Sir John. I know not——the question is too nice—I cannot at present determine—allow me some time to consider. I love you with the tenderest, the sincerest passion; I doat on you to distraction; and the thought of losing you is insupportable. Yet I ought not to bring disgrace on my family. Endeavour, before it is too late, to prevent this misfortune; and think how strong that motive must be, which can tear me from you. [Exit.

L. Lu. Amazement deprives me of the power of speech.

Fin. Why, my lady, this agrees exactly with a thing that Susan told me happened in the garden, this morning. My lord wanted to bribe her to assist him.

L. Lu. Indeed!

Fin. Notwithstanding Fanny's demure looks, in your ladyship's presence, I believe she has more mischief in her heart than we are aware of, and more art to disguise it.

L. Lu. Can such be the return for all my care! have I nursed a serpent in my bosom, to sting me in the tenderest part! must I, for her, lose the man I love!

Fin. There is seldom any good comes of educating girls above their station in life.

L. Lu. Where is she?

Fin. I will send her to you, and I hope your ladyship will severely reprimand the forward creature.

I hate a proud, a saucy flirt,

Who flaunts about so gay and vain:

Shall paltry girls, who sprung from dirt,

A noble lord presume to gain?

No longer now among girls we see,

Proportion kept in due degree,

All ape the airs of quality.

The lisp of the tongue, the tottering tread;

The flirt of the fan, the toss of the head;

They giggle, and stare at, whoever they meet,

And look so affected, it shocks one to see't.

[Exit.

L. Lu. I'll send the girl from hence immediately; she shall be reduced to her original state of penury and want, to mortify her pride and ambition. To avoid a rupture with my brother, I must stifle my anger awhile. Some excuse must be thought of. Here she comes.—How innocent she looks! The artful hypocrite! But passion would demean me; for the sake both of my pride and love, prudence must direct at present.

Enter FANNY.

Fan. In obedience to your ladyship's commands.—

L. Lu. Come hither, Fanny! I hope I shall always find you as good a girl, as you have hitherto proved, and ready to oblige me.

Fan. Your ladyship makes me blush to hear you speak so; my study and delight is to receive, and obey your commands.

L. Lu. Very well. In return for your good behaviour, I would not willingly omit any opportunity that offers for your advancement; I have none in my own family; but my sister Laura has taken a great liking to you, and desired me to send you to wait upon her; I have promised so to do.

Fan. Alas!

[*Aside.*

L. Lu. Why don't you speak?

Fan. If your ladyship does not chuse to keep me any longer—I am sorry my earnest endeavours to please are not acceptable—since your ladyship does not approve my services——

L. Lu. That is not the point. I only part with you to my nearest relation, for your own immediate advantage.

Fan. You are always increasing my gratitude; but, if your ladyship pleases, I would much rather continue under your protection, than reap the largest benefits elsewhere.

L. Lu. Do you say this from affection?

Fan. Indeed I do, I solemnly avow it.

L. Lu. If your affection for me does not consist in professions only, shew the sincerity of it, by a ready obedience.

C

Fan.

74 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fan. I humbly beg your ladyship's pardon—does my lord know?

L. Lu. 'Tis no concern of his; go, and get ready immediately.

Fan. I will obey your ladyship—but should his lordship—

L. Lu. Am not I your mistress? Do as I command.

Fan. You are, indeed, my honoured mistress and benefactress; yet would it not be uncivil to go—

L. Lu. What a civil lass you are grown! but no more words: at your peril get ready this instant.

Fan. I am most unhappy to have disobliged your ladyship.
(*Weeps and is going.*)

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. Fanny here! in tears! what can it mean? Where are you going? You look disturbed, sister! what has happened?

Fan. My lord—her ladyship is displeased with me; why, I know not—I am not conscious of any offence.

L. Lu. Dare you appeal from my commands!—Be gone this instant.

Fan. I obey.

*See a poor, a friendless creature,
Never knew a parent's care;
'Tis too cruel thus to treat her,
Oh! 'tis more than I can bear.
Yes, my lady, I will go,
Since you please to have it so.
Tho' deserted, helpless, poor,
Tho' I beg from door to door,
Gracious Heav'n will not desert
An innocent, an honest heart.*

[Exit.

L. Bell. For Heaven's sake, what is the meaning of all this?

L. Lu. Nothing, but that my sister has desired me to send her Fanny; and I cannot with politeness refuse the request; it will be greatly to the girl's advantage;
and,

and, as I shall soon leave this place, there is no proper employment for her here.

L. Bell. But, my dear sister, there is a difficulty, you perhaps are not aware of—Suppose I don't chuse to part with her?

L. Lu. No! what can be the reason for so absurd—

L. Bell. No matter—here she shall stay.

L. Lu. Have you considered what the world will say?

B. Bell. The world is at liberty to say whatever it pleases; I despise its censures or applause.

L. Lu. Indeed—very extraordinary this!—you chuse a very uncommon method of shewing a regard for your sister.

L. Bell. I have ever shewn you, the tenderest regard, and sincerest affection; as my sister, I highly esteem you; but, remember, I am, and will be, master of my own actions. [Exit.

L. Lu. So peremptory!—Sir John's intelligence was true then! My brother's designs are too evident, either to ruin the girl, or marry her. But it shall be my aim, by every means, to prevent his success in either; this obstacle to my wishes shall instantly be removed—Must my views of happiness give place to her's!—No—severely shall she feel the vengeance of a disappointed woman.

*Come, dire revenge, inspire me,
Thy dreadful force employ;
Pride and resentment fire me,
To blast their blooming joy.*

*Come fury, rage, disdain,
With all your fatal train;
Ruin, destruction, let them prove,
Ere I lose the man I love.*

[Exit.

S C E N E IV.

A Thicket; with a View of the Country.

Enter FINET and SUSAN.

Fin. You are sure you cannot tell where Fanny is gone?

Su. Indeed I can't; she went out crying, but I don't know which way; however, I am heartily glad her tricks are found out at last.

Fin. I never knew these upstart favourites come to any good; her mock-modesty had so far gain'd upon my lady, that no other servant was regarded; and nothing was right, forsooth, but what she said and did.

Su. I wish she was an hundred miles off, with all my heart; she is continually followed by all the young fellows hereabout.

Fin. I can't endure such forward fluts!

Su. There's Robin the gardener, who used to be very fond of me, has quite forsaken me, and is always dangling after her. I wonder what they can see in her, for my part.

Fin. Men have no taste, now a-days!—to admire such a little paltry chit! that nobody knows.

Su. I have heard she was found quite an infant, by the road side?

Fin. She was so; and I wish my good old lady had sent her to the parish work-house; she would not then have been the cause of so much mischief, and set the family in an uproar.

Su. To be sure her parents must be thieves, to leave her in that manner.

Fin. I believe she is some gipsy's brat.—

Su. Hush!—As I am alive, here she comes—let us watch her.

Enter

Enter FANNY.

Q U I N T E T T O.

Fan. *Forlorn I wander, scorn'd, rejected,
By ev'ry former friend neglected;
Where e'er I go, a load I bear
Of helpless life, and dark despair.*

Su. } *Pray, good madam, what are you doing?*

Fin. } *Pray, dear madam, where are you going?*

Fan. *Dearest friends, I cannot tell.
Adieu—farewell—
I go to find, a fate more kind—
A happier destiny,
Heaven has, I hope, in store for me.* [Going]

Su. } *See the fruits of your intrigues,*

Fin. } *Get you gone a thousand leagues.*

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. *Stay, my dear—Ah! Fanny, why
Will you from your true love fly?*

Fin. } *Yes, 'tis certain she must go,*

Su. } *And her train of lovers too.*

Fan. *Can you so inhuman be,
To insult my misery:
Have you lost all charity?* }

Su. } *We are sorry,—* (Sneering.)

Fin. } *Pray excuse the liberty.*

Rob. *Come, my dear, and let me prove,
('Tis all I ask) a sister's love.*

Fan. *Come then, Robin, and be my friend;
A poor, a helpless girl defend.*

Su. } *Robin, pray take her, and lead her away,*

Fin. } *His lordship, no doubt, her protector will pay—
Go on foolish cully—for what do you stay?
Booby, booby, take her away.*

Rob. *Is she my lord's?*

Su. } *Yes, 'tis true—*

Fin. } *The dainty bit is not for you.*

18 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Rob. *Stay there, stay there, stay where you are,
Of other men's girls I'll take no care.*

Fan. *In my ruin, all things join,
All the world 'gainst me combine.*

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. *Will you leave me, cruel fair!
Thus abandon'd to despair!
Where dost thou go? Ah! tell me where?* }

Su. } *With the gard'ner, sir, we gues;*

Fin. } *He's the happy, happy swain;
He alone her heart could gain.*

L. Bell. *With Robin!*

Su. } *Yes, sir, yes.*

L. Bell. *Hence, ungrateful wretch, be gone!
All my tender thoughts are flown;
Now you'll find, when 'tis too late,
Gentle love will turn to hate.*

Fan. *What will, alas! become of me,
Expos'd to want and misery?*

L. Bell. *Go to thy happy swain.*

Rob. *Go to my lord again.*

Su. } *Charming, charming; how they snub her!*

Fin. } *I wish, with all my heart, they'd drub her.*

Fan. *Hear, my lord—*

L. Bell. *No; get ye gone.*

Fan. *Hear me, you—*

Rob. *No; I have done.*

Fan. *Hear me, friends, for charity.*

Su. } *We're very sorry.*

Fin. } *Pardon our temerity.*

Fan. *Do you then no pity know?*

L. Bell. } *Go—*

Su. } *None to you will pity shew.*

Fin. } *With one lover not content,*

Rob. } *Now your jilting you'll repent.*

All. } *None to you will pity shew.*

Four. } *Gracious heaven, some pity shew.*

Fan.

[Sneering.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *A Wood.*

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. **W**HERE can she be ! Oh ! cursed foolish jealousy ! My impetuous temper too hastily took fire ; like a mad man, I spurned her from me, and now find her innocent. I feel I cannot live without her ; nor will I rest, till I have discovered her.

*Where is my dearest Fanny gone !
Where is the lovely wand'rer flown ?
How could my stubborn heart,
At such a rigid part ?
Barbarous fate ! fortune severe !
Where is my love ? Ah, tell me where.* [Exit.

S C E N E II. *Another Part of the Wood.*

Enter Sir John LOFTY and FANNY, guarded by some armed Men.

Sir John. Conduct this creature carefully to town : and deliver her safe to the person to whom this letter is directed.

Fan. Hear me, Sir, in pity.

Sir John. Away with her this instant, and your reward shall equal your diligence. [Exit.

Fan. Alas, alas, what will become of me ? [Exeunt.

Enter

20 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. O! poor dear Fanny, what are they going to do with her?—What a fool was I to believe such a story! I must be jealous truly! and so have lost her—Ay, I deserve it. I will follow and see what becomes of her, tho' I die for it.

—Here are some gentlemen shooting; I will ask them to help me to take her away from them. [*Enter some sportsmen.*] Let me beseech you, good gentlemen, to have compassion upon an innocent girl, and save her from villains; they have carried away my poor sister; and I am afraid they will murder her.

1st Sportsf. Which way are they gone?

Rob. By that tree.

2d Sportsf. How long since?

Rob. This moment, they are hardly out of sight; you will soon overtake them; I'll shew you! [*Exeunt.*]

Fanny and her guard are seen at the farther end of the stage. [*Enter the sportsmen.*] and they attack them. *Fanny runs to the front of the stage; the guards are beaten off, and one of them drops his sword.*

Fan. Robin has procured my liberty; but my unkind lord has cruelly abandoned me to distress and persecution.

Rob. My dear Fanny!

Fan. You have preserv'd my life.

Rob. May I now hope you will love me?

Fan. Give me time to recover myself—I am greatly terrified.

Rob. Come home with me, and rest yourself.—Gentlemen, I return you a thousand thanks.

1st Sportsf. Take care of your sister for the future.

2d Sportsf. Where do you live?

Rob. At Bellmour-Hall.

1st Sportsf. Oh!—Here's my lord.

Enter Lord BELMOUR.

2d Sportsf. Your lordship's most obedient.

L. Bell. Gentlemen, your most humble servant—
Ha! Fanny here!

[*Aside.*]

1st Sportsf.

1st Sportsf. Does this pretty lass belong to your lordship?

L. Bell. Yes, sir—How came she here?

2d Sportsf. Some men were forcing her away, and we have prevented them.

L. Bell. I am much obliged to you.

1st Sportsf. We are glad to have done any service that is acceptable to your lordship, and wish you a good day.

L. Bell. I return you my thanks—I wish you good sport.

2d Sportsf. You seem to promise yourself some, or I am much mistaken.——

[*Afide.*

[*Exeunt sportsmen.*

L. Bell. My dear girl, how happy am I to have found you; come with me, I will defend you against all future attempts.

[*Exit with Fanny.*

Rob. Oh la! oh la! Must I bear all this? He has snatch'd the precious morsel out of my mouth, when I thought I was quite sure of it. I saved her from being run away with; and when I had fairly coursed her down, comes another, and snaps her up.—What plaguy ill luck!—I shall go mad for vexation—I am quite desperate—I'll go hang myself, or drown myself—or—no—I'll kill myself with this sword I am determined, for what is life without Fanny?

Oh! my Fanny, thy true swain,

Will for thee this life resign——

But, my trembling heart says no——

Pray forbear, ah! don't do so——

Rise my courage, fear defy——

Now I am resolv'd to die.

[*Going to stab himself.*

Enter KREIGSMAN.

Kreigf. Hault!——[*Stops him.*] Der divel! Vat is dis?

Rob. Pray, sir, let me alone; I am a desperate man.

Kreigf. You be ein coward, ein boldroon, to run dyself drew for teshbair.—If thou wilt tie as cin clever onest mans, come to dee vars, and tie as ein soldier.

Rob.

22 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Rob. Yes—captain,—I will go along with you, and turn soldier, 'tis the only way to forget Fanny.

Kriegf. Aw! Vat is dat Fanny?

Rob. 'Tis a very pretty young girl, that I am in love with—and I have lost her.

Kriegf. Vat! Vil dee English mans pee in teshbair for de oomans! De Germans care nichts apout 'em: dey vil tie in de vars vid onnor, put never for ficht dryfels. Come, come mit me—dere pe oomans enough every vere.

Rob. Pray, fir, who are you?

Kriegf. I pe ein goot soldier, dat serve mein sheneral, I have been in England pefore, and now become again to search for ein yoong ferr.

Rob. I don't understand you; but be what you will, I'll go along with you; I can't bear to stay here—it was too cruel to snatch her away, just when——

Kriegf. Friend, friend; tinck nicht more of dee oomans, come mit me to de vars, and dou shalt pe happy; in de camb, dere pe all kind of teversions.

Dere pe de drumbets, horns, and trums,

Dere pe guittars, and dere pe ffes.

And dey altogetther blay;

Dere the nimpel lasses comes,

Singing, tancing, night and tay.

Ven de enemy pe var,

Trinka vine mit sholly poys;

If de enemy come near,

Den pe bush, and make no noise

Come to de camb, trive love away;

I'll go to fight, put you may stay:

Trink, and sing, and tance, and blay;

And pe merry night and tay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Parlour.*

Enter Lady LUCY and Sir JOHN LOFTY.

L. Lu. And so, you have conveyed the troublesome girl away?

Sir John. I have sent her guarded to town, where she will be closely confined; and my lord shall never see her more.

L. Lu. May I believe you are now satisfied?

Sir John. Yes, my dearest life, I am quite easy and happy.

L. Lu. I wish you always so, but for me——

Sir John. What means your ladyship?

L. Lu. I fear the fickleness of your temper; I must confess you had reason to be offended, but not with me. A sincere and encouraged lover, should not have made any action of my brother's, a pretence to forsake me.

Sir John. Forsake you! I never had the least intention——

L. Lu. You surely seem'd to threaten it, as if——

Sir John. Forgive me. Passion too often makes us propose things in haste, which in our cooler moments we find impossible to execute. This nice trial of my heart, has only convinced me, that I adore you with sincerity and vehemence, which will triumph over every other consideration.

Tho' in my breast contending

Tumultuous passions roll;

The conflict here is ending;

Love has possess'd my soul.

[Exit.

L. Lu. What he says is reasonable; but I must be fully satisfied, that his love and regard for me is free from all reserve.

Enter FINET and SUSAN, talking softly to each other.

Su. Well, I vow, I could never have thought of such a strange thing happening.

Fin.

24 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fin. I don't know how to tell it to my lady, it will be very disagreeable to her.

Su. We may tell it between us.

L. Lu. What is the meaning of that whispering?

Fin. Madam, does your ladyship know that Fanny—

L. Lu. Yes, yes; I know she is gone from hence.

Fin. But since that—do you tell the rest, [*To Susan.*]

L. Lu. Has any thing particular happened?

Su. Yes, and please your ladyship; soon after she was sent away—I have begun, now 'tis your turn. [*To Fin.*]

L. Lu. Why do you hesitate? Speak out.

Fin. Your ladyship must know——

L. Lu. What must I know?

Fin. That she is come back again.

L. Lu. How! Come back again?

Su. Yes, my lady.

L. Lu. Come back again!—Why?—Thro' what means?—Where is she?

Su. My lord has lock'd her up.

L. Lu. Is it possible, Sir John would deceive me? Or has my head-strong brother used some violence?

Fin. I wish they don't both deceive you.

L. Lu. Run you, and find out Sir John; tell him I wish to speak with him this instant. [*To Fin.*]

Fin. Yes, my lady,

L. Lu. Go you to my brother, and tell him, I desire the favour of seeing him directly. [*To Susan.*]

Su. I'll go this minute.

L. Lu. Yet stay—come back again—I have not yet determined what I shall say, I must consider—first let me know what Fanny is doing; from thence I may form some judgment how to proceed.

Fin. We are gone, madam——Come along.

[*Exeunt both.*]

L. Lu. Be quick, and bring me word here; that done, it will be time enough to go to Sir John, and my brother. What can I determine? How shall I act? That it should be in the power of such a creature, to give vexation to a heart like mine!

Re-enter

Re-enter FINET.

D U E T T O.

Fin. *Thro' the key hole I was peeping,
There I saw the girl a weeping;
First she raw'd, and then look'd sad,
I believe she's gone stark mad.* [Exit.

Re-enter SUSAN.

Su. *Round the room, I saw her walking,
Wringing thus her hands and talking;
Then she'd stop, and wildly stare,
Like a creature in despair.* [Exit.

Re-enter FINET.

Fin. *Look, I see his lordship come,
He is hast'ning to the room;
Some glad tydings sure he bears,
That will dry his fav'rite's tears.*

Re-enter SUSAN.

Su. *Tho' I met my lord just now,
Yet I could not speak, I vow;
Nor have I the message told,—
He might think I was too bold.*

Fin. *See Fanny's coming out!—
Where can she be roving?*

Su. *His lordship follows quick,—
They seem very loving.*

Both. *'Tis an intricate affair,
We had had better to declare,
We'll have nothing more to do.
Madam, we are forc'd to own,
There is nothing can be done,
Please to give us leave to go.* } [Aside.
} [Exeunt.

D

L. Lu.

L. Lu. Perplexing beyond measure! I wish to avoid disobliging my brother—some expedient must be devised—I will see Sir John, and ask his counsel; he will not surely forsake me, after the solemn vows and protestations he has so repeatedly made.

*I know his soul disdains
All falsehood, fraud and art;
Strick honour nobly reigns,
Triumphant in his heart.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV. A Chamber.

Lord BELLMOUR, and FANNY, discovered.

Fan. My lord, I humbly beg permission to go.

L. Bell. Where?

Fan. To throw myself at my lady's feet, and implore her forgiveness for the confusion and uneasiness which I have innocently occasioned.

L. Bell. You shall not do it,—her present warmth of temper, may influence her to treat you in such a manner, as her cooler reason would, I am confident, disdain.

Fan. Yet surely, my lord, I ought to try: if she insists upon my going, I cannot stay: as her servant, 'tis my duty to obey.

L. Bell. My dear Fanny, you are very good.

Fan. Pardon me, my lord, I fear I do not merit your praise, or I should have gone, without hesitation, to Lady Laura; and (altho' her severe temper terrifies me) should not have caused such disturbance in a family, where I lay under the highest obligations.

L. Bell. 'Tis but a momentary storm, raised by an exceptionous and a hasty lover's breath.

Fan. That alone is a sufficient reason for my going; ought I to interrupt the happiness of my benefactress? I own myself wrong, I have acted in a very unbecoming manner; but will instantly make all the reparation in my power.

L. Bell. Come, come, no more of this; my sister is out of the question; she is very soon going; you shall stay and command here.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 27

Fan. My lord!——

L. Bell. Say you will love me; I will place you above the reach of malice or reproach: my whole fortune shall be at your disposal.

Fan. For goodness sake, my lord, no more.

L. Bell. Come, my charmer, say you will consent, and seal it with a kiss.

Fan. Pray, my lord, forbear, lest I forget the respect due to you.

L. Bell. Equipage and splendor shall attend you.

Fan. I disdain them. 'Tho' poor and friendless, I will not purchase grandeur with infamy.

L. Bell. 'Tis in vain to deny me——you must—— you must——

Fan. If you persist, I will fly from you, and shun you as my greatest enemy.

L. Bell. I'll follow you thro' the world.

Fan. For pity's sake, let me alone——good Heaven protect me!

*Off, my lord, pray forbear, let me go,
These are freedoms no maid must allow.
Too severe, too severe is the smart,
And the anguish that rends my poor heart.*

*Unhappy me, by ills inclos'd;
To e'ry insult thus expos'd.*

No, my lord, to virtue true,

All due respect I'll show.

What honour dictates still pursue,

Away—unhand me—let me go.

[Exit.]

L. Bell. How cowardly is vice! This girl's superior virtue appears with a dignity, that makes me despicable to myself. How charming was her honest indignation! Had I found her easy and complying, she might have gratified my passion, but could not have raised my admiration! Tyrant custom! That denies her virtue the reward I would joyfully bestow! Yet, to marry a woman, whom the world would treat with contempt——No, no,—it must not be—I cannot bear the thought—she shall go to my sister, and I will go to town; in the variety of amusements, I hope I shall soon forget her;

28 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

she will be properly situated—and I shall—I'll think no more; but give orders for my journey—and make my sister and her lover easy, by this conquest over my inclinations. [Exit.

SCENE V. *A Court-yard before Lord Bellmour's House.*

Enter KREIGSMAN.

Kreigf. Aw! dis is de blace. [Knocks at the gate.

Enter a Servant.

Whose house is dis!

Serv. Sir!

Kreigf. Who is de maister of dis house?

Serv. Lord Bellmour, Sir.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is right; I vou'd speak mit him.

Serv. I will let him know—my lord is coming this way. [Exit.

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

Kreigf. Are you de maister of dis house, mein herr?

L. Bell. Sir, the house is mine.

Kreigf. I vou'd sbake mit you.

L. Bell. I am at your service.

Kreigf. How long have you peen the maister of it?

L. Bell. I inherited it of my father; it has been in my family many ages.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is good, I have peen in dis condry before, and den der vas loose——

L. Bell. Stay; sir, before you proceed, I must desire to know, why you ask these questions, and by whom commissioned?

Kreigf. Py mein badron.

L. Bell. Who is your patron?

Kreigf. Ein, who ist not afraid or ashamed to be known to all de lords in the world—He is general of de cavalry, and ein paron.

L. Bell. Very well—now proceed.

Kreigf.

Kreigf. Mein herr—der vas—sday—how long? Aw! de many years bast—der vas—aw der devil—dis great blague to de Germans to shbake your English; dake dese babers mein herr, dey will dalk blainer I pelieve dan me. (*Lord Bellmour inspects them.*) Aw! I pring mein sheneral some good news, he will brefer me in de army, and I might come to pe ein sheneral.

L. Bell. What do I see?—and yet it cannot be—my fond hopes but mislead me—the time seems to correspond; but then the name——'Tis worth enquiry, however: if you will follow me, monsieur——

Kreigf. Der divel! Me monsieur! I pe ein German—I pe nicht monsieur—you must call me herr—never you ein German monsieur.

L. Bell. Well then, herr! Go with me into the house; I will send for a person, who can better satisfy your enquiries than myself.

Kreigf. Aw! Fat berfon?

L. Bell. One that remembers every transaction in this family; for more than double the time your letters mention; an elderly woman.

Kreigf. Ein old oomans?

L. Bell. Ouy, monsieur.

Kreigf. Der devil! Ich nicht monsieur.

L. Bell. I beg your pardon—but this woman——

Kreigf. De old oomans nicht do mein badron's business—I vant de young ferr.

L. Bell. There is a young one too who may perhaps—Fond busy hopes press not too far!

Kreigf. De young one—aw! Dat vill be goot——

L. Bell. Come, follow me.

Kreigf. Hark you friend—have you good rhine fine in the house?

L. Bell. Yes, plenty.

Kreigf. Aw! Tas is right, to trinka de rhine fine pe ferry goot for de healt.

L. Bell. You shall have as much as you please.

Kreigf. Hark you, friend, is de young ferr hansum?

L. Bell. Handsome!

*Come and see the lovely creature,
My delight, and pride of nature!
Sparkling eyes, to bliss inviting,
Ev'ry glance the heart delighting.
None with her we can compare,
She is the fairest of the fair.
Ah! come in, come in monsieur——
No, mein herr—excuse the word,
Let's be friends, put up your sword;
Trinka vine, be blyth and gay,
Sing, and drive old care away.*

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI. A Grove.

Enter FANNY.

To whom can I fly? Or who will now assist me?
From birth I have been the sport of fortune: O! When
will it desist from persecuting me?—Among all its cruel-
ties, the base designs of my lord, wound me the severest.
(*Sighs.*) Ungenerous man! to seek the ruin of a de-
fenceless orphan!—I am weary and can go no farther.
I will rest a-while under the shadow of these trees—Did
but I know my parents, I might fly to their protection;
they would correct my unexperienced youth, if it has
erred—But, ah! that happiness is denied, and I am
quite destitute. My eyes grow heavy; I will indulge
the call of friendly sleep, to ease my agitated mind;
and may the guardian powers of innocence protect me.

*Come, balmy sleep, relieve my woes,
In thy soft bands, my eye-lids close;
To my breast bring soft repose.* } [*Sleeps.*]

Enter KREIGSMAN, and Lord BELLMOUR's Servant.

Serv. This was the way, my lord was informed, she
went—if we could but find her.

Kreigsf. Aw! And if she broves to pe de oomans I
fant, I fill have de bleasure to kill mein badron mit shoy.

Serv. Let us look farther on——

Kreigsf.

Kreigs. Aw! Who is dis? [*Seeing Fanny.*

Serv. 'Tis her, and asleep—the very person we were looking for—Will you please, sir, to stay here, and watch her, while I go and acquaint my lord? [*Exit.*

Kreigs. Yaw, yaw, Aw! *Mein schatz.*

Fan. (Dreaming) Save me, save me, dear papa!

Kreigs. Ich believe she call me—no—she is shleeben. Aw! shleeben on, *mein schatz.*

Fan. (Dreaming) Come, and embrace your child.

Kreigs. Aw! I fill emprace mit dee.

Enter FINET and SUSAN: they stand observing KREIGSMAN.

Kreigs. She is fery hansum!

Fan. (Dreaming) Save your helpless child.

Kreigs. I pe ein happy German!—I feel—I nicht tell fat is de matter mit me.

Fan. (Dreaming) Dear papa, in pity come—

Kreigs. Dee boor little young ferr slaupen, and call for her baba!—

Fin. So, so, fine doings, truly!

Su. Well done, soldier.

Fin. How came you here?

Kreigs. Oomans, fat do you fant here?

Su. He's a man of taste.

Kreigs. Oomans, pekawn—

Fan. (Waking) Where am I?—what man is that?

Q U I N T E T T O.

Fin. } *Madam, we have seen it all,*

Su. } *As upon the bank you lay,*

With a soldier stout and tall,

You divert the hours away.

Fan. *Do I dream! How came I here?*

What's the matter? What d'ye say?

Ah! will fate be still severe!

Kreigs. *Dis young ferr pelong to me,*

[*To Fin.*

Get you gone, away, away;

[*and Su.*

I mit her alone fil shstay—

From mein badron I pe come,

[*To Fan.*

For to pring you shafely home,

Fan.

32 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fan. *Pray who are you, fir ?*
 Kreigf. *I'm a soldier—*
 Fin. } *Your dear lover.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *I pe sent to—*
 Fin. } *Yes, we saw you.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Let me shbake—mein sheneral—*
 Fin. } *We can't believe you.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *He did send me—*
 Fin. } *It is not true.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Here to find—*
 Fin. } *He don't know what to say.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Blague confound you, get you sway.*
 Fan. *I don't know.*
 Fin. } *But we know it well.*
 Su. }
 Fan. *I was sleeping—*
 Fin. } *And can you deny ?*
 Su. }
 Fan. *I know nothing—*
 Fin. } *Come, don't tell a lie.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Blague confound you, get you asay.*
 Fin. } *Saucy fellow, scurvy knave !* [To him.
 Su. } *My lord shall know how you behave.* [To her.
 Fan. } *Arm'd in conscios innocence,*
 } *I despise your insolence.*
 Kreigf. } *Oomans, oomans, get ye hence ;*
 } *Curse your rude inbertinences*

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. *Ab ! my charmer, come with me,
 Come, and taste felicity ;
 Ev'ry fear and doubt shall cease,
 Ev'ry hour bring joy and peace.*
 Fan. *O ! my lord—*

Fin.

- Fin. } *That confident buffy—*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Icb fas here—*
 Fin. } *Caressing his doxy.*
 Su. }
 Fan. *I know noth'ing—*
 Fin. } *She's fallen in love, fir.*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Aw! boor creature.*
 Fin. } *They were embracing—*
 Su. }
 Fan. } *'Tis not true, 'tis not true—*
 Kreigf. }
 Fin. } *Sir 'tis true—'twas just so—*
 Su. } *That's her fav'rite lover now.*
 M. Bell. *Embracing!*
 Su. *Thus, my lord.*
 L. Bell. *He her lover?*
 Fin. *'Pon my word.*
 Su. *Punish her, fir—*
 Fin. *And send her away.*
 Fan. }
 Fin. } *Now he's musing!—what will he say?*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. } [Aside.
 L. Bell. *Lovely creature, no more languish; [To Fan.*
(Foolish girls, I sent him here:
Go, and no more interfere.)
I am come to heal your anguish; [To Fan.
Stop! ah! stop that starting tear,
 Fin. } *Sure he's crazy!*
 Su. }
 Kreigf. *Dat is fel.*
 Fan. *Send this soldier, fir, away.*
 L. Bell. *He hath some good news to tell.*
No, my charmer, he must stay.
 Fan. } *Much good may't do you, noble fir: [To L. B.*
 Su. } *Much good may't do you, blusterer. [To Kr.*
 L. Bell. } *Insolent wenches, hence, and leave us.*
 Kreigf. }
 Fin. } *Is he so silly as not to believe us? [Aside.*
 Su. }
 L. Bell.

34 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

L. Bell. Give him your hand— [To Fanny.
 Fan. No, no, away.
 L. Bell. 'Tis my command, you must obey
 Fin. } Part them, sir, see what they do. [To L. B.
 Su. }
 L. Bell. } Saucy wenches, hence, begone,
 Kreigf. } Learn a due respect to shew.
 Fin. } Let us leave them, come along.
 Su. }
 Fin. } 'Tis provoking, can it be?
 Su. } Well, he'll heartily repent.
 Fan. } Must I know more misery?
 L. Bell. } Well stern fortune ne'er relent?
 Kreigf. } Come my dearest, you shall see
 Pleasure, joy, and true content.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. A Parlour.

Enter Lady Lucy, Sir John and Finet.

L. Lu. IS this possible?

Fin. Indeed, my lady, it was just as I tell you. It would make one die with laughing, to think that my lord should pretend to be so much in love with Fanny, and then leave her with a foreign soldier.

Sir John. Surely his love cannot be so violent, as we imagined.

Fin. A girl in low circumstances, with a pretty face, is sure to be mark'd out by intriguing men as a victim to ruin.

Sir

Sir John. Who can this soldier be ?

Fin. I don't know. My lord and he seem to understand one another very well.

L. Lu. I suppose my brother has properly considered the affair, and provided a husband for her.

Sir John. The more I think of it, the more extraordinary it appears in every circumstance.

Fin. I take it to be so common a case, that I am not in the least surprized at it.

*“ Some men with artful praise,
To girls will sigh and whine ;
And vain ideas raise,
To serve a base design.*

*The flatter'd lass,
Consults her glass,
And on the object dwells :
Sees all her beauties blooming,
Fantastic airs assuming !
And growing more presuming,
Cries, Yes, 'tis truth he tells.*

*Seduc'd by wheedling and fighing,
If she prove kind and complying,
How soon the delusion appears !
The subtle deceiver,
In triumph will leave her,
Nor heed her reproaches and tears.*

*Young maids in time take warning,
Such fly deluders scorning ;
From flatterers turn your ear,
Disdain their tales to hear,
They never, never prove sincere.”* [Exit.

L. Lu. I believe my governess judges very right ; what is your opinion, Sir John ?

Sir John. Tho' it may in general be too true, yet I could name a very strong proof of the contrary.

L. Lu. No doubt—you are sincerity and constancy itself.

Enter

Enter a SERVANT, with a letter.

Serv. For your ladyship.

[*Exit.*

L. Lu. 'Tis my brother's hand, will you give me leave, Sir John?—I see your name in the first line, so beg you will read it.

Sir John. (*Reads.*) “ Let my sifter's, and Sir John's
“ happiness be no longer delayed by scrupulous fears
“ for my honour and conduct. Fanny is no longer a
“ servant in this house, but is otherwise provided for.
“ My affections are plac'd on a baroness, the daughter of
“ an eminent general; a woman of honour and fortune.
“ I shall soon introduce her; and intend to compleat
“ the ceremony this day: if my friend's happiness
“ may be confirmed at the same time, it will double
“ that of

“ Your affectionate Brother,

“ BELLMOUR.”

Sir John. Blest fortune! May we rely on this?

L. Lu. You may—I know my brother's honour; he will not falsify his word.

Sir John. Then every obstacle is remov'd, and I am truly happy. Let us, my dearest love, prepare for the solemn union; and put it out of the power of chance to disturb our felicity.

*Doubts and fears are gone,
But sweet content remains;
Sorrow away is flown,
And love triumphant reigns.
In thy soft smiles, my fair,
In those consenting eyes,
I see the end of care,
And pledge of future joys.*

[*Exit.*

L. Lu. 'Tis a happiness, beyond expectation, to have these alarming fears so soon vanish: I could not have imagined, my brother would thus easily have conquer'd

conquer'd his attachment. But who can this baroness be?

Enter SUSAN.

Su. Madam, has your ladyship heard the news?

L. Lu. What news?

Su. That my lord is going to be married to Fanny!

L. Lu. Pshaw! Foolish! Why do you think so?

Su. Because I was just now told, he has ordered the steward to get every thing ready for a wedding, as fast as possible.

L. Lu. I know it—It is for mine.

Su. Indeed, I was told for certain, that he ordered it for his own.

L. Lu. That may be too; for he is to be married to a lady of quality.

Su. La, madam! How can that be, when—

L. Lu. Pr'ythee never trouble thy inquisitive brain how it comes about; be satisfied that it is so.

Su. And Fanny—

L. Lu. Is otherwise disposed of—begone—I desire to be entertained no further, at present, either with her or you.

Su. But, madam—

L. Lu. No more, I say, but vanish—I will not suffer the smallest doubt, to cloud the serene prospect of my present happiness.

*Soothing hopes excite me,
Happy hours invite me,
To banish ev'ry fear:
See love and joy attending,
Our constant hearts befriending,
A sweet reward prepare.*

[Exit.]

Su. So, Miss Fanny! Your high airs will be pull'd down at last; my lord has no farther occasion for you. I am glad of it—I thought how matters were going, when I saw my lord so intimate with the strange soldier. I would fain see her once again methinks; I suppose I shall find her hankering about my lord's dressing-room—It would be rude, not to bid the lady good bye—Yes—This is generally the end of all such conceited things,

E

as

38 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

as have a better opinion of themselves, than any body else has!—A saucy minx, to pretend to set herself up above me, and steal every girl's sweetheart in the parish! Oh! here's Robin; she inveigled him too: now she's sent packing, his dainty chops may come simpering to me again—and if he does—but hold—I'll make no rash resolutions, for fear of the worst.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Susan, is this true that I have heard?

Su. And pray what is it you may have heard?

Rob. Why, that my lord is going to be married to a great lady.

Su. Yes, it is very true. And is this all you have heard?

Rob. Yes.

Su. Then I can tell you more news; you may take leave of your fine miss Fanny.

Rob. Dear me, why so?

Su. Because she is going to be married, and sent away the lord knows where.

Rob. Married!

Su. Yes—to an outlandish soldier—she must now learn to wash her own linnen; tuck up her coats and follow the army into foreign parts, thro' all weathers: it is much more befitting for her, than setting herself up for a fine lady.

Rob. How can you talk so cruelly?—And where is she going?

Su. Among the Mallots and Blackamoors, for aught I know.

Rob. I am sure I am very sorry for it.

Su. O! poor fellow! have you lost your deary? Ha! Ha! Ha! I am glad of it—I suppose, I shall soon have you come cringing to me again; with a sorrowful face, and a whining tale—

Rob. And would you not take pity of me?

Su. I can't promise that—I don't know—remember what a false hearted wretch you have been—but who knows what may happen? A kind word may do something—yet I don't promise—No, no; nor I don't deny—I am very good natur'd.

My

*My heart is soft, relenting,
And easy to regain;
Your broken vows repenting,
A pardon may obtain.
Ah! poor forsaken fellow!
And must you wear the willow?
Come, never pine and grieve,
Don't despair, I may forgive.*

[Exit

Rob. 'Tis very hard upon me, that I must lose my dear Fanny: but since she is gone, I am resolved, I will never break my heart after any woman again as long as I live.—If Susan won't have me, I will look out for another; there is variety enough.

*I saw the black, the brown, and fair,
Each had charms a heart t'ensnare:
Prove they true, we bliss obtain;
If deceitful, grief and pain:
He that takes a wife on chance relies,
In the dark his fortune tries;
And lucky is he, that has a prize.*

[Exit

SCENE II. A Parlour.

*Enter Lord BELLMOUR, KREIGSMAN, and a SERVANT,
with a Bottle and Glass.*

L. Bell. Set down the wine, and leave us.

[Exit Servant.

Kreigf. Dis is all goot luck—Der Divil! Fie you nicht trinka?

L. Bell. Pray excuse me; I cannot in the morning.

Kreigf. De good rhine Fine nefer hurt any pody.

[Drinks.

L. Bell. The dear girl, as yet, is ignorant of her good fortune.

Kreigf. Fere is she?

L. Bell. She flew from us, and shut herself up.

Kreigf. I would see her, I wou'd shbake mit her.

L. Bell. She denied me admittance; but I have sent a woman to her, with whom she is very intimate; the very person who found her, eighteen years ago.

Kreigf. Aw! 'Tas is right, *Mein Herr.*

L. Bell. Her account agrees exactly with that in the letters you have produc'd; and she has inform'd me of some particular circumstances I did not know before.

Kreigs. Fat pe dey?

L. Bell. When she was found an infant by the road side, my mother ordered her to be taken care of, and call'd her Fanny. At her death, she recommended her to mine, and my sifter's care; I was too young to take any particular notice of the object, and the story was familiar to me: but when I return'd from my travels, I found her the most accomplish'd creature I ever saw.

Kreigs. She is her moder's bickure. Mein Badron, hafe shent many letters, put could nefer hear of her; put sen his son fas tie, he tid send me to find her.

L. Bell. (*Looking on the Papers.*) The mark on her neck!

Kreigs. I fish you shoy of dat. [Drinks.

L. Bell. The things found with her!

Kreigs. Choy of dat. [Drinks.

L. Bell. The time, the place, all correspond, and fully prove, my dear Fanny, my lovely girl, a baroness.

Kreigs. Aw! prave English mans! Mein Leeber Her! I fish you shoy of all togeder. [Drinks.

L. Bell. I am the happiest of mankind! The dearest wish of my heart is accomplish'd; I can marry her, without disgusting my family, or drawing on me the reproaches of the world—I fly to tell her—follow me—

Kreigs. We vilth sbake mit her, and ten I will go tirectly to de sheneral mein Badron, and fight de Durks—I nicht liff put sen I pe shopping off de heads of de enemy.

Aw! fat a bleasure, shoy, and telight,
Dis to be marshing out to de fight;
Drenshes pe oben, foes pe in fight:
Fen all de colours flying pefore;
And de loud dundering cannons do roar.

Quick to de preash we mount shord in bant,
Cutting and slashing all dat fidshtant;
Ich pe most happys fen I go fight,
War is my bleasure, shoy, and telight.

[Exit.
 SCENE

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID, 43

S C E N E III. *A Chamber.*

Enter FANNY.

Fan. How am I^s agitated by a variety of passions ! Fortune seems to sport with my anxieties.—Why am I here ?—Yet my nurse spoke so urgent, so persuasive—'tis strange ! Would I could see an end to—but I am the child of Chance, and, bound by birth-right to endure her chastisements.

Enter SUSAN.

Su. Your ladyship's most obedient. Is there any services I can do for your ladyship, before your ladyship goes away ?

Fan. Susan ! I don't understand you—

Su. No ! Sure your ladyship has a very pretty sound with it—and my lord has a very pretty look—and your ladyship has a pretty look—and I dare say, you would have made a very pretty couple.

Fan. I don't know how I have deserv'd this treatment, I never injur'd you.

Su. It did not happen to be in your ladyship's power—and yet 'tis a pity—for you would have made a sweet mistress of a family—I hope tho' you won't settle a great way off—we shall see you sometimes !—Oh !—yonder is my lord---your lord I mean ; I beg your ladyship's pardon---you may have some private business together, before you go away for ever ; I am sorry I am obliged to make my visit so short. Your ladyship's most obedient humble servant. *[Exit.*

Fan. How shall I behave---where shall I turn !

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. You are not going, Fanny ?

Fan. I don't know, my lord, how---I am quite at a loss---yet I have been assur'd, on your lordship's ho-

42 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

nour, I might venture to come *here*, without apprehension of danger.

L. Bell. You may, indeed.

Fan. I wait your commands.

L. Bell. Why do you tremble? I want you to get a nosegay.

Fan. Yes, my lord.

[*Going.*]

L. Bell. You don't enquire who it is for?

Fan. 'Tis my duty to obey, without asking questions.

L. Bell. Stay---you have more right to know it, than any person; the nosegay is for my bride.

Fan. Alas!---

[*Sighs.*]

L. Bell. How! Is my approaching happiness disagreeable to you?

Fan. No, my lord; 'tis my sincerest, my most earnest wish, and constant prayer; may you enjoy unbounded felicity.

[*Going.*]

L. Bell. Stay, Fanny; should not you like to know who is to be my bride?

Fan. I know she will be the happiest of women; it does not become me to enquire further.

L. Bell. You are more concern'd in it, than you at present imagine; she is a German baroness.

Fan. Permit me to depart.

L. Bell. Her name Louisa; she is remarkably handsome; but the beauties of her mind, far exceed those of her person.

Fan. For pity's sake, let me go---

L. Bell. I love her with extreme fondness; and shall, as long as I live.

Fan. How cruel to detain me.

L. Bell. (*Kneels.*) You are my charming Louisa, the idol of my heart.

Fan. Are my misfortunes become the mark of public sport; can your noble heart descend to mock me?

L. Bell. By the bright flame that glows within my bosom, 'tis truth I tell---Oh! stop those tears.

Fan. Let them plead for me; let them excite your compassion for a helpless orphan, expos'd to all the insults of cruel fortune, and persecuted by every means, that malice and envy can invent. Let me conjure you, my lord, in the name of your honoured mother---think of

of the noble precepts she taught; think of her dying request; and cease, Oh! cease, to torment me.

L. Bell. By the dear memory of her, you have invoked, I do not attempt to deceive you; you were born a lady.

Fan. It cannot be; 'tis beyond probability!—

L. Bell. Your name Louisa; your father a baron, a great general; he sent the officer you saw, to search for you; come with me, he is ready to clear every doubt, by the most convincing proofs.

Fan. Do not, my honoured lord, delude, or betray me—My heart throbs—What can I think?—What can I say?—

L. Bell. Be chearful, my dearest love; think it the reward of Heaven for your steady virtue; now you will consent to be mine, and make me the happiest of mortals.

Fan. Am I not Fanny? Am I not your servant?

L. Bell. You are my Louisa, the beloved of my heart.

Fan. May I believe? May I give way to hope?

L. Bell. Depend upon my honour, my sincerity, my love.

Fan. Yet I fear——

L. Bell. Banish your fears; the proofs are waiting to convince you, your consent is all that is wanting to compleat our felicity.

Fan. I fear you have read too plainly the sentiments of my unexperienced heart—I will no longer hesitate, but rely upon your honour.

L. Bell. Thus let me seize your hand, as the dear, dear pledge of every joy.

D U E T T O.

L. Bell. “ *The merchant fraught with treasure
By restless billows tost,
At length beholds with pleasure,
His wished-for destin'd coast:
On dangers past he thinks no more,
But fondly eyes the welcome shore.*

Fan.

44 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

Fan. *From noxious dews descending,
The lilly clos'd all night;
Itself from blasts defending,
Preserves its native white:
At morn unfolds its snow white leaves,
And vital heat and strength receives."*

L. Bell. *In thee each wish obtaining.*

Fan. *No more of fate complaining,*

Both. *What language can impart
The transports of my heart!*

L. Bell. *A thousand raptures fill my breast,
They glow intense in ev'ry vein;*

Fan. *Shall my tortur'd mind have rest?
Shall I know an end of pain?*

L. Bell. *Sorrow now no more shall wound thee,
Love and peace shall hover round thee.*

Both. *Joys unknown now fill my breast,
Joys too great to be express'd;
Am I with a parent blest!
O what transports fill my breast;
Joys too great to be express'd:
Of my utmost wish possess.*

*Fortune relenting,
Fond hearts consenting;
Prove ev'ry blessing
Mortals can know.
Thus to behold thee,
Thus to enfold thee;
Joys past expressing
Ever shall flow.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Grand Hall.

*Enter Lady Lucy. and Sir JOHN, FINET, SUSAN,
and ROBIN.*

L. Lu. It is not possible—I cannot believe it—my brother would not attempt so gross an imposition.

Sir John. I am unwilling to think he would, after the assurances he has given.

Fin.

THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID. 45

Fin. My lord and Fanny have been in his dressing-room some time.

Su. They are just gone very lovingly together into the parlour, where the soldier is.

Fin. I will engage it will prove so.

Su. I am sure of it.

Rob. Now 'tis my thoughts, my lord is too much of a gentleman to play tricks.

Enter Lord BELLMOUR.

L. Bell. Every thing is prepared; let us conclude the ceremony without more delay,

L. Lu. Where is your bride?

L. Bell. She is at hand.

Sir John. My lord, I cannot help looking on this affair in a very serious light.

L. Bell. A few moments shall convince you, I agree to your opinion; and am going to produce the proof of it. [Exit.

Sir John. I cannot help observing, that there is something very mysterious in all this.

L. Lu. After his public declaration, I have not a doubt remaining.

*“ Thus the sun at morn appearing,
Darts around a splendid ray;
All the face of nature cheering,
Drives the gloomy shades away,
In promise of a glorious day.”*

A Door opens in the Back SCENE.

Enter FANNY, handed by Lord BELLMOUR, and KREIGSMAN. An old Woman following them.

Fin. There, my lady!

Su. There, Sir! just as I said.

L. Lu. Imposing, deceitful man! [To L. R.

Sir John. Is this, my lord, the behaviour of a man of honour? 'Tis an insult that demands——

L. Bell.

46 THE ACCOMPLISH'D MAID.

L. Bell. If you find it such, you shall have ample satisfaction. This is the German baroness; these testimonials will prove it beyond a doubt. (*Gives the letters to L. Lucy and Sir John.*) This woman has the things which were found with her, they answer in the minutest article: examine them attentively, and act as reason shall direct.

[*L. Lucy, Sir John, and the old Woman retire.*]

Kreigsf. I remember (Fat do you call dat ting dere) it fas lose mit de shild fen wee marsh of a sudden in the tark night; and if any pody tout de drut of it, Der divel! I fil broof it, as becomes ein goot soldier.

[*Takes bold of his sword.*]

Fin. O! I believe it, sir!

Su. And so do I!

Rob. For my part—I always thought she was a lady, and too good for me. Well, Susan, shall we make up our quarrel, and do as our betters?

Su. I think I may as well take you now you are in the mind, or may hap you may slip through my fingers again.

L. Lu. These proofs are incontestible.

Sir John. My lord, I am fully satisfied, and ask your pardon.

Kreigsf. Der divel! I pe an honest German, and wear ein shword—

L. Lu. I need not repeat what my objections were, and am sincerely glad they are removed; I always lov'd her, and will most cordially continue it. May you be happy in each other.

Sir John. Accept, my lord, my hearty congratulations; let us be solemnly united, and forget the anxieties of the few past hours.

L. Bell. I join in every wish for our general happiness; nor can I doubt its proving truly so. Love, when founded on virtue, ensures felicity in marriage. Come, my love, my bride; foregoing pains give a double relish to succeeding pleasures.

Fan. I would willingly do my duty by all; but my heart is still wavering between fear and joy, and I cannot express as I ought, my acknowledgments of your favours; my future behaviour must convince you, I am not undeserving of your good opinions.

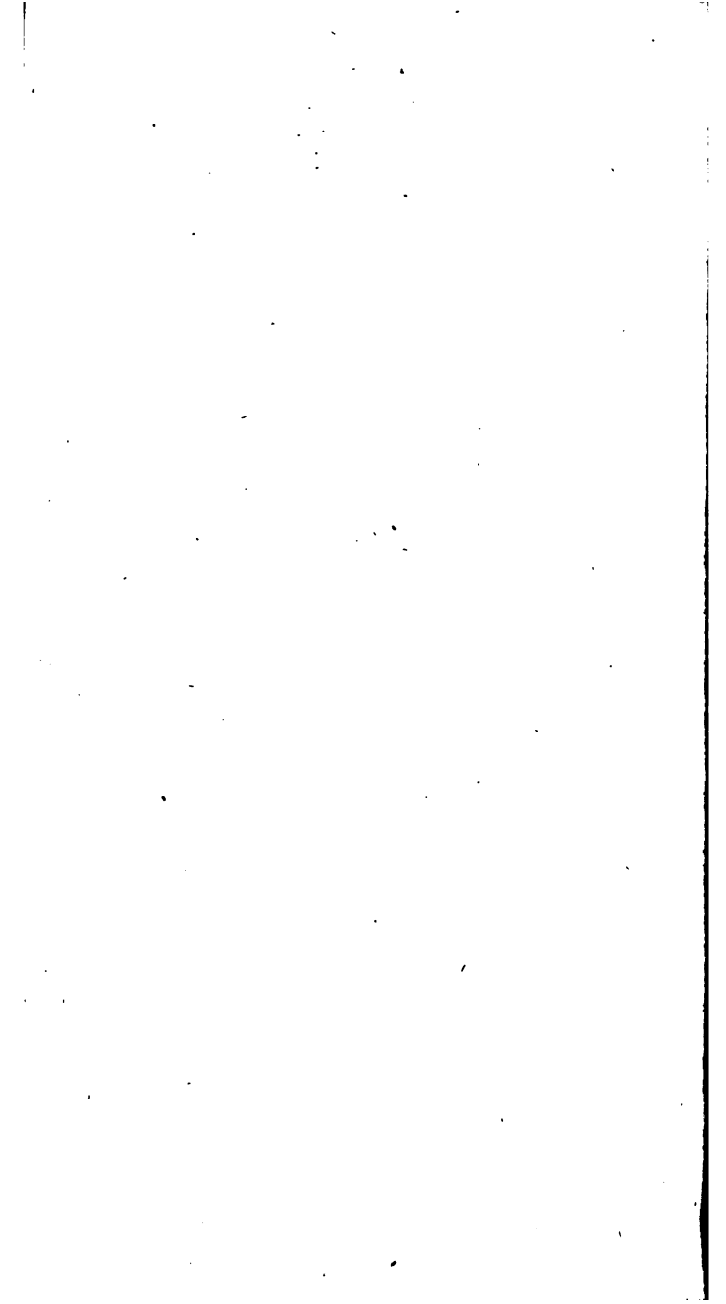
F I N A L E.

- L. Bell. *My charmer's hand thus pressing,
I'm ev'ry bliss possessing,
In thee, my dearest love.*
- Fan. *My heart with joy overflowing,
With gratitude now glowing,
Shall ever humble prove.*
- L. Lu. *A sister's love sincere,
I hope you won't refuse.*
- Sir John *Not knowing who you were,
Mademoiselle, pray excuse —*
- Kreigf. *(She nicht Mamzell
She is ein German—)*
- Fan. *I'll constantly endeavour,
To deserve your love and favour,
Your affection and regard.*
- Fin. } *Forgive us, good my lady.*
Su. }
- Fan. *Your pardon's seal'd already.*
- Rob. *Oh! pray forgive me too,
For daring to love you;
Forgive for charity.*
- Fan. *I thank, and will reward,
Your care and honesty.*

C H O R U S.

*Love, when constant hearts unite,
Rewards their pangs with true delight:
To make the gen'rous passion last,
Let truth, and virtue, bind it fast.*

END OF THE OPERA.



Robert A.

M.

LIONEL and CLARISSA.



Published for Balls Bridge Theatre July 20 1781.

Desmond

*"BADDELEY in the Character of CLARISSA
"Can you forsake me?"*

5
BELL'S EDITION.

LIONEL and CLARISSA:

OR, A

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS.

A COMIC OPERA.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

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DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

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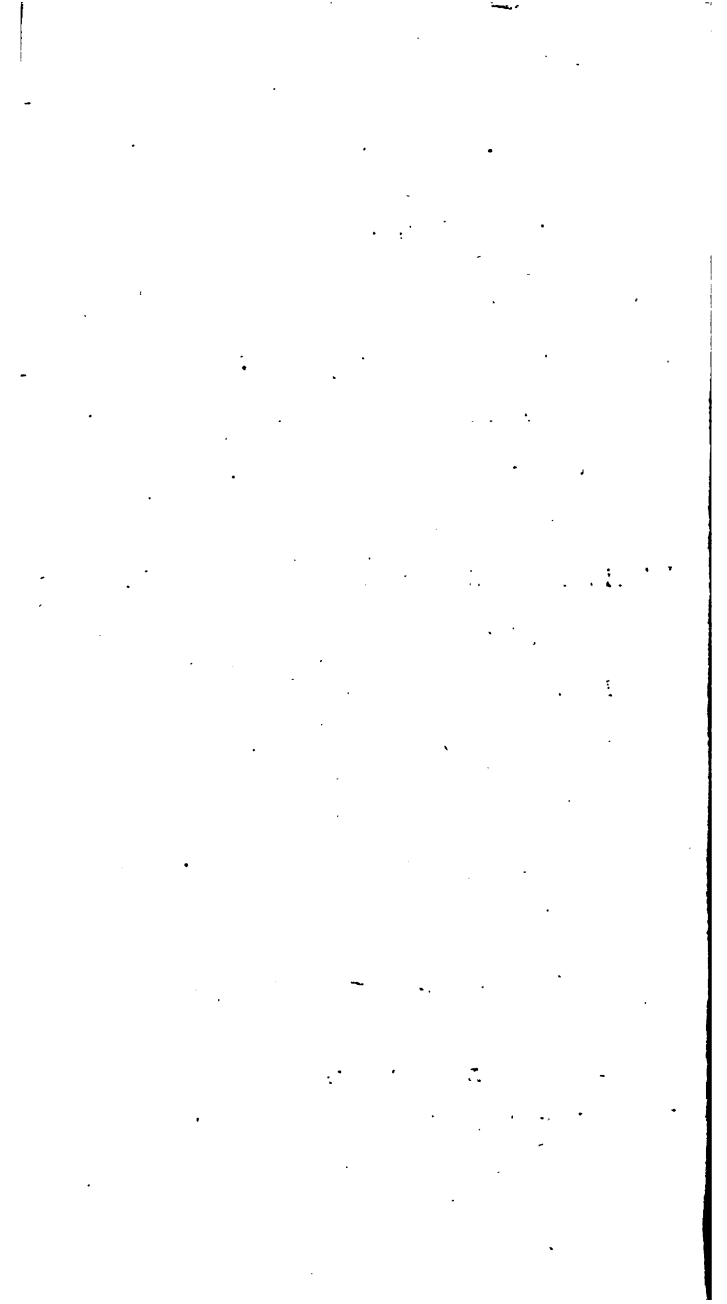
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MDCC LXXXI.



ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING, for some years, met with very great success in my productions of the musical kind ; when I wrote the following opera, it was with unusual care and attention ; and it was the general opinion of all my friends, some of whom rank among the best judges, that of all my trifles, *Lionel and Clarissa* was the most pardonable : a decision in its favour which I was the prouder of, because, to the best of my knowledge, through the whole, I had not borrowed an expression, a sentiment, or a character, from any dramatic writer extant.

When Mr. GARRICK thought of performing this piece at Drury-lane theatre, he had a new finger to bring out, and every thing possible for her advantage was to be done ; this necessarily occasioned some new songs and airs to be introduced ; and other fingers, with voices of a different compass from those who originally acted the parts, occasioned still more ; by which means the greatest part of the music unavoidably became new. This is the chief, and indeed the only alteration made in the opera ; and even to that, I should, in many places, have been forced, much against my will, had it not given a fresh opportunity to Mr. Dibdin to display his admirable talents as a musical composer. And I will be bold to say, that his airs, serious and comic, in this opera, will appear to no disadvantage by being heard with those of some of the greatest masters.

The *SCHOOL FOR FATHERS* is added to the title, because the plot is evidently double ; and that of *Lionel and Clarissa* alluded to but one part of it, as the readers and spectators will easily perceive.

J. B.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN FLOWERDALE,
COLONEL OLDBOY,
CLARISSA,
LIONEL,
MR. JESSAMY,
LADY MARY OLDBOY,
DIANA,
HARMAN,
JENNY,
JENKINS,

MR. WICKIN.
MR. PARSONS.
MRS. BADDELEY.
MR. VERNON.
MR. DODD.
MRS. HOPKINS,
MRS. WRIGHTEN,
MR. FAWCET.

MR. BANNISTER.

SCENE, the COUNTRY.

LIONEL and CLARISSA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Colonel OLDROY's House: Colonel OLDROY is discovered at breakfast reading a news-paper; at a little distance from the tea-table sits JENKINS; and on the opposite side DIANA, who appears playing upon a harpsicord. A Girl attending.

A. 2. *All how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.*

*Be grateful to the season,
It's pleasures let's employ;
Kind Nature gives, and Reason
Permits us to enjoy.*

Col. Well said Dy, thank you Dy. This, master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come here and kiss me you slut, come here and kiss me you baggage.

Dian. Lord, papa, you call one such names——

Col. A fine girl, master Jenkins, a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you—spirit!—I delight to marry her to a Duke: how much money do you think a Duke would expect with such a wench?

B

Jen.

2 LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

Jen. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a Duke in it I believe, but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady.

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country squire, eh! How say you to this Dy! would not you rather be married to a Duke?

Dian. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake? you damned confounded little baggage; why you wou'd not wish to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dian. Well, but listen to me, papa—When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame ducks, and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock are the game; there is some sport in bringing them down because they are wild; and it is just the same with an husband or a lover. I would not waste powder and shot, to wound one of your sober pretty behaved gentlemen; but to hit a libertine, extravagant, madcap fellow, to take him upon the wing—

Col. Do you hear her, master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Well, but, good Colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son.

Dian. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say he is a damn'd witty knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college.

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's, who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at
his

his own expence, to Oxford; where, while his son lived, they were upon the same footing: and since our young gentleman's death, which you know unfortunately happened about two years ago, he has continued him there. During the vacation he is come to pay us a visit, and Sir John intends that he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man.

Dian. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord, what a strange brain I have! If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from Sir John Flowardale—You, a brain for mathematics indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day.

Dian. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

*To rob them of strength, when wise Nature thought fit
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.*

*Sound, sound then the trumpet, both sexes to arms!
Our tyrants at once and protectors!
We quickly shall see, whether courage or charms,
Decide for the Helens or Hector.*

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, JENKINS.

Col. Well; master Jenkins! don't you think now that a Nobleman, a Duke, an Earl, or a Marquis, might be content to share his title—I say, you understand me—with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off mortgages? Besides, there's a prospect of my

whole estate ; for I dare swear, her brother will never have any children.

Jen. I should be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as yours and Sir John Flowerdale's

Col. Why look you, master Jenkins, Sir John Flowerdale is an honest gentleman ; our families are nearly related ; we have been neighbours time out of mind ; and if he and I have an odd dispute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial esteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my son ; she is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a sensible girl, a worthy girl, and—a word in your ear—damn me if I am very sorry for her.

Jen. Sorry ! Colonel ?

Col. Ay—between ourselves, master Jenkins, my son won't do.

Jen. How do you mean ?

Col. I tell you, master Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing, a prig—At sixteen years old, or thereabouts, he was a bold, sprightly boy, as you should see in a thousand ; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret—now he mixes all his wine with water.

Jen. Oh ! if that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worse husband, I'll answer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality—I was prevailed upon to send him to be brought up by her brother Lord Jessamy, who had no children of his own, and promised to leave him an estate—he has got the estate indeed, but, the fellow has taken his Lordship's name for it. Now, master Jenkins, I would be glad to know, how the name of Jessamy is better than that of Oldboy.

Jen. Well ! but, Colonel, it is allowed on all hands that his Lordship has given your son an excellent education.

Col. Psha ! he sent him to the university ; and to travel forsooth ; but what of that ; I was abroad, and at the university myself, and never a rush the better for either. I quarrelled with his Lordship about six years before his death, and so had not an opportunity of seeing how the youth went on ; if I had, master Jenkins, I would no more have suffered him to be made such a monkey of—

He

He has been in my house but three days, and it is all turned topsy turvey by him and his rascally servants——then his chamber is like a perfumer's shop, with wash-balls, pastes, and pomatum——and do you know he had the impudence to tell me yesterday at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myself?

Jen. Pray, Colonel, how does my Lady Mary?

Col. What my wife? In the old way, master Jenkins; always complaining; ever something the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs——but we have had the devil to pay lately——she and I did not speak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How so, Sir?

Col. A little affair of jealousy—you must know my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me—Upon my soul it is a fine fat chubby infant as ever I set my eyes on; I have sent it to nurse; and between you and me, I believe I shall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my Lady has a pretty vein of poetry; she writ me an heroic epistle upon it, where she calls me her dear false Damon; so I let her cry a little, promised to do so no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen. Well, Colonel, I must take my leave; I have delivered my message, and Sir John may expect the pleasure of your company to dinner.

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—pox o' ceremony among friends. But won't you stay to see my son; I have sent to him, and suppose he will be here as soon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occasion, good Sir: present my humble respects, that's all.

Col. Well, but, zounds, Jenkins, you must not go till you drink something—let you and I have a bottle of hock—

Jen. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch anything strong in the morning.

Col. Never touch any thing strong! Why one bottle won't hurt you man, this is old and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuse me.

*To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I tik'd a glafs,
And I lov'd a las,
And I did as younkers did.*

*But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear;
At sixty-three,
'Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.*

S C E N E III.

Mr. JESSAMY, Lady MARY OLDBOY, and then Colonel OLDBOY.

Lady M. Shut the door, why don't you shut the door there? Have you a mind I should catch my death? This house is absolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy stone, or in a wind-mill.

Mr. Jeff. I thought they told your Ladyship that there was a messenger here from Sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, Sir, and so there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's steward, who has lived in the family these forty years.

Mr. Jeff. And pray, Sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himself: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought have been visited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a solecism.

Col. 'Sblood, my Lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but last night from his sister's seat in the west, and is a little out of order. But I suppose he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them.

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to say—

Col.

Col. He need not give himself so many affected airs ; I think it's very well if he gets such a girl for going for ; she's one of the handsomest and richest in this country, and more than he deserves.

Mr. Jess. That's an exceeding fine china jar your Ladyship has got in the next room ; I saw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will send to my agent to purchase it : it is the true matchless old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that she gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman ; but she reckons them at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four Nankéen beakers, and a couple of shaking Mandarins, that the custom-house officers took from under her petticoats.

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this ! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jeffamy, since that's the name you choose to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jess. Knock me down ! Colonel ? What do you mean ? I must tell you, Sir, this is a language to which I have not been accustomed ; and, if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I shall be under a necessity of quitting your house ?

Col. Quitting my house ?

Mr. Jess. Yes, Sir, ineonveniently.

Col. Why, Sir, am not I your father, Sir, and have I not a right to talk to you as I like ? I will, firrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy !

Col. What's the matter, Madam ! I mean, Madam, that he might have been changed at nurse, Madam ; and I believe he was.

Mr. Jess. Huh ! huh ! huh !

Col. Do you laugh at me, you saucy jacksonapes !

Lady M. Who's there, somebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into such repeated convulsions—but I see your aim ; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very soon have that satisfaction.

Col. I can't bear the sight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I shall faint.

Mr.

Mr. Jeff. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck first. This cursed sharp north wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great-coat.

Lady M. Marg'ret some harts-horn. My dear Mr. Oldboy why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it shocks my tender nerves?

Col. 'Sblood, Madam, its enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartshorn! Hartshorn!

Mr. Jeff. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy?

Mr. Jeff. Will you give me leave to ask you one question?

Col. I don't know whether I will or not.

Mr. Jeff. I should be glad to know, that's all, what single circumstance in my conduct, carriage, or figure you can possibly find fault with—Perhaps I may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth, then, seriously what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr. Jeff. Be ingenuous, speak and spare not.

Col. You would know?

*Zounds Sir! then I'll tell you without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;*

A coxcomb, a fop,

A dainty milk-fop;

Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,

Looks just like a doll for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate,

And pride and conceit;

All fashion, no weight;

Who strugs and takes snuff,

And carries a muff;

A minikin,

Finiking,

French powder-puff:

And now Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

SCENE

A COMIC OPERA.

9

SCENE IV.

Lady MARY Oldboy, Mr. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jess. What's the matter with the Colonel, Madam; does your ladyship know?

Lady M. Heigho! don't be surpris'd, my dear; it was the same thing with my late dear brother, Lord Jessamy; they never could agree: that good natured friendly soul, knowing the delicacy of my constitution, has often said, sister, Mary, I pity you. Not but your father has good qualities, and I assure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himself. In the year of the hard frost, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, when he first paid his addresses to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the consent of your noble grandfather.

Mr. Jess. I think he ought to be proud of me: I believe there's many a Duke, nay Prince, who would esteem themselves happy in having such a son——

Lady M. Yes, my dear; but your sister was always your father's favourite: he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and sets his heart upon seeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jess. He should wish to see her look a little like a gentlewoman first. When she was in London last winter, I am told she was taken notice of by a few men. But she wants air, manner——

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family, and I never knew a woman of it but herself without. I have tried her: about three years ago I set her to translate a little French song: I found she had not even an idea of versification; and she put down love and joy for rhyme—so I gave her over.

Mr. Jess. Why, indeed, she appears to have more of the Thalestris than the Sapho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself, though I protest I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condescend to the Colonel a little—Do my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mr. JESSAMY.

Let me confider: I am going to vifit a country Baronet here: who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter: the old gentleman has heard of my parts and underftanding, Mifs of my figure and addrefs. But, fuppofe I fhould not like her when I fee her? Why, pofitively, then I will not have her; the treaty's at an end, and, fans compliment, we break up the congress. But, won't that be cruel, after having fuffered her to flatter herfelf with hopes, and fhewing myfelf to her. She's a ftrange dowdy I dare believe: however, ſhe brings provifion with her for a feparate maintenance.

Antoine, appretez la toilet. I am going to ſpend a curfed day; that I perceive already; I wifh it was over, I'dread it as much as a general election.

*When a man of fafhion condefcends,
To herd among his country friends,
They watch his looks, his motions:
One booby gapes, another ſtares,
And all he ſays, does, eats, drinks, wears,
Muſt ſuit their ruſtic notions.*

*But as for this bruitiſh old clown here;
S'death, why did I ever come down here!
The ſavage will now never quit me:
Then a conſort to take,
For my family's ſake,
I'm in a fine jeopardy, ſplit-me!*

SCENE VI.

*Changes to a Study in Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's Houſe;
two Chairs and a Table, with Globes and Mathematical
Inſtruments. CLARISSA enters, followed by JENNY.*

Clar. *Immortal pow'rs protect me,
Aſſiſt, ſupport, direct me;*

Relieve

*Relieve a heart oppress :
 Ah! why this palpitation !
 Cease busy perturbation,
 And let me, let me rest.*

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you ?

Clar. Nothing Jenny, nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, Madam, there is something ails you indeed. Lord ! what signifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am sure it vexes me to the heart, so it does, to see such a dear, sweet, worthy young Lady, as you are, pining yourself to death.

Clar. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling so much on my account ; but in a little time, I hope I shall be easier.

Jen. Why, now, here to day, Madam, for fertain you ought to be merry to day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you ; but, if you like any one else better, I am sure, I wish you had him, with all my soul.

Clar. Suppose, Jenny, I was so unfortunate, as to like a man without my father's approbation ; would you wish me married to him ?

Jen. I wish you married to any one, Madam, that could make you happy.

Clar. Heigho !

Jen. Madam ! Madam ! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terras : I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not seem to be in over great spirits either. To be sure, Madam, it's no business of mine ; but, I believe, if the truth was known, there are those in the house, who wou'd give more than ever I shall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a fertain person that shall be nameless.

Clar. What do you mean ? I don't understand you.

Jen. I hope you are not angry, Madam ?

Clar. Ah ! Jenny ———

Jen. Lauk ! Madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair ? I'm sure it will be a thousand pities, for it is the sweetest colour, and looks the nicest put up in a cue—and your
 great

great pudding-sleeves! Lord! they'll quite spoil his shape, and the fall of his shoulders. Well! Madam, if I was a lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel should be a parson, if I could help it.

Clar. I'm going into my dressing-room—It seems then Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of yours; but, pray Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one else.

Jan. Me talk! Madam, I thought you knew me better; and, my dear Lady, keep up your spirits. I'm sure I have dressed you to day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

*I'm but a poor servant 'tis true, Ma'am;
But was I a lady like you, Ma'am,
In grief would I sit! The dickens a bit;
No faith, I would search the world thro' Ma'am,
To find what my liking could hit.*

*Set in case a young man,
In my fancy there ran;
It might anger my friends and relations:
But, if I had regard,
It should go very hard,
Or I'd follow my own inclinations.*

SCENE VII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, LIONEL.

Sir John. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a sudden, this way; and at such a time too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it; when your company must be doubly agreeable, as well as necessary to us? I am sure you have no studies at present, that require your attendance at Oxford: I must, therefore, insist on your putting such thoughts out of your head.

Lion. Upon my word, Sir, I have been so long from the university, that it is time for me to think of returning. It is true, I have no absolute studies; but, really,
Sir,

Sir, I shall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go.

Sir John. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for some time observed a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reason of it: I know, to minds serious, and well inclined, like yours, the sacred functions you are about to embrace——

Lion. Dear Sir, your goodness to me, of every kind, is so great, so unremitted! Your condescension, your friendly attentions—in short, Sir, I want words to express my sense of obligations——

Sir John. Fie, fie, no more of them. By my last letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, still continues in good health, considering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from desiring the death of so worthy and pious a man; yet, I must, own, at this time, I could wish you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage; which would give me a secret satisfaction.

Lion. No doubt, Sir, any office in my power, that could be instrumental to the happiness of any in your family, I should perform with pleasure.

Sir John. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended husband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly happy: to be sure, the alliance is the most eligible, for both families.

Lion. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness in the alliance, Sir.

Sir John. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good; and, with the obligations she has to your instruction——

Lion. You do my endeavours too much honour, Sir; I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir John. I don't think so; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom, I am far from considering ignorance as a desirable characteristic: when intelligence is not attended with impertinent
C affectation,

affection, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man.

Lion. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins: I fancy he's looking for you, Sir.

Sir John. I see him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's; I have a few words to say to him; and will return to you again in a minute.

SCENE VIII.

LIONEL: *afterwards* CLARISSA, and then JENNY, *who enters abruptly and runs out again.*

Lion. To be a burthen to one's self, to wage continual war with one's own passions, forced to combat, unable to overcome! But see, she appears, whose presence turns all my sufferings into transport, and makes even misery itself delightful.

Perhaps, Madam, you are not at leisure now; otherwise, if you thought proper, we would resume the subject we were upon yesterday.

Clar. I am sure, Sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lion. Madam you give me no trouble; I should think every hour of my life happily employed in your service; and as this is probably the last time I shall have the satisfaction of attending you upon the same occasion—

Clar. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myself extremely obliged to you; and shall ever consider the enjoyment of your friendship—

Lion. My friendship, Madam, can be of little moment to you; but if the most perfect adoration, if the warmest wishes for your felicity, though I should never be witness of it: if these, Madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a share of your esteem—

Clar. Hold Sir—I think I hear somebody.

Lion. If you please, Madam, we will turn over this celestial globe once more—Have you looked at the book I lent you yesterday?

Clar.

Clar. Really, Sir, I have been so much disturbed in my thoughts for these two or three days past, that I have not been able to look at any thing.

Lion. I am sorry to hear that Madam; I hope there was nothing particular to disturb you. The care Sir John takes to dispose of your hand in a manner suitable to your birth and fortune.

Clar. I don't know, Sir;—I own I am disturbed; I own I am uneasy; there is something weighs upon my heart, which I would fain disclose.

Lion. Upon your heart, Madam! did you say your heart?

Clar. I did, Sir,—I——

Jen. Madam! Madam! Here's a coach and six driving up the avenue: It's Colonel Oldboy's family; and, I believe the gentleman is in it, that's coming to court you.—Lord, I must run and have a peep at him out of the window.

Lion. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Clar. Why so Sir?—Bless me, Mr. Lionel, what's the matter!—You turn pale.

Lion. Madam!

Clar. Pray speak to me, Sir.—You tremble.—Tell me the cause of this sudden change.—How are you.—Where's your disorder?

Lion. Oh fortune! fortune!

*You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.*

*Each effort I try,
Ev'ry medicine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But doom'd to endure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns prison and feeds the disease.*

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, DIANA.

Dian. My dear Clarissa—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For Heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us;—and give me leave to sit down with you a little:—I am in such a tremour, such a panic—

Clar. Mercy on us, what has happened?

Dian. You may remember I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow; one Harman; I can't say but the wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth six pence: And—in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Clar. Do you think that was prudent?

Dian. Madness! But this is not the worst; for what do you think, the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer at my father's.

Clar. At your father's!

Dian. Ay, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse jockey. He told me a long story of some tale he intended to invent to make my father receive him as an indifferent person; and some gentlemen in London, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face; and he longed to see me so, he said, he could not live without it; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me—

Clar. Well, and what answer did you make?

Dian. Oh! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing—But—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—Just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Clar. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dian. Dreadful, my dear!—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Clar. Isn't my Lady below?

Dian.

Dian. Yes, and I must run down to her. You'll have my brother here presently too, he would fain have come in the coach with my mother and me, but my father insisted on his walking with him over the fields.

Clar. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman that you consider the outrage he has committed against you in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dian. Why, I believe that will be the best way—but then he'll be begging my pardon and asking to stay.

Clar. Why then you must tell him positively you won't consent to it; and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live.

Dian. Must I tell him so?

*Ab! pr'ythee spare me, dearest creature!
How can you prompt me to so much ill-nature?
Kneeling before me,
Shou'd I hear him implore me;
Cou'd I accuse him,
Cou'd I refuse him.
The boon he shou'd ask?
Set not a lover the cruel task.*

*No, believe me, my dear,
Was he now standing here,
In spite of my frights, and alarms
I might rate him, might scold him—
But shou'd still strive to hold him—
And sink at last into his arms.*

SCENE X.

CLARISSA.

How easy to direct the conduct of others, how hard to regulate our own! I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretions in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man

in the world, and not to be insensible to his merit? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers, will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again? He never told me so; but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety sufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generosity, will not suffer him to utter.—

*Ye gloomy thoughts, ye fears perverse,
Like sullen vapours all disperse,
And scatter in the wind;*

*Delusive phantoms, brood of night,
No more my sickly fancy fright,
No more my reason blind:*

*'Tis done; I feel my soul releas'd;
The visions fly, the mists are chas'd,
Nor leave a cloud behind.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to a Side View of Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S House, with Gates, and a Prospect of the Garden.

HARMAN enters with Colonel OLDBOX.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend Dick Rantum do? I have not seen him these twelve years: he was an honest worthy fellow as ever breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was cursedly plagued by his wife's relations.

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of spirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this business of yours, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't see much in it—An affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, Sir, we hope not; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make some noise, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the way; when
hearing

hearing my case Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he said, he was sure you would permit me to remain at your house for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the case—And the girl's friends are in business—I'll tell you what will be the consequence then—They will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but no matter, I'll take the affair in hand for you—make me your solicitor; and, if you are obliged to pay for a single spoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hospital.

Har. You are very kind, Sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you say there's money to be had—suppose you were to marry the wench?

Har. Do you think, Sir, that would be so right after what has happened? Besides, there's a stronger objection—To tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh! you are.

Har. Yes, Sir, but there are obstacles—A father—In short, Sir, the mistress of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my present situation a little irksome.

Col. In this county! Zounds! Then I am sure I am acquainted with her; and the first letter of her name is—

Har. Excuse me, Sir, I have some particular reasons—

Col. But look who comes yonder—Ha! ha! ha! My son picking his steps like a dancing-master. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the house, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have some sport with him: they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, Sir, I'll take the liberty—

Col. But d'ye hear, I must have a little more discourse with you about this girl; perhaps she's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of service to you.

Har. Well, remember Colonel I shall try your friendship,

Indulgent

EMILY AND CLARISSA;

EMILY: I am, if ever,
A creature of a different sort;
And I am not a creature of a different sort;
I am not a creature of a different sort.

I am not a creature of a different sort;
I am not a creature of a different sort;
I am not a creature of a different sort;
I am not a creature of a different sort.

SCENE XII.

EMILY, and several Servants.

EMILY: I should think you had never
before; you make as much
as a mile, as if you had
been extremely ill, to
be in this manner; you
are looking green; only see
the road were dirty? is
Zounds,
they are
La Roque for the
out of your poc-
in my hair, and the fol-
my secretary's clerk—get
some borrow some por-
as a dressing-room is
— here, for I want a glass
— here! Frank, where are
— here, where are
— here, where are

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, LIONEL, DIANA,
CLARISSA.

Lion. Colonel your most obedient ; Sir John is walking with my Lady in the garden, and has commissioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to see you—come here, Frank—this is my son, Sir.

Lion. Sir, I am exceeding proud to—

Mr. Jess. Can't you get the powder then ?

Col. Miss Clary, my little Miss Clary—give me a kiss my dear—as handsome as an angel by heavens—Frank, why don't you come here ? this is Miss Flowerdale.

Dian. Oh Heavens Clarissa ! Just as I said, that impudent devil is come here with my father.

Mr. Jess. Had'n't we better go into the house ?

To be made in such a pickle !

Will you please to lead the way, Sir ?

Col.—No, but if you please, you may Sir,

For precedence none will flie.

Dian.—Brother, no politeness ? Bless me !

Will you not your hand bestow ?

Lead the Lady.

Clar.—Don't distress me ;

Dear Diana let him go.

Mr. Jess. Ma'am permit me.

Col.—Smoke the beau,

A. 2. Cruel must I, can I bear ;

Oh adverse stars !

Oh fate severe !

Beset, tormented,

Each hope prevented :

Col. Non but the brave deserve the fair,

Come Ma'am let me lead you :

Now, Sir, I precede you.

A. 5. Lovers must ill usage bear.

Oh adverse stars ! oh fate severe !

None but the brave deserve the fair.

A C T

 ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall, in Sir John FLOWERDALE's House, with the View of a grand Stair-case, through an Arch. On either Side of the Stair-case below, two Doors, leading from different Apartments.

LIONEL enters followed by JENNY.

Jen. Well, but Mr. Lionel, consider, pray consider now; how can you be so prodigious undiscerning as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within in the parlour! Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up so soon after dinner, and before any of the rest of the company?

Lion. For Heaven's sake, Jenny, don't speak to me: I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing; I am the most wretched and miserable of mankind.

Jen. Poor dear soul I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miserable enough indeed; and I assure you I have pitied you a great while, and spoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had such a friend in a corner.

Lion. But, good Jenny, since, by some accident or other, you have been able to discover what I would willingly hide from all the world; I conjure you, as you regard my interest, as you value your Lady's peace and honour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret. Ah! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in it; besides who would not be in love with my Lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for she is
the

the handsomest, sweetest temperdest ! And I am sure one of the best mistresses, ever poor girl had.

Lion. Oh Jenny ! She's an angel.

Jen. And so she is indeed—Do you know that she gave me her blue and silver sack to day, and it is every crum as good as new ; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself, for I am mortally tartain she would liverer see a toad than this Jessamy. Though I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man ; and a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose I never saw on a face.

Lion. By Heavens I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so ? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy : moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to a carnation : and so's a sign ; for, mark my words, my Lady loves you, as much as she hates him.

Lion. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect : No, I am unhappy, and let me continue so ; my most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may affect her quiet, or give her cause to repent.

Jen. That's very honourable of you I must needs say ! but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it ; and if it should be my Lady's case it is no fault of yours. I am sure, when she called me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood with her eyes brim full of tears ; and so I fell a crying for company—and then she said she could not abide the chap in the parlour ; and at the same time, she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her in the garden this evening after tea ; for she has something to say to you.

Lion. Jenny, I see you are my friend ; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service ; take this ring and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour ; I am your friend indeed—but, I say, you won't forget to be in the garden now ; and in the mean time keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and ears ; and I can tell you the servants take notice of your uneasiness, tho' I am always desiring them to mind their own business.

Lion.

Lion. Pray have a care Jenny, have a care my dear girl, a word may breed fuspicion.

Jen. Psha! have a care yourself; it is you that breeds fuspicion, sighing and pining about; you look for all the world like a ghost; and if you don't pluck up your spirits you will be a ghost soon; letting things get the better of you. Though to be sure when I think with myself, being cross'd in love is a terrible thing—There was a young man in the town where I was born made away with himself upon the account of it.

Lion. Things shan't get the better of me Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I say, fortune is thrown in your dish and you are not to fling it out; my Lady's estate will be better than three bishopricks if Sir John could give them to you, Think of that Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lion. Think of what?

*Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.*

*By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that wou'd I own;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' placed on a throne.*

SCENE II.

JENNY, Colonel OLDBOY.

Col. Very well, my Lady, I'll come again to you presently; I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here Molly, Jenny, Betty! What's your name? Why don't you answer me, hussy, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, Sir, e'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! Damn me, I never knew one of them; in my life, that would'nt prefer a
rascal

rascal to a gentleman—Come here, you slut, put your hands about my neck and kiss me.

Jen. Who, I, Sir!

Col. Ay, here's money for you; what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you shall go and live at one of my tenant's houses.

Jen. I wonder you are'nt ashamed, Sir, to make an honest girl any such proposal; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a Lady of your own—To be sure she's a little stricken in years; but why shouldn't she grow elderly as well as yourself?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl—

Jen. Well, then you may go look for one, Sir, I have no pretensions to the title.

Col. Why, you pert baggage, you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? Yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your character's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruin them.

Col. What, then people say—

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, Sir, tho' I'm in a menial station, I'm come of people that won'd'nt see me put upon; there are those that wou'd take my part against the proudest he in the land, that should offer any thing uncivil.

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young Lady like my son?

Jen. You want to pump me do you? I suppose you would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth.

Col. She does'nt like him then?

Jen. I don't say so, Sir—Isn't this a shame now—I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking, Jenny said that, and t'other—But here, Sir, I ax you, Did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord blefs me, how can you—

Col. Ad I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

*Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.*

*Fie, let me go, Sir.
Kiss me!—No, no, Sir.*

*You pull me and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?
I'd have you to know
I'm not for your game, Sir;
Nor will I be tame, Sir.
Lord, have you no shame, Sir,
To tumble one so?*

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear?—Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you; I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when; I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to day; and eat so voraciously! Did you observe Miss? Doctor Arsnic will be quite astonished when he hears it; surely his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of service.

Col. Ah! you'll always be taking one stop or other till you poison yourself.

Lady M. It brought Sir Barnaby Drugg from death's door, after having tried the Spaw and Bristol waters without effect: it is good for several things, in many sovereign, as in colds and consumptions, and lowness of spirits; it corrects the humours, rectifies the juices, regulates the nervous system; creates an appetite, prevents flushings and sickness after meals; as also vain fears and head-achs; it is the finest thing in the world for an asthma;

asthma; and no body that takes it, is ever troubled with hysterics—

Col. Give me a pinch of your Lordship's snuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty sort of man, Colonel, who is he!

Col. A young fellow, my Lady, recommended to me.

Lady M. I protest he has the sweetest taste for poetry! —He has repeated to me two or three of his own things; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother Lord Jeffary made on the mouse that was drowned.

Col. Ay, a fine subject for a poem; a mouse that was drowned in a——

Lady M. Hush, my dear Colonel, don't mention it; to be sure the circumstance was vastly indelicate; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morsel —I heard the Earl of Punley say, who understood Latin, that it was equal to any thing in Catullus.

Col. Well, how did you like your son's behaviour at dinner, Madam? I thought the girl looked a little askew at him—Why, he found fault with every thing, and contradicted every body!

Lady M. Softly—Miss Flowerdale I understand has desired a private conference with him.

Col. What, Harman, have you got entertaining my daughter there? Come hither, Dy; has he been giving you a history of the accident that brought him down here?

Dian. No, Papa, the gentleman has been telling he—

Lady M. No matter what Miss—'tis not polite to repeat what has been said.

Col. Well, well, my Lady, you know the compact we made; the boy is yours, the girl mine—Give me your hand Dy.

Lady M. Colonel I have done—Pray, Sir, was there any news when you left London; any thing about the East-Indies, the ministry, or politics of any kind? I am strangely fond of politics: but I hear nothing since my Lord Jeffamy's death; he used to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himself. I have a manuscript speech of his in my cabinet—He never spoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man's

Col. What is that crawling on your Ladyship's petticoat?

Lady M. Where! Where!

Col. Zounds! a spider with legs as long as my arm.

Lady M. Oh Heavens! Ah don't let me look at it; I shall faint, I shall faint? A spider! a spider! a spider!

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, DIANA, HARMAN.

Col. Hold; zounds let her go; I knew the spider would set her a galloping, with her damned fufs about her brother my Lord Jessamy.—Harman come here.—How do you like my daughter? Is the girl you are in love with as handsome as this?

Har. In my opinion, Sir.

Col. What, as handsome as Dy!—I'll lay you twenty pounds she has not such a pair of eyes.—He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love, and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dia. Now, for my part, Papa, I doubt it very much; though, by what I heard the gentleman say just now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him; and yet he may be mistaken there too.

Col. For shame, Dy, what the mischief do you mean? How can you talk so tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes? Give him your hand, and ask his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman.—For all this, she is as good-natur'd a little devil, as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, Sir, I told you before dinner, that I had for some time carried on a private correspondence with my lovely girl; and that her father, whose consent we despair of obtaining, is the great obstacle to our happiness.

Col. Why don't you carry her off in spite of him, then?—I ran away with my wife—ask my Lady Mary, she'll tell you the thing herself.—Her old conceited Lord of a father thought I was not good enough; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithstanding their cheveux-de-frize of broken glass bottles, took her out of a three pair

pair of stairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms.—By the way, she would have squeezed through a cat-hole to get at me.—And I would have taken her out of the Tower of London, damme, if it had been surrounded with the three regiments of guards.

Dia. But surely, Papa, you would not persuade the gentleman to such a proceeding as this is; consider the noise it will make in the country; and if you are known to be the adviser and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care? I say, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the assistance I can.

Har. I am sure, Sir, you are very kind; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very scheme in my head, if I thought it was feasible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feasible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feasible enough, if the girl's willing to go off with you, and you have spirit sufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that, Sir, I can answer.

Dia. What, Sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you?

Har. No, Ma'am, that I have spirit enough to take her, if she is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promise, that between this and to-morrow morning I will find out whether she is or not.

Col. So he may; she lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to serve you. You shall have my post-chaise at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any use to you, you may command 'em.

Har. And you are really serious, Sir?

Col. Serious; damme if I an't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of: and bring her to my house; whenever you come you shall have a supper and a bed; but you must marry her first, because my Lady will be squeamish.

Dia. Well, but, my dear Papa; upon my word you have a great deal to answer for: suppose it was your own case to have a daughter in such circumstances, would you be obliged to any one—

Col. Hold your tongue, huffy, who bid you put in your oar? However, Harman, I don't want to set you upon any thing; 'tis no affair of mine to be sure; I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act if I was in your p'lace.

Har. I assure you, Sir, I am quite charm'd with the advice; and since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determined to follow it.

Col. You are——

Har. Positively——

Col. Say no more then; here's my hand:—You understand me—No occasion to talk any further of it at present—When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him some tea.—I say, Harman, Mum.—

Har. O, Sir.

Col. What do you mean by your grave looks, mistress?

*How cursedly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have snapt up his daughter;
But shift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you soon shall have caught her.*

*What, a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill-natur'd fox,
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be set in the stocks.
He merits the law;
And if we can't bite him,
By gad we'll indite him.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*

SCENE V.

DIANA, HARMAN.

Dian. Sir, I desire to know what gross acts of imprudence you have ever discovered in me, to authorize you in this licence, or make you imagine I should not shew
such

such marks of my resentment as your monstrous treatment of me deserves.

Har. Nay, my dear Diana, I confess I have been rather too bold ;—but consider, I languish'd to see you ; and when an opportunity offer'd to give me that pleasure without running any risque, either of your quiet or reputation, how hard was it to be resisted ? 'Tis true, I little thought my visit would be attended with such happy consequences as it now seems to promise.

Dian. What do you mean ?

Har. Why, don't you see your father has an inclination I should run away with you, and is contriving the means himself ?

Dian. And do you think me capable of concurring ? Do you think I have no more duty ?

Har. I don't know that, Madam ; I am sure your refusing to seize such an opportunity to make he happy, gives evident proofs that you have very little love.

Dian. If there is no way to convince you of my love but by my indiscretion, you are welcome to consider it in what light you please.

Har. Was ever so unfortunate a dog ?

Dian. Very pretty this upon my word ; but is it possible you can be in earnest ?

Har. It is a matter of too much consequence to jest about.

Dian. And you seriously think I ought—

Har. You are sensible there are no hopes of your father's coolly and wittingly consenting to our marriage ; chance has thrown in our way a whimsical method of surprising him into a compliance, and why should not we avail ourselves of it ?

Dian. And so you would have me—

Har. I shall say no more, Ma'am.

Dian. Nay, but, for Heaven's sake——

Har. No, Madam no ; I have done.

Dian. And are you positively in this violent fuss about the matter, or only giving yourself airs ?

Har. You may suppose what you think proper, Madam.

Dian. Well, come ;—let us go into the drawing-room and dring tea, and afterwards we'll talk of matters.

Har.

Har. I won't drink any tea.

Dian. Why so?

Har. Because I don't like it.

Dian. Not like it! Ridiculous.

Har. I wish you would let me alone.

Dian. Nay, pr'ythee—

Har. I won't.

Dian. Well, will you if I consent to act as you please?

Har. I don't know whether I will or not.

Dian. Ha, ha, ha, poor Harman.

*Come then, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and say;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.*

*With their humours, thus to tease us,
Men are sure the strangest elves!
Silly creatures, would you please us,
You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.*

SCENE VI.

HARMAN.

Say'st thou so, my girl! Then Love renounce me, if I drive not old Truepenny's humour to the uttermost.—Let me consider;—what ill consequence can possibly attend it?—The design is his own, as in part will be the execution.—He may perhaps be angry when he finds out the deceit.—Well;—he deceives himself; and faults we commit ourselves we seldom find much difficulty in pardoning.

*Hence with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and naught shall stay me;
Boldly for that prize I steer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.*

Ed,

*Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.*

SCENE VII.

-Changes to a handsome Dressing-room, supposed to be CLARRISSA'S. On one Side, between the Wings, is a Table with a Glass, Boxes, and two Chairs. DIANA enters before JESSAMY.

Dian. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience.—Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.—

Mr. Jess. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dressing-room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stone-masons; not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose and mouth to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place, *quel horrible physiognomie.*

Dian. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple; but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me how do you like Miss Flowerdale? don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jess. Pale;—but that I am determined she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge:—Let me see;—has she got any in her boxes here; *Veritable toilet a la Anglaise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary-water, two or three rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniac by way of tooth-powder.

Dian. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you: You are now going to entertain a young Lady—Let me prevail upon

upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr. Jess. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dian. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jess. Go on, sister,—ha, ha, ha.

Dian. I protest I am serious—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powder'd head, a lac'd coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pet phrases, learnt by rote, that constitute the power of pleasing all woman.

Mr. Jess. You had better return to the gentleman and give him his tea, my dear.

Dian. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkeys. I would undertake to teach Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as degage and alluring as most of them.

*Ladies, pray admire a figure,
Fait selon le derniere goût.
First, his hat, in fixe no bigger
Than a Chinese woman's shoe;
Six yards of ribbon bind
His hair en baton behind;
While his fore-top's so high,
That in crown he may vie
With the tufted cockatoo.*

*Then his waist so long and taper,
'Tis an absolute thread-paper:
Maids resist him, you that can;
Odd's life, if this is all th' affair,
I'll clap a hat on, club my hair,
And call myself a Man.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

CLARISSA, Mr. JESSAMY.

Clar. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moments private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse it—I am, really, greatly embarrass'd. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Mr. Jess. My dear creature, don't be embarrass'd before me; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any awe; but, this is a species of mauvaise honte, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Clar. Upon my word, Sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jess. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness, lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair, as you could wish: it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better; and, with regard to fortune, full as well—But, you please me—Upon my soul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Clar. Pray, Sir, keep your seat.

Mr. Jess. Mauvaise honte again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I shall do every thing to render your life happy.

Clar. Ah! Sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance—

Mr. Jess. Oh! I understand you—You have been told, I suppose, of the Italian opera girl—Rat peoples tongues—However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples, and she is now here. But, be satisfied: I'll give her a thousand pounds, and send her about her business.

Clar. Me Sir! I protest nobody told me—Lord! I never heard any such thing, or enquired about it.

Mr. Jess. Nor, have they not been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del—

Clar. No, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Jess. Well, I was afraid they might, because, in this rude country—But, why silent on a sudden?—don't be afraid to speak.

Clar.

36 LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

Clar. No, Sir, I will come to the subject, on which I took the liberty to trouble you—Indeed, I have great reliance on your generosity.

Mr. Jeff. You'll find me generous as a prince, depend on't.

Clar. I am blest'd, Sir, with one of the best of fathers: I never yet disobeyed him; in which I have had little merit; for his commands hitherto have only been to secure my own felicity.

Mr. Jeff. Apres ma chere.

Clar. But now, Sir, I am under the shocking necessity of disobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Mr. Jeff. Hem!

Clar. Our union is impossible—my present situation—the gloomy prospect before me—the inquietude of my mind—

*Poor panting heart, ah! wilt thou ever
Throb within my troubld breast;
Shall I see the moment never
That is doom'd to give thee rest?*

*Cruel stars! that thus torment me,
Still I seek for ease in vain,
All my efforts but present me
With variety of pain.*

SCENE IX.

JESSAMY, JENKINS.

Mr. Jeff. Who's there?

Jen. Do you call, Sir?

Mr. Jeff. Hark you, old gentleman; who are you?

Jen. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jeff. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's steward; a servant he puts confidence in.

Jen. Sir, I have served Sir John Flowerdale many years: he is the best of masters; and, I believe, he has some dependance on my attachment and fidelity.

Mr.

Mr. Jeff. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I shall condescend to speak to you. Does your master know who I am? Does he know, Sir, that I am likely to be a Peer of Great Britain? That I have ten thousand pounds a year; that I have passed through all Europe with distinguished ~~colat~~ ; that I refused the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenfolk, the great Dutch burgomaster; and, that, if I had not had ~~the~~ misfortune of being bred a protestant, I might have married the niece of his present holiness the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thousand piasters?

Jen. I am sure, Sir, my master has all the respect imaginable——

Mr. Jeff. Then, Sir, how comes he, after my shewing an inclination to be allied to his family; how comes he, I say, to bring me to his house to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the wrong; for a woman that insults me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a Lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language; and left her male friends to revenge

Jen. Pray, good Sir, what's the matter?

Mr. Jeff. Why, Sir, this is the matter, Sir—your master's daughter, Sir, has behaved to me with damn'd insolence, and impertinence; and you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, first, with regard to her, that, I think she is a silly, ignorant, awkward, ill-bred country puss.

Jen. Oh! Sir, for Heaven's sake——

Mr. Jeff. And, that, with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old, doating, ridiculous, country 'quire; without the knowledge of either men or things; and, that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jen. Good Lord! Good Lord!

Mr. Jeff. And, advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad, I will affront them, in the first place I meet them——And, if your master is for carrying things further; tell him, I sence better than any man in Europe.

*In Italy, Germany, France have I been;
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've seen;
The great have caress'd me,
The fair have address'd me,
Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.*

E

And,

*And, now, shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,
With insolence use me,
Presume to refuse me!
She fancies my pride will be hurt.*

*But tout au contraire,
I'm pleas'd I declare,
Quite happy, to think, I escape from the snare:
Serviteur Mam'selle; my claim I withdraw.
Hey! where are my people? Fal, lah, lah lah, la.*

S C E N E X.

JENKINS.

I must go and inform Sir John of what has happened; but, I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young spark; for he is a man of spirit, and would resent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice; and, as stout as he is, I fancy these old fists would give him a bellyful. He complains of Miss Clarissa; but she is incapable of treating him in the manner he says. Perhaps, she may have behaved with some coldness towards him; and yet, that is a mystery to me too.

*We all say the man was exceedingly knowing,
And knowing most surely was he,
Who found out the cause of the ebbing and flowing,
The flux and reflux of the sea.*

*Nor was he in knowledge far from it,
Who first mark'd the course of a comet;
To what it was owing,
Its coming and going,
Its wanderings hither and thither;
But the man that divines
A Lady's designs,
Their cause, or effect,
In any respect,
Is wiser than both put together.*

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

Changes to Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's Garden; with a View of a Canal, by Moon-light: the Side Scenes represent Box-hedges, intermixed with Statues and Flowering Shrubs. LIONEL enters, leading CLARISSA.

Lion. Hift—methought I heard a noise—should we be surprized together, at a juncture so critical; what might be the consequence—I know not how it is; but, at this the happiest moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart—

Clar. Then, what should I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have discovered sentiments, which, perhaps, I should have hid, with a frankness, that, by a man less generous, less noble minded than yourself, might be construed to my disadvantage.

Lion. Oh! wound me not with so cruel an expression—You love me, and have condescended to confess it—You have seen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you—

Clar. And, yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the most malicious suggest? They could but say, that, truth and sincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dar'd to speak, the honest sensations of the mind; that, while you aimed at improving my understanding, you engaged, and conquered my heart.

Lion. And, is it! is it possible!

Clar. Be calm, and listen to me: what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor rashly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, of conviction; my love is not a sacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deserving man in the world—

Lion. If, to doat on you more than life, be to deserve you, so far I have merit; if, to have no wish, no hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend.

Clar. That, I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit: born for quiet and simplicity, the crouds of the world, the noise attend-

ing pomp and distinction, have no charms for me : I wish to pass my life in rational tranquility, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire ; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lion. O charming creature ! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea ; form'd with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other ; Nature design'd us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul.

Clar. One only thing remember. Secure in each others affections, here we must rest ; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world.

Lion. Command, dispose of me as you please ; angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue ; and, I will believe that ours are already register'd in Heaven.

Clar. I will believe so too.

*Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave us to peace, and love your breast.*

*Go, and may the Pow'rs that bear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,
Through our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.*

SCENE XII.

LIONEL, Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE.

Sir John. Who's there ? Lionel !

Lion. Heav'ns ! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale.

Sir John. Who's there ?

Lion. 'Tis I, Sir ; I am here, Lionel.

Sir John. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden : I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprize you ; my daughter has refused
Colonel

Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill treatment.

Lion. Is he gone, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him. Oh! Lionel, Clarissa has deceived me: in this affair she has suffered me to deceive myself. The measures which I have been so long preparing are broken in a moment—my hopes frustrated; and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

Lion. I am sorry to see you so much moved; pray, Sir, recover yourself.

Sir John. I am sorry, Lionel, she has profited no better by your lessons of philosophy, than to impose upon and distress so kind a father.

Lion. Have juster thoughts of her, Sir: she has not imposed on you, she is incapable—have but a little patience and things may yet be brought about.

Sir John. No, Lionel, no; the matter is past, and there's an end to it; yet I would conjecture to what such an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be satisfied of the motive that could urge her to so extraordinary a proceeding, without the least intimation, the least warning to me, or any of her friends.

Lion. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing else could occasion—

Sir John. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion, and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere.

Lion. Engag'd Sir—No, Sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be positive, Sir,—I'm sure—

Sir John. O worthy young man, whose integrity, openness, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me indeed, Sir.

Sir John. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it: I well know how irksome it is to a generous mind to live in a state of dependance, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life.

Lion. Sir John, the situation of my mind at present is a little disturb'd—spare me—I beseech you, spare me; why will you persist in a goodness that makes me ashamed of myself?

Sir John. There is an estate in this county which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed, and who ever marries my daughter will have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time prepared; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

Lion. Sir, If you presented a pistol with design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

Sir John. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present, let us walk towards the house, our friends will depart else without my bidding them adieu.

SCENE XIII.

DIANA, CLARISSA, and afterwards LIONEL.

Dian. So then, my dear Clarissa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Clar. I don't make it an absolute article of belief, but I think it an ingenious conjecture with great probability on its side.

Dian. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know something of astronomy, but that—that little shining thing there, which seems not much larger than a silver plate, should, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of fashion! Lord the people of fashion in the moon must be strange creatures.

Clar.

Clar. Methinks Venus shines very bright in yonder corner.

Dian. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I suppose, if there are any inhabitants there, they must be all lovers.

Lion. Was ever such a wretch—I can't stay a moment in a place; where is my repose?—fled with my virtue. Was I then born for falsehood and dissimulation? I was, I was, and I live to be conscious of it; to impose upon my friend; to betray my benefactor and lie to hide my ingratitude—a monster in a moment—No, I may be the most unfortunate of men, but I will not be the most odious; while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honest, I will obey its voice.

SCENE XV.

DIANA, CLARISSA, LIONEL, Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the mischief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your Mama is waiting for you.

Dian. I am learning astronomy, Sir; do you know Papa, that the moon is inhabited?

Col. Hussy, you are half a lunatic yourself; come here, things have gone just as I imagin'd they wou'd, the girl has refus'd your brother, I knew he must disgust her.

Dian. Women will want taste now and then, Sir.

Col. But I must talk to the young Lady a little.

Har. Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in short, all the necessary operations are settled between us, and I am to leave his house to-morrow morning, if I can but persuade the young Lady—

Dian. Ay, but I hope the young Lady will have more sense—Lord, how can you tease me with your nonsense. Come, Sir, is'nt it time for us to go in? Her Ladyship will be impatient.

Col.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you ; Miss Clarissa, my dear, tho' I am father to the puppy who has displeased you, give me a kiss ; you serv'd him right, and I thank you for it.

Col. *O what a night is here for love !
 Cynthia brightly shining above ;
 Among the trees,
 To the sighing breeze,
 Fountains tinkling ;
 Stars a twinkling :*

Dian. *O what a night is here for love !
 So may the morn propitious prove ;*

Har. *And so it will if right I guess ;
 For sometimes light,
 As well as night,
 A lover's hopes may bless.*

A 2. *Farewell my friend,
 May gentle rest
 Calm each tumult in your breast,
 Every pain and fear remove.*

Lion. *What have I done ?
 Where shall I run,
 With grief and shame at once oppress ?
 How my own upbraiding shun,
 Or meet my friend's distrust ?*

A. 3. *Hark to Philomel, how sweet,
 From yonder elm.*

Col. *Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.*

A. 5. *O what a night is here for love !
 But vainly nature strives to move.
 Nor nightingale among the trees,
 Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breezes,
 Nor murmur'ing streams,
 Nor Phæbe's beams,
 Can charm unless the heart's at ease.*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Room in Colonel Oldboy's House. HARMAN enters, with his Hat, Boots, and Whip, followed by DIANA.

Dian. Pry'thee, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dian. I am afraid of the step we are going to take; indeed, I am: 'tis true, my father is the contriver of it; but, really, on consideration, I think, I should appear less culpable if he was not so; I am at once criminal myself and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me?

Dian. Suppose I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderness, to blind my reason: how can you have so little regard for my honour as to sacrifice it to a vain triumph? For it is in that light I see the rash action you are forcing me to commit; nay, methinks my consenting to it should injure me in your own esteem. When a woman forgets what she owes herself, a lover should set little value upon any thing she gives to him.

Har. Can you suppose then, can you imagine, that my passion will ever make me forget the veneration—
And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Dian. At best, I shall incur the censure of disobedience, and indiscretion; and, is it nothing to a young woman, what the world says of her? Ah! my good friend, be assured, such a disregard of the world is the first step towards deserving its reproaches.

Har. But, the necessity we are under—Mankind has too much good sense, too much good nature—

Dian.

Dian. Every one has good sense enough to see other people's faults, and good nature enough to overlook their own. Besides, the most sacred things may be made an ill use of, and even marriage itself, if indecently and improperly—

Har. Come, get yourself ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? Slip into the garden; be there at the iron-gate, which you shewed me just now; and, as the post-chaise comes round, I will step and take you in.

Dian. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to desist.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on.

Dian. I shall never have resolution to carry me thro' it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dian. In short—I——cannot go with you.

Har. But before me—Into the garden—Wont you?

Dian. How can you, inhuman! persist to distress me?

*My danger, my fears, 'tis in vain to disguise;
You know them, yet still to destruction you press me,
And force that from passion which prudence denies.*

*I fain would oppose a perverse inclination;
The visions of fancy, from reason divide;
With fortitude baffle the wiles of temptation;
And let love no longer make folly its guide.*

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Hey-dey! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, Sir, she has been taking me to task here very severely; with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light——

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage; egad I wish I had caught her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you

you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own.

Col. Very well—now let me ask you;—don't you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth?

Har. Certainly, Sir; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be damn'd! I won't trust you with it; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me; I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, Sir?

Col. Ay—here, read it; I think it's the thing: however, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. "Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly; she assures me there is no hopes of your consenting to our marriage; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well: and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not you shall find I dare behave myself like a man—A word to the wife—You must expect to hear from me in another stile."

Col. Now, Sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter: as soon as you have got off with the girl, Sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it deliver'd to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl: come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and six dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis.

Har. And, I say done first, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, Sir; a chaise with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys! Colonel? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires.

Col.

48 LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you. Dick, come hither; you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases; and, drive like devils, do you hear; but, be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Leave that to me, Sir——And so, my dear Colonel,

*To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm;
But dauntless goes,
Among his foes.*

*In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue;
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Resolve on death or victory.*

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, and then JENNY.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowderdale it is address'd to me, intreating my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: she is in the anti-chamber—We had better speak to her—Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I chuse to stay where I am, if your Ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why so?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, hussy.

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience—Afraid—Here is something at the bottom of this—What did you mean by that expression, child?

Jen. Why the Colonel knows very well, Madam, he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady

Lady M. Oh Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How came you to bring this note here?

Jenny. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with Sir John; so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants.

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my Lady! I have not been wronging you now, as you call it.

Jenny. Indeed, Madam, he offer'd to make me his kept Madam: I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after.

Lady M. I don't doubt it, tho' I so lately forgave him; but as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jenny. Yes, Madam, I will.

Col. Why I tell you, my Lady, it was all a joke.

Jenny. No, Sir, it was no joke, you made me a professor of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old you had no right to dispise her.

Lady M. And how dare you mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jenny. Why, Madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be inform'd of your impertinence, and you shall be turn'd out of the family; I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jenny. I scorn your words, Madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room; how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me?

Jenny. Very well, Madam, I shall let my Lady know how you have us'd me; but I shan't be turn'd out of my place, Madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are an-

gry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe there is very few you will keep friends with.

*I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made;
For my part I'm neither ashamed nor afraid
Of what I have done, nor of what I have said,
A servant, I hope is no slave;
And tho', to their flames,
Some ladies call names,
I know better how to behave.
Times are not so bad,
If occasion I had,
Nor my character such I need start on't.
And for going away,
I don't want to stay,
And so I'm your Ladyship's servant.*

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, Mr. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jess. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance, I will indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers daughters, and servant-wenchess: but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Mr. Jess. Upon my word, Sir, I am sorry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to endeavour to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompence for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Mr. Jess. A man of your birth and distinction should, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family too, Lady Mary Jessamy might have had the best matches in England.

Mr. Jess. Then, Sir, your grey hairs.

Lady M. I, that have brought you so many lovely sweet babes.

Mr. Jess.

Mr. Jeff. Nay, Sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin too——

Mr. Jeff. Indeed, Sir, I blush for you.

Col. S'death and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, Madam, do you know who I am?—Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a——

Lady M. Ah! my dear come away from him.

SCENE V.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, & SERVANT.

Col. Am I to be tutor'd and call'd to an account! How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, firrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, an't please your honour, that left this just now in the post-chaise—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, firrah!—Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—What gentleman! What young lady, firrah!

Mr. Jeff. There is some mystery in this—With your leave, Sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? you shan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there—"To John Oldboy, Esq.—" Sir, I have lov'd your daughter a great while secretly—"Consenting to our marriage——"

Mr. Jeff. So so.

Col. You villain—you dog, what is it you have brought me here?

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

52. LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

Mr. Jess. A very fine joke indeed; pray, Colonel, do you generally write letters to yourself? Why this is your own hand.

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly—every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

Col. My orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter—Dy—Diana Oldboy.

Mr. Jess. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, Sir; your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been brib'd to further the scheme of a pick-pocket here.

Mr. Jess. Besides, the matter is intirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John—

Mr. Jess. I am very glad of this, prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour—he! he! he!—it will be a jest this hundred years. (*bells ring violently, on both sides.*) What's the matter now? O! her Ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the fortè me-thinks: it would be a diverting thing now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow.

Hist, soft; let's hear how matters go;

I'll creep and listen;—so, so, so,

They're all together by the ears;—

Oh, horrid! how the savage swears.

There too again; ay, you may ring;

Sound out th' alarm-bell—ding, ding, ding—

Dispatch your scouts, 'tis all in vain,

Stray maids are seldom found again.

But hark, the uproar hisses sounds;

The Colonel comes with all his bounds;

Pl'st wisely leave them open way,

To hunt with what success they may.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Colonel OLDBOY re-enters, with one Boot, a Great-Coat on his Arm, &c. followed by several Servants.

She's gone, by the Lord ; fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal ! However, I won't follow her ; no, damme ; take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unsaddle the horses ; I won't follow her the length of a spur-leather. Come here, you Sir, and pull off my boot ; (*whistles*) she has made a fool of me once, she shan't do it a second time ; not but I'll be reveng'd too, for I'll never give her expence ; the disappointment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day ; the thought pleases me, I hope he'll do it.

What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent-dogs ? are you laughing at me ? I'll teach you to be merry at my expence.——

*A rascal, a buffey ; zounds ! she that I counted
In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil :
I set her a horse-back, and no sooner mounted,
Than, crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the devil.
But there let her run,
Be ruin'd, undone ;
If I go to catch her,
Or back again fetch her,
I'm worse than the set of a gun.*

*A mischief possess'd me to marry ;
And further my folly to carry,
To be still more a set,
Sons and daughters I got,
And pretty ones, by the Lord Harry.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to CLARISSA'S Dressing-room; CLARISSA enters melancholy, with a Book in her Hand, followed by JENNY.

Clar. Where have you been Jenny? I was enquiring for you—why will you go out without letting me know?

Jen. Dear Ma'am, never any thing happen'd so unlucky; I am sorry you wanted me—But I was sent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter; where I have been so used—Lord have mercy upon me—quality indeed—I say quality—pray, Madam, do you think, that I looks any ways like an immodest parson—to be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do.

Clar. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, Madam, you are crying.

Clar. O my dear Jenny!

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter?

Clar. I am undone.

Jen. No, Madam; no, Lord forbid!

Clar. I am indeed—I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man, who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then?

Clar. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confess'd what I should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor given me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous, unhuman brute.

Clar. Hold, Jenny, hold; it is all my fault.

Jen. Your fault madam! I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth: if he was a minister to-morrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot.

Clar. Somebody's at the door; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed—that I know to be the most virtuous, nicest, most delicatest—

Clar. How now?

Jen.

Jen. Madam, its a message from Mr. Lionel. If you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you: I'll tell him, Madam, that you are busy.

Clar. Where is he, Jenny?

Jen. In the study the man says.

Clar. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him: but do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand in the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do so, dear madam, for your eyes are as red as ferrets, you are ready to faint too; mercy on us, for what do you grieve and vex yourself—if I was as you—

Clar. Oh!

*Why with sighs my heart is swelling,
Why with tears my eyes o'erflow;
Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,
Mute involuntary woe.*

*Who to winds and waves a stranger,
Ventr'ous tempts the inconstant seas,
In each billow fancies danger,
Shrinks at every rising breeze.*

SCENE VIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, JENKINS.

Sir John. So then, the mystery is discovered:—but is it possible that my daughter's refusal of Colonel Oldboy's son should proceed from a clandestine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel?

Jenk. My niece, Sir, is in her young Lady's secrets, and Lord knows she had little design to betray them; but having remarked some odd expressions of hers yesterday, when she came down to me this morning with the letter, I questioned her; and, in short, drew the whole affair out; upon which I feigned a recollection of some business with you, and desired her to carry the letter to Colonel Oldboy's herself, while I came up hither.

Sir

58 LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

Sir John. And they are mutually promised to each other, and that promise was exchanged yesterday?

Jenk. Yes, Sir; and it is my duty to tell you; else I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble and delicate sentiments——

Sir John. I thought so once, Jenkins.

Jen. And think so still: O good, Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness which the world so deservedly has given you. You have indeed cause to be offended; but consider, Sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted: their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking the same.——

Sir John. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins; their hypocrisy, their hypocrisy wounds me.

Jen. Call it by a gentler name, Sir, modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir John. Then what opportunity have they had? They never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company; besides, I had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude.——

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature stamp'd that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart.

Sir John. How! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not shew more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter? I thought myself obliged to him, consented; and, in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to Colonel Oldboy, to desire the family would come here again to-day.

Jenk. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter; I dare swear they will be here presently; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation?

Sir John. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eves-dropper to detect her?

Jenk. It is necessary at present.—Come in, my dear master, let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

*When love gets into a youthful brain,
Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain;
Prudence may cry do so;
But, if Love says No;
Poor Prudence may go,
With her preaching,
And teaching,
To Jericho.
Dear Sir, in old age,
'Tis not hard to be sage,
And 'tis easy to point the way;
But do or say,
What we may,
Love and youth will have their day.*

S. C E N E IX.

CLARISSA, LIONEL.

Clar. Sir, you desired to speak to me; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lion. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine; I come, indeed, to speak to you; and yet, I know not how, I come to advise you, shall I say as a friend? yes, as a friend to your glory, your felicity; dearer to me than my life.

Clar. Go on, Sir.

Lion. Sir John Flowerdale, Madam, is such a father as few are blessed with; his care, his prudence has provided

vided for you a match—Your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Clar. How, Sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jessamy?

Lion. I would advise you to marry any one, Madam, rather than a villain.

Clar. A villain, Sir.

Lion. I should be the worst of villains, Madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain: Nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful? Received into this house as an asylum: what have I done! Betrayed the confidence of the friend that trusted me; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family, to my own unwarrantable desires.

Clar. Say no more, Sir; say no more; I see my error too late; I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex: I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity; and it is just I should meet with the treatment my imprudence deserves.

Lion. 'Tis I, and only I, 'am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's security, I practised upon the tenderness and ingenuity of the daughter; my own imagination gone astray, I artfully laboured to lead you after it: but here, Madam, I give you back those vows which I insidiously extorted from you; keep them for some happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace.

Clar. For Heaven's sake!

Lion. Why do you weep?

Clar. Don't speak to me.

Lion. Oh! my *Clarissa*, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myself for loving you;—yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—indulge my fondness with a last look—pray for your health and prosperity.

Clar. Can you forsake me?—Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and disregards them?—Let me throw myself at my father's feet; he is generous and compassionate;—He knows your worth—

Lion.

Lion. Mention it not ; were you stript of fortune, reduced to the meanest station, and I monarch of the globe, I should glory in raising you to universal empire ; but as it is——

Clar. Yet hear me——

Lion. Farewel, farewel !

*O dry those tears ! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall :
Think, think no more of me ; no more
The mem'ry of past scenes recall.*

*On a wild sea of passion toss'd,
I split upon the fatal shelf ;
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.*

SCENE X.

CLARISSA, JENNY, then Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE and JENKINS, and afterwards LIONEL.

Jenny. O Madam ! I have betray'd you. I have gone and said something I should not have said to my uncle Jenkins ; and, as sure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John.

Clar. My father !

Sir John. Go, Jenkins ; and desire that young gentleman to come back—stay where you are—But what have I done to you my child ? How have I deserv'd that you should treat me like an enemy ? Has there been any un-designed rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks ?

Clar. Oh Sir !

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel.

Sir John. Come in—When I tell you that I am instructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witness to your conversation in this place ; you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the measures which justice prescribes me to follow.

Lion. Sir, I have nothing to say in my own defence ; I stand before you, self-convicted, self-condemn'd, and shall

60 LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

shall submit without murmuring to the sentence of my judge.

Sir John. As for you, Clarissa, since your earliest infancy, you have known no parent but me; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother; and, that I might the better fulfill those united duties, tho' left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a second marriage—I loved you for your likeness to your dear mother; but that mother never deceiv'd me—and there the likeness fails—you have repaid my affection with dissimulation—Clarissa you should have trusted me.

Jenny. O my dear, sweet Lady.

Sir John. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find strong enough to paint the excess of my friendship!—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father: he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own son; educated you like a gentleman; and designed you for a profession, to which, I thought, your virtues would have been an ornament.

Jen. Dear me, dear me.

Jenk. Hold your tongue.

Sir John. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself; and, therefore, I shall not repeat it—Yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was conferr'd upon you in the very instant, when you were undermining my designs. Now, Sir, I have but one thing more to say to you—Take my daughter: was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lion. To me Sir!—your daughter—do you give her to me?—Without fortune—without friends!—without—

Sir John. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Clar. O, Sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and intreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir John. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have distinguish'd. It is I should ask pardon, for this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than if you had married a prince—

Lion.

Lion. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds—

Sir John. I think I hear a coach drive into the court; it is Colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and receive them. Don't make yourself uneasy at this; we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so; Heaven bless you, my children, and make you deserving of one another,

SCENE XL

CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY.

Jen. O dear, Madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveness—Dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me—I did not design to discover it, indeed—and you won't turn me off, Madam, will you? I'll serve you for nothing.

Clar. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you if there is any thing to be forgiven. I know you love me; and, I am sure here is one who will join with me in rewarding your services.

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as sure as could be, that some good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning.

Lion. O bliss unexpected! my joys overpow'r me!

My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find!

Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me—

He bless'd us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.

Clar. He bless'd us! O rapture! Like one I recover

Whom death had appai'd without hope, without aid;

A moment depriv'd me of father and lover;

A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.

Lion. *Forfaken, abandoned,*

Clar. ————— *What folly! what blindness!*

Lion. *We fortune accus'd;*

Clar. ————— *and the fates that decreed:*

A. 2. *But pain was inflict'd by Heaven, out of kindness,
To heighten the joys that were doom'd to succeed.*

Our day was o'ercaſt:

But brighter the ſcene is,

The ſky more ſerene is,

And ſofter the calm for the burricane paſt,

SCENE XII

Lady MARY OLDBOY leaning on a Servant, Mr. JESSAMY leading her; JENNY; and afterwards Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE with Colonel OLDBOY.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear;—ſet me down any where; I can't go a ſtep further—I knew, when Mr. Oldboy inſiſted upon my coming, that I ſhould be ſeized with a meagrim by the way; and it's well I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jeſſ. But, pr'ythee, why will you let yourſelf be affected with ſuch trifles—Nothing more cominon than for young women of faſhion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble! Not a nerve but what is in agitation; and my blood runs cold, cold!

Mr. Jeſſ. Well, but, Lady Mary, don't let us expoſe ourſelves to thoſe people; I ſee there is not one of the rascals about us, that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expoſe ourſelves! my dear? Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or Don Quixote.

Mr. Jeſſ. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Sir John. I give you my word, my good friend, and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occaſion, is greatly allayed by the diſappointment of an alliance with your family; but I have explained to you how things have happened—You ſee my ſituation; and, as you are kind enough to conſider it yourſelf, I hope you will excuſe it to your ſon.

Lady

Lady M. Sir John Flowderdale, how do you do? You see we have obey'd your summons; and I have the pleasure to assure you, that my son yielded to my intreaties with very little disagreement: in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he is content to stand candidate again, notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but, my Lady, you may save your rhetoric; for the borough is disposed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jess. What do you say, Sir?

S C E N E XIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, Colonel OLDBOY, LIONEL, CLARISSA, JENNY.

Sir John. Here are my son and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir John. Believe me, Madam, it is not for want of a just sense of Mr. Jessamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on any side: but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impression is not easily effac'd; it would therefore have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality possessed.

Mr. Jess. Upon my honour, upon my soul, Sir John, I am not in the least offended at this *contre temps*—Pray Lady Mary, say no more about it.

Col. Tol, lol, lol, lol.

Sir John. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiss by you; yes, I see you are angry on your son's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit.

Col. Ay! that's more than I have. Taken amiss! I don't take any thing amiss; I never was in better spirits, or more pleas'd in my life.

Sir John. Come, you are uneasy at something, Colonel.

Col. Me! Gad I am not uneasy—Are you a justice of peace? Then you could give me a warrant, cou'dn't you? You must know, Sir John, a little accident has

happen'd in my family since I saw you last, you and I may shake hands—Daughters, Sir, daughters! Your's has snapt at a young fellow without your approbation; and how do you think mine has serv'd me this morning?—only run away with the scoundrel I brought to dinner here yesterday.

Sir John. I am excessively concerned.

Col. Now, I'm not a bit concern'd—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far, I'll confess, I should be sorry that either of them would come in my way, because a man's temper may sometimes get the better of him, and I believe I should be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out.

Clar. But pray, Sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

S C E N E XIV.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY, DIANA, HARMAN, JENKINS.

Dian. No, my dear papa, I am not run away; and, upon my knees, I intreat your pardon for the folly I have committed; but, let let it be some alleviation, that duty, and affection, were too strong to suffer me to carry it to extremity: and, if you knew the agony I have been in, since I saw you last——

Lady M. How's this?

Har. Sir, I restore your daughter to you; whose fault, as far as it goes, I must also take upon myself; we have been known to each other for some time; as Lady Richly, your sister, in London, can acquaint you——

Col. Dy, come here——Now, you rascal where's your sword; if you are a gentleman you shall fight me; if you are a scurvy, I'll horse-whip you—Draw, Sirrah—Shut the door there, don't let him escape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to escape; I am extremely sorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any satisfaction you think proper.

Col.

Col. Follow me into the garden then—Zounds! I have no sword about me—Sir John Flowerdale—lend us a case of pistols, or a couple of guns; and, come and see fair play.

Clar. My dear papa!

Dian. Sir John Flowerdale—O my indiscretion—we came here, Sir, to beg your mediation in our favour.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight I shall expire.

Sir John. Pray, Colonel, let me speak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a saw-pit—

Mr. Jeff. Why, Miss Dy, you are a perfect heroine for a romance—And, pray who is this courteous knight?

Lady M. O Sir, you that I thought such a pretty behav'd gentleman!

Mr. Jeff. What business are you of friend?

Har. My chief trade, Sir, is plain dealing; and, as that is a commodity you have no reason to be very fond of, I would not advise you to purchase any of it by impertinence;

Col. And is this what you would advise me to?

Sir John. It is, indeed, my dear old friend; as things are situated, there is in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding; and it is the method I would adopt myself, was I in your case.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it—say what you will for me then.

Sir John. Well! young people, I have been able to use a few arguments, which have softened my neighbour here; and in some measure pacified his resentment. I find, Sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the strictest scrutiny, I desire no favour—And for fortune—

Col. Oh! Rot your fortune, I don't mind that—I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And so, Dy, kiss and friends.

Mr. Jeff. What, Sir, have you no more to say to the man who has used you so ill?

Col. Us'd me ill!—That's as I take it—he has done a mettle'd thing; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it;

it's

66 LIONEL AND CLARISSA:

it's long before you would have spirit enough to run away with a wench—Harman give me your hand; let's hear no more of this now—Sir John Flowerdale, what say you? shall we spend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony?

Sir John. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great coat.

Lion. Come then, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us,
Crown with bliss the present hours,
And lighten these before us.
May the just, the gen'rous kind,
Still see that you regard 'em;
And Lionsels for ever find,
Clarissas to reward 'em.

Clar. Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of sacred passion;
But will never bow before
Those idols, wealth, or fashion.
May, like me, each maiden wise,
From the fop defend her;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Har. Why the plague should men be sad,
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,
And cast our cares behind us.

Dian. How shall I escape—so naught,
On filial laws to trample;
All e'en curtsy, own my fault,
And plead papa's example.
Parents 'tis a hint to you,
Children oft are shameless;
Oft transgress—the things too true—
But are you always blameless?

One word more before we go ;
 Girls and boys have patience ;
 You to friends must something owe,
 As well as to relations.
 These kind gentlemen address—
 What tho' we forgave 'em
 Still they must be lost, unless
 You lend a hand to save 'em.

END OF THE OPERA.

A TABLE of the SONGS, with the Names of the several Composers.

N. B. Those marked thus **, are new, both words and music: but those marked thus *, are only new set.

A New Overture by Mr. DIBDIN.

A C T I.

*1	Ah how delightful the morning	_____	Duet.
**2	To rob them of strength	_____	Mr. Dibdin
**3	To tell you the truth	_____	Dibdin
4	Zounds, Sir! then I'll tell you	_____	Dibdin
5	When a man of fashion condescends	_____	Dibdin
**6	I'm but a poor servant	_____	Dibdin
7	You ask me in vain	_____	Dibdin
8	Ah! pr'thee spare me	_____	Galluppi
**9	Ye gloomy thoughts	_____	Dibdin
	Quintetto	_____	Dibdin

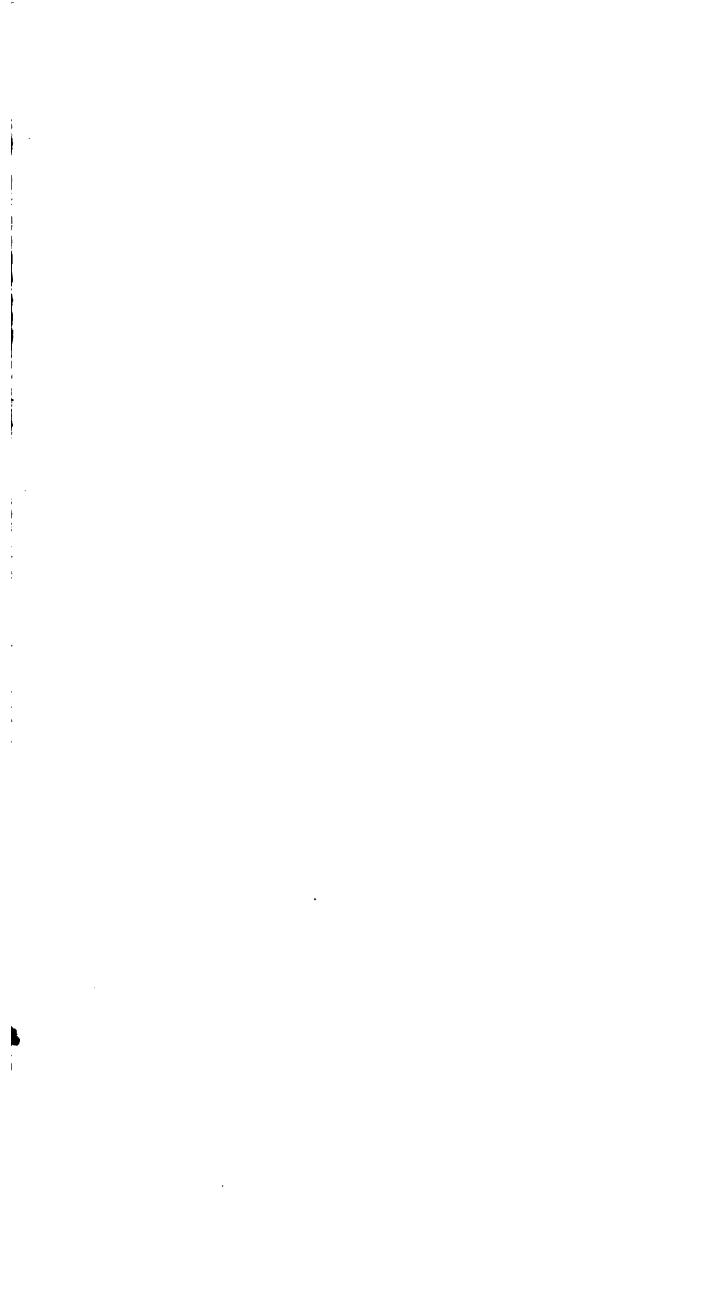
A C T II.

1	Talk not to me	_____	Vento
2	Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth	_____	Scolari
3	How curfely vex	_____	D. Arne
4	Come then, pining, peevish lover	_____	Ciampi
*5	To fear a stranger	_____	Dibdin
**6	Ladies, pray admire a figure	_____	Dibdin
**7	Poor panting heart	_____	Dibdin
8	In Italy, Germany, France have I been	_____	Dibdin
**9	We all say the man	_____	Dibdin
10	Go, and, on my truth relying	_____	Vento
	Quintetto	_____	Dibdin

A C T III.

**1	How can you, inhuman!	_____	Dibdin
*2	I wonder, I'm sure,	_____	Dibdin
**3	Hift, left; let's hear how matters go	_____	Dibdin
**4	A rascal, a hussy	_____	Dibdin
5	Why with sighs my heart is swelling	_____	Ciampi
**6	O bliss unexpected	_____	Dibdin
	Chorus	_____	Dibdin





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